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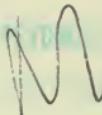
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SELF-MADE MEN.



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SELF-MADE MEN.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM ANDERSON,

MEMBER OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

“He that chiefly owes himself unto himself is the substantial man.”

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

“Unquestionably, the greatest thing that can be said of a man is, that he had no father; that he sprang from nothing, and made himself; that he was born mud, and died marble.”—REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

“I am my own ancestry.”—NAPOLEON.

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1861.

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TO YOUNG MEN.



DEAR FRIENDS,—

In dedicating to you this small volume, we claim not the deference that is due to a lengthened experience. With your views and feelings, your hopes and fears, we have still a ready and lively sympathy. But, having enjoyed many opportunities for observation, some time for reflection, and having had a little experience of the invigorating power of persevering exercise, we have written with the view of encouraging you to strive after excellence.

We have used the phrase, "Self-made Men," on the title-page and throughout the treatise, as indicating, in its popular acceptation, the purpose and function of our book, and offering some colourable air of novelty; at the same time we have kept in mind that, in the strict and absolute sense, *no* man is self-made: the most individual of our race are debtors to things, to men, and, emphatically, to God. Let us be cognizant and reminiscent of that wise and true sentence of Wordsworth:—"These two things, contradictory as

they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance."

With more leisure, we are willing to persuade ourselves that we could have improved the literature of the work; but such as it is, if it shall, through the Divine blessing, incite you to cultivate the grand characteristics of true manhood, this we shall consider far greater reward than literary reputation.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

OLDHAM, *November, 1860.*

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SELF-MADE MEN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

“ There is no man, however scanty his faculties, however limited his advantages, who may not make the most and the best of himself. Nor can he tell what he may attain, for ‘ every one that hath, to him shall be given ; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.’ He may carry on this great first work whether he be in private or public life ; whether he be servant or master ; whether he live in obscurity or publicity ; whether studying in the halls of learning, or plying his daily task in the manufactory, at the loom, in the smithy over the anvil, or in the field, following the plough ; whether and however he may be occupied, he may still be developing, regulating, controlling, perfecting the little world within his own breast.”

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, A.M.

SELF-MADE men are best-made men. This is so generally acknowledged, that it has been often said there are *no* men but those who have made themselves. To aid and encourage self-development is the object of the book now commenced. Man is a microcosm—a little world in himself. To reform society, we must begin with the individual. Some, indeed, fancy that Total Abstinence Societies, Infant Schools, National Education, Extension of the Franchise, Religious Revivals, combined with indictments, imprisonments, and executions, willulti-

mately set the social system right. To this we unhesitatingly answer, No. Such appliances may amuse with hopes; but these hopes must prove fallacious. You may shout "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," so as to surprise the eagle sweeping through his high aërial home! What of that, unless the streams that cleanse and regenerate get at the heart? Reforms must spring from within. Society will be elevated, when the individuals composing it consecrate their energies upon the altars of knowledge, virtue, and religion; but not till then. You have the power of forming your own character and opinions; and not only your own peace, happiness, and prosperity, but the progress, power, and glory of your country depend upon the use you make of the immortal powers God has given you. Whether we shall succeed in getting you to determine, by God's help, to make yourselves *men* in the truest and most comprehensive sense of the term, remains to be shown; the object, however, is of sufficient importance to justify a sincere attempt.

This self-manufacture is your own work. Whatever the outward circumstances in which you are placed—whatever your educational and social advantages—you can never transfer this task to others. We insist, therefore, most urgently upon the supreme importance of engaging in it. The objects you ought to have in view are fourfold:—a secular object, an intellectual object, a moral object, and a spiritual object. These may all be secured.

Some are born in opulence, with silver spoons in their mouths, and so far as things temporal are concerned, are made, not by themselves but by others. But the inheriting of a fortune is a questionable benefit; like a burning sun, it may dry up the manly qualities of the soul, and leave its possessor the passive subject of impressions, the weak creature of circumstances, while

the toils, anxieties, and privations of industrious poverty are favourable to developing strength and steadfastness. We do not disparage wealth and rank, but we do say, a creature may put on scarlet and ermine, and wear ducal coronets, and yet be no man—not have the spirit of a man in him ; and a man, the law of whose rising is as immutable as that which secures the rising of the sun to-morrow, may be sheltered from the storms of the rude world beneath the thatched roof, fed with bread no better than the barley-loaves of the mountain fare, and have nothing but water from the spring to drink. Right nobly does the poet sing,—

“ Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a’ that ?
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a’ that !
For a’ that, and a’ that,
Our toils obscure, and a’ that ;
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that.”

Almighty God has stamped a dignity upon labour ; it is more than honest, it is honourable. Labour is the great pervading principle of the universe. It is the law of the sky above us, the earth beneath us, and the sea, which for ever heaves and pants around us. Brindley, the engineer, was asked by a committee of the House of Commons for what purpose he conceived rivers to have been created ? After a slight pause, he replied, “ Undoubtedly to feed canals.” His idea evidently was, that God made a working, not an idle world. Emphatically is labour the law of humanity. Adam was placed in the garden, not to bask in its sunshine, sleep among its flowers, and listen to the beautiful birds singing on its lovely trees ; but to dress it and to keep it. In consequence of sin, labour is now more toilsome and less re-

munerative. “In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.” Yet, when the heart and the head, the arm and the limb, are all nerved to meet our appointed lot, what seems a curse becomes no common blessing. Next to the Gospel, work is the greatest boon to the world. Fops and fools may sneer at it, but wise men will not join them in their sneers. *They* know that “clamorous labour knocks with its hundred hands at the golden gate of the morning,” providing each day for the wants of the nine hundred millions that people the globe. The all-wise Creator has so constituted us, that we cannot at the same time be idle and happy. The flower raised by a man’s own hand is the fairest ; the fruit he himself has grown is the sweetest. “If there is a man who can eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud—wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.” Peter the Great one day forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. Then he went to the proprietor, and asked how much he gave his workmen per pood ? “Three kopecks or an altina,” answered Müller. “Very well,” replied the Czar, “I have then earned eighteen altinas.” Müller brought eighteen ducats, and offering them to Peter, told him that he could not give a workman like his Majesty less per pood. Peter refused the sum, saying, “Keep your ducats, I have not worked better than any other man ; give me what you would give to another ; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need.” At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had once been mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, “These I earned with the sweat of my brow.” Scott felt an especial charm in

the building of Abbotsford ; he had worked for it with his pen and brain.

“ Work ! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow—
Work ! thou shalt ride over care’s coming billow.
Lie not down wearied ’neath woe’s weeping willow,—
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly—
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly—
Labour ! ALL LABOUR IS NOBLE AND HOLY !”

A right-hearted and noble workman has thus exhorted us—“ Think of living ! Thy life, wert thou the pitiful-est of all the sons of the earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thine own ; it is all thou hast to confront eternity with. *Work, then*, like a star, unhast-ing, yet unending.”

This book must be a short one—a book of hints. We therefore proceed to speak of your material improvement. You must work for your bread ; you ought to wish for secular success ; and you may, by your own efforts, realize a competency, or even a fortune. But we do not consider wealth, as wealth is generally understood, essential to your making the best of yourself. Money is not the root of all evil,—the Apostle is not to be understood literally. It is a good thing in a good cause. A man may be rich, and yet noble, generous, large-hearted, and open-handed ; but if he set his heart upon riches, his spirit is debased, his feelings blunted, his conscience perverted, and his natural susceptibility deadened. How many of our merchants and manufacturers make the counting-house their sanctuary, the Exchange their temple, gold their God, and bank-notes their Bible ? Wealth is power, but its power has its limits. It cannot purchase peace, nor health, nor a true friend. It will not silence an accusing conscience, nor remove terror from the brow of death, nor pay your debts at the bar of Heaven. A



man of the right stamp has no wish to find a little California, or to have a legacy left him by some rich bachelor uncle or maiden aunt, or to get a prize in a lottery ; but resources equal to his position in the world, and sufficient to support his credit and respectability. To have the wolf at the door, and the vulture at the heart, night and day, is a terrible thing. “ He that sleeps too soundly, let him borrow the pillow of the debtor.” Depend upon it, a competency is a first-rate thing ; and it is right—right, by all means—that you should aim at it, and struggle for it.

All who depend upon their own exertions, for their own support and that of their families, are deeply interested in keeping up the price of labour ; but what foolish methods are often taken to accomplish this end ? A very common plan is to *strike*, when a single fortnight will more than exhaust your resources ; but the *abandon* and glee of a day’s fun, and the excitement of a monster meeting, outweigh the dictates of prudence ; fluent gabblers are substituted for men of sense ; and after a good deal of speechifying and cheering, a low tavern too frequently receives the more enthusiastic heroes ; there, amidst the excitement of drinking, they soon grow deaf to time, and become oblivious to all about the strike. Amiable dreamers ! ye will never raise your wages in that way. It may be a broad assertion to say, that combinations have been wholly useless ; but certainly the mass of them have been foolish and futile : for the rate of wages, in the long run, is ruled by laws as fixed as those which rule the planets. Moreover, these unions are often injurious to the operative. A large employer said, the other day, that he was connected with the press ; and it appeared that in the printers’ union they had a general assembly and various presbyteries. The rate of pay was 5d. per thousand letters, but in Aberdeen it was only $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. The general assembly

decided that the Aberdeen pay should be 5d., and that the Aberdeen printers should strike. The printers said, "We do not want to strike ; we are satisfied with the pay ; and as house-rent and living are a great deal cheaper in Aberdeen than in London, Liverpool, and other great cities, $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. is better to us in Aberdeen than 5d. to you in London." The general assembly would not listen to that sensible reasoning, and compelled the men to strike, against their inclinations and clearest convictions ; and they were obliged to leave their families in want and misery, to obey the mandates of that general assembly. This was a species of tyranny not to be borne with. Some are of opinion that Communism, or Socialism, is the only temporal salvation for the working classes. Well, what then ? what then ? Were the masters to give half their profits to the workmen in the shape of wages, this would only raise them about one shilling per week ! The masters never will enter into a partnership that would entitle the workmen to share in the gains, and yet be exempt from the losses, of trade. Others think that the co-operative system will soon become general, and the profits of trade be mutually divided. Some great thinkers have faith in this theory, and some successful experiments have been made. It is certainly beautiful to look at, but at present it seems impracticable. There is a more excellent way. Shake yourself rid of these ; it is but little they can do for you ; but, if made of the right stuff, you can do a great deal for yourself ; and, if not, extraneous help cannot be of much service ; for, "To lather an ass's head is only wasting soap." Sydney Smith, when writing about the wrongs of Ireland, and the foolish cries raised by the people, said,—" What trash to be bawling in the streets about the 'Green Isle,' and the 'Isle of the Ocean,' and the bold anthem of 'Erin-go-bragh.' A far better anthem

would be, Erin-go-bread and cheese, Erin-go-cabins that keep out the rain, Erin-go-pantaloons without holes in them." And just so, what trash to be crying about trades' unions, and the relation between employer and employed being radically wrong, and co-operative systems! A far better cry would be,—Down with intoxicating drinks, and Down with pawn-shops, and Down with the men who croak about the badness of the times. Do not listen to stump orators preaching from the text, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." The text is good, but their sermons are wretched. Make the most of the advantages, opportunities, and properties peculiar to yourself, and you will make your way, as thousands have done before you. Samuel Budgett was poor when he picked up a horse shoe, carried it three miles, and then sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. So was William Hutton, when he slept on a butcher's block in one of the streets of Lichfield, and lived on turnips all the way to Birmingham. Stand forth like a man, and God will help you to improve your position. "All men will praise thee, when thou doest well for thyself."

But this is not enough. Your wealth may be very great; you may own warehouses, mills, ships, and estates: this is much, and far from an inglorious achievement. You must, however, strive for something higher and nobler—you must make conquests in the realms of knowledge—you must make yourself an intelligent and well-informed man. Oh! it is the very mockery of hell to estimate man, who has notions of and aspirations after absolute perfection, by the money standard!

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Intellectual advancement is the duty of all, and within the reach of all possessed of reason and the common properties of their species. There are no barriers inter-

cepting one section of the community from perceptions and spiritual enjoyments peculiar to another section. The middle and upper classes possess golden opportunities ; old Colleges and University Halls are open to *them*. But languages and science are not acquired by miracle within learned walls. There is no *regia via* of climbing the rugged steps of knowledge, no railroad to the temple of science. The real intellectual instructor of man is the great and awful soul within himself. Hence we have illiterate men of letters ; gentlemen who have listened to the profound prelections of distinguished professors ; who append B.A. or M.A. to their names ; and yet resemble the sapient youth who boasted that he had attended two Universities ; to which the reply was, “And I knew a calf that sucked two cows, and the more he sucked, the bigger a calf he became.” As the Academic is not the *certain*, so it is not the *only* path to mental success. There is another way, more circuitous and difficult certainly ; yet here thousands have had sufficient ardour and courage to walk with dauntless steps, accomplishing for themselves the very objects for which Professorial Chairs have been established. All honour to the wealthy gentlemen who come from their Universities enwreathed with chaplets, prophetic of coming victories on a wider arena and a sterner fight ; but nobler still the poor men who come forth from the mason’s shed, the smithy, the factory, and enfranchise themselves in the republic of letters.

There never were such facilities for acquiring knowledge as at present. There are Mechanics’ Institutions, People’s Colleges, Young Men’s Christian Associations, and Free Libraries. The artisan, when he returns from the labours of the day, and the clerk and the shopkeeper, when released from the desk and the counter, may at their pleasure hold fellowship with the *élite* of the whole

earth. The labourer, if he has prepared his mind to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," may have free access to whatever statesmen, philosophers, travellers, historians, poets, or divines, he may choose to select. He can listen to the eloquence of Chatham, and Burke, and Chalmers; and grow familiar with the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and Macaulay. By study the hand-labourer may be transformed into the head-labourer. The preferableness of the latter to the former needs no illustration. You may rise into a philosopher, a poet, a statesman, or a divine. No need to shake the head compassionately, as if we were talking about impossibilities. James Watt, who realized Milton's bold fiction of chariots moving by vital impulse, was a mathematical instrument maker. Robert Burns walked in glory and in joy,

"Driving his laurelled plough."

John Bright is one of the people; and Luther went from door to door begging his bread. None of these could boast that he

"Deduced his birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth."

In 1833, Leigh Hunt, above whose grave the dust has just been arranged, published "Ultra Crepidarius, a satire upon William Gifford," the talented editor of the *Quarterly Review*. It will not do, in our day, to say, What have working men to do with science and literature? The proverb, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," is obsolete. We are very glad that certain shoemakers have been wise enough not to "stick to the last." Had William Carey stuck to his last, Christian missions would have been destitute of one of their brightest ornaments. Had William Huntingdon minded his cobbling, he had never risen to be the celebrated and popular minister of Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, London.

Had this despicable maxim been acted upon by Samuel Drew, we had never read the celebrated essay on the “Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul.” If it had been the motto of John Partridge, he had never been appointed physician to Charles II.! If this had been the watchword of Dr. Morrison, he had not been the first, and in some respects the greatest of all, in the Chinese missions. If this principle had influenced a young shoemaker in Plymouth workhouse, we had not been able to hold up John Kitto as a self-made man. If this proverb had been obeyed, we should not have heard of Robert Bloomfield, George Fox, Horton Bentley, John Pounds, and other illustrious sons of St. Crispin. Among working men, tailors, carpenters, masons, shepherds, sailors, and fishermen, as well as shoemakers, we find the most extraordinary instances of mental heroism —of wondrous self-made men.

There is no necessity why you should neglect your work in order to study. Not long ago, at Thurso, in the far north of Scotland, Sir R. Murchison discovered a person named Robert Dick, not only a capital baker, but a profound geologist, and a first-rate botanist. Labour and literature are perfectly compatible. Toil supplies the means of reading, and reading sweetens toil, when the moral feelings are right. He that reads most will work best, if actuated by a proper sense of duty. Ben Jonson worked at the building of Lincoln’s Inn, “and while he had a trowel in his hand, had a book in his pocket.” John Bethune may be mentioned as a proof of the ease with which self-culture may be combined with handicraft. We quote from his life:—“In the midst of this enthusiasm for a favourite pursuit, it may perhaps be supposed that he would in some measure neglect his work, and altogether renounce those duties which, as a member of society, he owed to others. The

very reverse of this, however, was the case. From his work he was never absent a day, or even an hour, when the weather admitted of going abroad ; and if at any time he was inclined to fret, it was when kept at home by rain or deep snow. Nor scarcely was there ever a man who gave his time or assistance to his poor fellow-creatures more willingly than he did. Whatever he may have accomplished in self-improvement, he did solely by keeping one object steadily in view, and devoting to it the whole of those hours which others devote to amusement, idle conversation, and visiting acquaintances. He willingly went, indeed, wherever he thought he could be of service to a poor suffering fellow-creature, but he never lost an hour in paying formal visits. So far was he from being a lover of gossip, that after having been prevented from reading or writing for some hours by company which he did not consider very interesting, I have sometimes heard him say, with a melancholy air, ‘I have lost an evening.’ ”

We have spoken of books ; we add, Nature is a grand instrument of highest intellectual culture. Strong objection might be taken to the assertion—

“ Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others’ books.”

But certainly the man, whose powers of observation are in happy exercise, can not merely find glory in the grass, and beauty in the flowers, but useful, practical wisdom and advice.

“ To him the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Where is knowledge to be found ? The star-beam darts it down ; the breeze whispers it ; the grove preaches it ; the waving forest is vocal with it ; the ocean wafts it from pole to pole ; the thunder, in full diapason, rolls

it out: knowledge is everywhere — above, beneath, around, beside us. Nature is ever pouring it forth out of her thousand mouths. And on earth and heaven, sea and land, cloud and sky, fountain and river, nodding tree and blooming flower, every intelligent and sentient being is free to gaze.

“ Nature, enchanting nature,
Is free to all men ; universal prize.”

How painful to think that multitudes are going blind-fold through a world like this, a God-made and God-plenished world. John Campbell tells us that the aborigines of South Africa looked up to the sun “with the eye of an ox.” And the poet of the lakes says of Peter Bell,—

“ He roved among the vales and streams,
In the greenwood and hollow dell ;
They were his dwellings night and day ;
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.”

“ In vain thro' every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before—
A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

But what joy, what varied and everlasting joy, is his who has educated himself in the knowledge of God's works!—an education, we have no hesitation in saying, infinitely more valuable, as a means of happiness and real elevation of character, than all the literary stores of Greece and Rome. Such a man discovers

“ Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

He feels a transport higher and purer in the exercise of his intellectual powers, than ever gourmand in the gratification of his animal propensities.

Another most powerful reason for self-teaching is, that you are giving a voice to your wrongs, and urging your just claims. All England is ringing with the cry for Reform. Now we firmly believe the sentiment so often repeated by O'Connell,—

“ Who would be free,
 Himself must strike the blow.”

But remember, that nothing is more dangerous than the right of suffrage connected with profound ignorance. It is absolutely sickening to hear men dogmatize on subjects of which they are as ignorant as of the Chinese language. Let this never be said of you. Go not to the polls ; touch not the springs that set in motion the vast machinery of the State, till you have formed a just conception of the turn you are giving affairs. Read the constitution and history of your own country ; inform yourself by actual inquiry on the chief subjects of public policy ; read authorities on the subject ; investigate all that experience has demonstrated upon it ; make yourself worthy of a share in the government of this glorious nation, and the elective franchise will soon be your own. Talk about a money qualification, freehold and household suffrage !—give us men somewhat conformed to their Creator's ideal, men of intellect and men of conscience, and let every one of them have a vote. A great statesman on the other side of the Atlantic once said, “ A man has an ass worth £5, and consequently is entitled to a vote ; but the ass dies before the day of election, and he is disfranchised ; well, who had the vote, the man or the ass ? ” ! Why should not all the three classes of society be represented ? As true a heart may beat in the breast of the peasant as in the bosom of a peer.

“ I ask not of his lineage,
 I ask not of his name,

If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of—but answer this :
' Is he an honest man ? '

" Then blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath ?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth.
Be nought, be any, everything—
I care not what you be,
If ' Yes ' you answer, when I ask,
' Art thou pure, true, and free ? ' "

And many of the people have as well cultivated minds as members of the Upper House. Recent disclosures have made us less astonished at the remark of the worthy Cambridge Professor, " Heaven forbid that we should educate the people down to the level of the House of Lords ! "

Again. " Knowledge is power." This aphorism of Lord Bacon is as true as it is beautiful. Step into that printing office. Why does the compositor receive more wages than the man that cleans the machinery and sweeps out the room ? He knows more. Why does the corrector of the press receive more than the compositor ? He knows more. Why does the writer of leading articles receive more than the corrector of the press ? He knows more. One man is simply a porter, and can lift a heavy weight ; another draws from the vapours of water the most powerful and most obedient of moving forces. The difference is simply a difference in point of knowledge. Truly, " Knowledge is power." The vessel dashing white the waves of remotest seas ; that tireless creature, the iron horse, galloping over moorlands and under mountains, at the rate of thirty or sixty miles per hour ; the

slender galvanic current, flashing from continent to continent with the speed of lightning;—these are illustrations. A person once passing through a park saw nailed to one of the trees, “All dogs found in this park will be shot.” A friend remarked, “Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here.” But an ignorant man in the present age is worse off; for, unlike the dog, he has no master to read for him. “Knowledge is power.” This is true of countries as well as of individuals. For, contrast Scotland and Mexico. The former, despite its naked mountains, its frozen uplands, and its sky of iron, sends more productions of its soil and arts to different nations than the latter, with its gold and silver mines, its eternal spring, and its tropical vegetation! What is the secret of this mystery? What is the resolution of this enigma? In Scotland science pursues her studies, literature dreams her dreams, and religion smiles with serene and majestic love. In Mexico, “*darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people.*” Everything that dignifies the character and uplifts the man dwindle and dies.

“Ignorance is the curse of God.”

It accounts for the uncertain politics, the falsehood, the licentiousness and misery of the Continent. It has sunk and degraded Ireland—made that fairest isle of the ocean the thing we blush to name. It has turned the hardy Romans into the poor, fiddling, lazy, enslaved Italians of the present day. Knowledge is the garden of Eden, Ignorance a desolate wilderness.

Do you wish to gain the respect of your fellow-men, and the favour of your God? then read and think, and cultivate your intellect. Men are beginning to be estimated, not by their wealth, political or social status, but by what they really are. True greatness is not hereditary, but personal. Titles, ribands, garters, regalia;

these are miserable distinctions, unless representative of inner worth. Ignorant and profligate princes are despised, and intelligent and virtuous peasants are honoured. Your lot may have been cast in the “unsunned nooks” of the world, still you are men ; you have great powers, linking you to God and eternity ; you are not merely citizens, subjects, or operatives ; God never created you simply for the labour market. We have no sympathy with that utilitarian spirit that always asks, “Of what use is it?” And we reply, in the words of Emerson, “Is it for use ! Nature is debased ; as if one, looking at the ocean, can remember only the price of fish!” Man is a greater name than king or president ; greater than the whole material universe ; and he is to cultivate himself because he is a man. This is indeed the real purpose and business of life.

But we pass on to a higher department of your nature, the moral department; for in deep and immortal interest the moral qualities far transcend the intellectual powers; consequently, the training of the former is even more important than the discipline of the latter. It is not the head but the heart that determines a man’s excellence or worthlessness. Indeed, this is the law of all intelligent being. Moral disposition, not mental endowments, differences Gabriel from Satan. The illimitable distance between them consists in this : Gabriel is all love and holiness, Satan all hatred and sin. The loftiest intellect, if allied to a malignant, malevolent disposition, resembles a vast volcano, a moral Vesuvius, flashing brilliantly, but vomiting desolation and death into every quarter of the shuddering and shrinking world. A homely intellect, combined with a loving, truthful heart, is like the dawn of the living day breaking mildly over the mountains, and scattering the darkness. Be not carried away by an idolatry of talent, any more than

by an idolatry of money. As in the commercial world, “Money, money, money,” is the incessant cry; so in the literary world, the untiring cry is for men of talent, men of genius, poets, philosophers, orators. Alas! we assemble even in the sanctuary, not to do homage to the God of Heaven, but to offer incense to the mind of man. We are dissatisfied with plain statements of Gospel-truth, and desire its being overlaid with the conceits of an exuberant imagination. The things we admire and commend, in the illustration of Scriptural truth, are the same as those we applaud in the orator, or in the treatise which explains some worldly science. Ours is not moral feeling, or spiritual enjoyment, but mental gratification. We read of men who are to be worshipped, not on account of their meekness and benevolence, but because of their brilliant genius and magnificent attainments. The far-famed Thomas Carlyle has discoursed of the hero as a divinity, a king, poet, prophet, priest, and man of letters. Be not deceived; no man is a hero that does not deny himself, serve his generation, and glorify his God. There is a greater victory than that of military conquest. “He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.” Yes, he who can control and regulate his appetites and passions is nobler far than Cæsar at the head of his bannered hosts, planting his eagle standard upon our British shores; greater far than Alexander, weeping his childish tears of mortified ambition, because his occupation is gone. For these conquerors, who aspired to grasp the sceptre of the world, had their clear eye darkened by the storms of passion; their ruling principle could not sustain them; their overweening and insane ambition flung them prostrate in degradation and death. Genius is a curse, unless regulated by sound moral principle.

Now, it is not difficult to show that moral habits can only be attained by the most assiduous self-culture. “Hear and understand: not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.” And again, “Those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies; these are the things which defile a man: but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man.” Christ evidently takes what “goeth into the mouth” as representative of all externalities: all that goeth in through the eye, the ear, the touch, and the smell, as well as through “the mouth.” The idea is, that the source of moral character is not external circumstances, but inward, mental life. “Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, but even their minds and consciences are defiled.” Every moment impressions are being made from without; the gates of the soul are always crowded with passengers, pressing on to the depths of man’s nature; but consciousness informs us of a power within which takes action upon the impressions, welcomes or expels the passengers, and forms the character. Highwaymen may call at your house: that is not your fault; but, if you invite them in, then you are to blame. “A good man out of the good treasures of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasures bringeth forth evil things.” Man cannot be made either good or bad by parents, teachers, or acts of parliament. The poet’s adage,

“ ’Tis education forms the common mind :
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclin’d,”

is one of very limited applicability. Upon the highest

of all authority we know, that man is armed with complete power to bend circumstances to his will, and determine his own character. Let us turn for a moment to rural scenes for an analogy. When Spring, with her dissolving breath, melts the frost and clears the soil of snow, the farmer yokes his team, and driving the bright ploughshare through its breast, scatters his seed far and wide, harrows it into the bosom of the ground; eradicates weeds, drains marshes, manures, irrigates, and thus directs the spontaneity of nature into the useful channel of producing food for man. Precisely so in the great field of the human mind. There a soil of wonderful fertility is given to man to cultivate. He cannot give the productiveness that operates in mind any more than he can make the gentle zephyrs blow, the soft showers descend, the warm dews fall, and the sunbeams shine;—but he can modify, control, or regulate this spontaneity; he can root out thorns and briers, pluck up moral hemlock, and hew down mighty forests of upas trees; he can sow good seed, and supply the conditions of material, mental, moral, and spiritual progress—a diligent use of the means, love of truth, humility of spirit, and dependence on God's blessing; or he can withhold the necessary conditions; but for this he is responsible to God, who will one day call him for sentence. Realize this wonderful, reflex, transformative power of the soul. Remember there is this difference between the farmer and thee: he may employ other hands to sow the seed in spring and bind the sheaves in autumn; thine own hand must sow the seed, and thou thyself must reap the harvest. You are both alike, however, in this respect, “He who soweth sparingly, shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.” Again we remind thee, thou feeble one, that others can give thee but little help; they may carry thy body to

the summit of the lofty mountain, but the holy hill of moral dignity thou must climb thyself. If thou wouldest raise a noble character, thyself must be the builder. Up, then, and

“Gather the honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.”

We might go over in detail the whole of the moral habits, and urge upon you, by appropriate motives, their adoption and cultivation; but for the limits of a small volume so wide and diversified a field is out of the question. Franklin's plan was doubtless a good one; he formed a scale for the virtues, including therein Temperance, Silence, Order, Respect, Frugality, Independence, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquillity, Chastity, and Humility.

The following were the rules he laid down for the discipline of his life:—

TEMPERANCE.	Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.
SILENCE.	Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
ORDER.	Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
RESOLUTION,	Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
FRUGALITY.	Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
INDUSTRY.	Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
SINCERITY.	Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.
JUSTICE.	Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
MODERATION.	Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.
CLEANLINESS.	Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.
TRANQUILLITY.	Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
HUMILITY.	Imitate Jesus Christ.

INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY.

In the material world there is a power that binds planet to planet, and causes all those heavenly bodies to move in their spheres with the utmost exactness ; which moves alike the great ocean and the tiny pool ; not an atom, whether in the heavens, on the earth, or in the waters, can elude its rule. And so in the moral system. God has placed a mysterious power in the soul, partaking alike of head and heart, sometimes called reason, sometimes conscience, sometimes the moral faculty. Be its name what it may, if it be rightly educated, all will go on well. Appetites, desires, affections, and passions will act most harmoniously. The most important work of the self-teacher is to enthron[e] this sense of right and wrong. “Conscience,” says Todd, “is a motive which can be brought to bear upon all, and can be cultivated till she calls every energy, every susceptibility, every faculty of the soul, into constant, vigorous, powerful action.” There is no end to the growth of this moral force in man. There have been men whom no power in the universe could swerve from the path of duty. When Themistocles privately signified to Aristides his intention of burning a certain fleet, and thus making Athens the undisputed sovereign of the sea, the latter, shocked at the base design, spoke not a word, but returning to the assembly, informed them that nothing could be more advantageous to Athens, but at the same time nothing could be more unjust. The people accepted the sentiments of the magistrate, and rejected the proposal of the general, without inquiring into the nature of it, and bestowed upon Aristides the surname of **JUST**. In the reign of Charles II., the borough of Hull, Yorkshire, chose Andrew Marvel, a gentleman of small fortune, and maintained him in London, for the public service. With a view to bribe him, his old schoolfellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, called on him in his garret. At

parting, the Lord Treasurer slipped into his hands a cheque for £1,000, and then went into his chariot. Marvel, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Buttons, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to buy from a woman in the market?" "Very right; what have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you made me lay up the blade-bone to broil?" "'Tis so; very right; go away. My Lord, do you hear? Andrew Marvel's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper; I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The Ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one." Charter the moral faculty. As Carlyle says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

We now advance to the consideration of the noblest, the infinitely worthy object of study and pursuit—RELIGION. This branch of our subject has been in some degree forestalled, whilst treating of moral culture; indeed, the moral and spiritual can scarcely be separated. Morality is an all-important part of religion, and religion is the only sure foundation of morality. Now what we maintain is, that man, without religion, cannot reach his highest manhood. How can he, when the noblest faculty of his mind is lying dead! He may be secularly successful—as a tradesman, he may rule his guild; as a merchant, he may be a prince, a golden millionaire, and thousands may call him "a made man," envy, flatter, fawn, yea, worship him, as of old certain people worshipped a golden calf. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild!" "Happy! me happy! What!"

happy, when just as you are going to dine you have a letter put into your hand, saying, ‘If you do not send me £500, I will blow your brains out?’ Happy! when you have to sleep with pistols at your pillow!” He may be intellectually successful; but if his heaven-born genius has been perverted, his fame is a phantom, his distinction a bubble; empty and unsatisfactory are all his honours, and instead of rejoicing over him as a man, we mourn over him as a wreck. How sad the declaration of one who had many manly qualities. “I fear it will be some time before I tune my harp again. By Babel’s streams I have sat and wept. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain. Rheumatism, cold, and fever have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and say with poor Fergusson,—

“ ‘Say, wherefore has an all-indulgent Heaven,
Light to the comfortless and wretched given?’ ”

Not more eloquent than true are the words of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. “No lasting fame is to be acquired, even by the highest genius, save that which is devoted to the purposes of virtue; for the few poems of Burns, which we now lament, have long since passed into oblivion, and those on which his immortal fame is rested are pure as the driven snow.” He may be morally successful—completely master himself—do what Burns never did—

“ On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty is man.”

There are ungodly men that you can no more help loving, than you can help being attracted by the wall-flower in the crevice of an old ruin, or the wild flower on the bleak moorland. The young ruler left Jesus, yet

Jesus loved him. Man's chief end, however, is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever; and he who, instead of aiming at this noble end, disowns his Creator, cannot be a true man.

If you would be a man of the highest style, you must be a Christian; and a Christian is one who believes the Holy Scriptures to be a Divine authority—who conforms to the requirements which God has enjoined in the Bible, and enjoys the blessings which God has provided in the Gospel. How important is faith! It restores lost love, lost harmony, and lost usefulness. Man has then an eye for the beauty of holiness, an ear for the music of heaven; grace is poured into his heart, and he speaks with another tongue and in another language. "It is a great mistake," says the Rev. A. Raleigh, "to eulogize character, or sobriety, or commerce, or any one thing, as the whole secret of a people's advancement; or to refer to high art as demonstrating an approximation to perfection. Not one, nor all these united, could satisfy the cravings of the heart of man, who is to be king of earth, until that which is highest and holiest—the Divine—comes in to pervade, and harmonize, and beautify, and lift all up to God. Religion is the complement and crown of all other excellencies, the vital air and sustaining aliment by which they live and thrive; and man can make no advancement towards his high destiny, unless he devoutly lift his eye to the Throne of the great King, and say, 'O Lord our God, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!'"

Now, in spiritual as in other things, there must be individual action. Our object is not to indulge in theological pastime, but to work out practical realities; we shall, therefore, leave the fall, predestination, election, and other cognate doctrines, to the Scotch metaphysicians and the German theologians. The fact, that the

forth-putting of a Divine energy is essential in order that the soul may be quickened from the death of sin to the life of holiness, in no respect affects our position ; for here, as everywhere in the economy of grace, it will be found, that as is the internal condition, so is the external blessing. God does not work upon man as the painter works upon the canvas, or as the mechanic works upon the metal. No ; He works in man in order that man may will and do ; that man may *work* out his *own salvation* with fear and trembling. Blessed harmony of God's working and man's working ! Happy union of God's grace and man's obedience ! " Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure." " Add to your faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; and to godliness, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity." " Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." " Follow after, that you may apprehend that for which you are apprehended of Christ." " Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Thus the highest of all culture—the noblest of all developments, requires self-labour.

" A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify :
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

Infidels say that religion trammels the soul, fetters the thoughts, limits the views, and imprisons the judgment. Let the dignifying and ennobling character of its

themes be the conclusive reply. What science can boast of truths so magnificent and sublime as the religion of Jesus—so calculated to expand and exalt all the powers of intellect? Much infidelity arises from sheer vanity and conceit. Many who can scarcely write their own names, but who have read the loose, ill-written, and contradictory pamphlet of some profligate atheist, fancying themselves too profound to be imposed on by others, talk about being emancipated from the thraldom of superstition, and tell us that the Bible has served its purpose, and now contains only “heaps of Hebrew old clothes—Jew stars long since gone out.” To intellectual puppyism we reply in the words of the celebrated wit, “How rich I should become, if I could buy those persons, so wise in their own conceit, at their just market value, and sell them again at the value they set upon themselves.” That would be to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market. But are they all fools who have believed and do believe in that old blessed hope? No! we, too, can speak of great names. Addison, Bacon, Boyle, Bowdler, Butler, Calvin, Chalmers, Cowper, Edwards, Foster, Hall, Locke, Massillon, Milton, Neander, Newton, Owen, Paley, and many more. But you say, the arguments that satisfied these men do not remove your difficulties. Possibly not; one almost as wise as yourself pronounced a certain person “wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.”

So far as numbers and intelligence are concerned, the verdict is decidedly in favour of Christianity. There are, however, sincere doubters; and in addressing them we would not indulge in the language of scorn or reproach, but of pity and kind-hearted expostulation. You are sorely perplexed about many things in the Bible. Are you not equally baffled about many things in nature? Do you understand yourself? “The mind takes itself

into its own hands, turns itself about, as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter, interrogates itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down, with a very puzzled expression, and acknowledge, that of its very self it knows little or nothing." You live in a land where the strength of light is measured by the intensity of shade ; nevertheless, if true-hearted, you need not fear ; for, to use the words of Pascal, "there is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition." There are, there must be, facts and difficulties in the Bible that "perplex mortals." But, as Butler truly observes, "the evidence of religion is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity." The external evidence of Christianity is sufficient to convince any man who is not one mass of prejudice ; but the internal is straighter, nobler, surer. There is a dread uneasiness, an aching void, an earnest craving in every unsaved soul. God made us for Himself, and we are restless, till we rest on Him. Nothing can satisfy the soul but the contemplation and enjoyment of Divinity. Philip had universal conscience on his side when he said, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Let the capacious intellect, that has been marching up and down the fields of science, literature, or philosophy, agitated by vain speculations, be brought to see God as revealed in Christ, and it will be satisfied. Let the heart, torn and bleeding, and uttering forlorn wails, see the Father in the Son, and it will be healed, and filled with joy. Let the conscience, echoing all the thunders of Sinai, be brought to God through the Mediator, and its storm will be succeeded by a calm. "I know," said the greatest of Apostles, when he came to die, "in whom I have believed, and am

persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” This conviction was an experimental one. “He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.” There is no resisting this testimony. It is the voice within corresponding to the voice without, and changing the faltering “perhaps” into a loud and authoritative “It is—it must be so!” This strongest evidence of real Christianity is level to the capacity, and within the reach of the humble peasant, who knows nothing about the external evidences.

Thus have we striven, however feebly, to introduce and explain our subject—self-made men—men who have trampled doubt and difficulty under their feet, and raised themselves to positions of eminence and honour, with very little help from others. Our object is to get *you* to determine, deliberately and solemnly, that you will make a diligent and irreproachable use of the talents which God has given you. Thousands, who chiefly owed themselves unto themselves, have paved their own way, made their own fortune, raised their own monument, and thus gained more creditable laurels than the accidents of rank or circumstance could have bestowed. If you *will*, you *can* write your names in the register of those glorious self-made men! No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can prevent you from becoming men, secularly, intellectually, morally, and religiously. Resolve, then, on the attainment of perfect manhood; so that, afterwards, it may truly be declared that you were

“Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven.”

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SELF-MADE MEN.

“A great deal has been written and said lately about heroes. The principle of heroism operates with more or less power in proportion to organism and circumstances: but, in your definition of a hero, you cannot go much beyond that; a man with a good backbone, integrity, faith—these are the elements out of which the noblest characters that ever blessed our world have been built up; and while the reader admires that which looks so great in history, let him remember that these are elements also which are found, or which may be found, in every cottage.”

Rev. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

HISTORY informs us that, towards the close of the fifteenth century, there lived a notable man of the name of Trebonius, who conducted a school after a fashion of his own. We can easily imagine that this noble type of humanity treated the rude nobility and ignorant priesthood of his times with very little ceremony indeed. But when he entered his school, he was affected with the most profound reverence, and would never appear with covered head before his boys. “Who can tell,” said he, “what may yet rise up from amidst these youth? There may be among them those who shall guide the destinies of the empire!” The monk that shook the world was at that time under the tuition of that eccentric schoolmaster. A career of excellence is open to all; any man may become what earth shall admire and heaven approve. If you will but deliberately and determinately purpose to cultivate the *principles* and *virtues* which constitute

the elements of every well-formed character—resolve to *be* something, and to *do* something in this world, God will help you, and we dare not limit your achievements.

The following characteristics of self-made men we shall now elucidate:—First, a deep sense of their native dignity and grandeur; secondly, high hopes as to the position they will one day occupy; thirdly, a proper appreciation of the value of time; fourthly, a true estimate of the worth of odd pence; fifthly, industry; sixthly, perseverance; seventhly, decision of character; eighthly, strong moral principle; ninthly, eyesight; tenthly, what they do, they do well. Others might be mentioned, but the above must suffice.

Self-made men have *a deep sense of their native dignity and grandeur*. Man has a soul, *an immortal soul*. He was made in the image and after the likeness of God. He has a higher life than that which beats in the pulse; and when the body returns to the dust as it was, the spirit returns to God who gave it. Man cannot die. Death is to him, not annihilation, but a mere change of existence.

“ What is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found ;—
The soul of man—Jehovah’s breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife ;
Hell moves below to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.”

The stars shall fade, the sun himself be extinguished in eternal darkness, the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, “the solemn temples,” “the gorgeous palaces,” “the cloud-capt towers,” shall pass away like an airy vision, and be attended in their flight by the “great

globe" itself; but that noble endowment which constitutes manhood shall survive the general wreck, and exult in the enjoyment of youth immortal. Man's soul is greater than the whole material universe, mundane and celestial. He is conscious of existence. It is not.

"Know'st thou the importance of the soul immortal?
Behold the sky's midnight glory, worlds on worlds!
One thousand add, and twice ten thousand more,
Then weigh the whole—one soul outweighs them all."

Angels minister to its wants; devils quarrel about it; the Son of God shed his blood to redeem it. Life is its seed-time, eternity its harvest. Never to come to an end, never to come nearer an end, is indeed amazing, overwhelming, incomprehensible! But such is the inheritance of man!

Great as man is, he may be still greater; for he is capable of improvement to an extent of which he can form no adequate conception. The flowers that bloom in our gardens are not more beautiful than those that grew in Eden. The sea is not more grand now than when the old Phœnicians disturbed its stillness. The sun shines not more brightly on us than he did on Adam. All material things soon reach a point beyond which they cannot go. Instinct grows apace, and the animals are soon complete in all their faculties and powers.

"Their little all flows in at once;
In ages they no more can know, or do,
Or suffer, or enjoy."

It is different with man: he goes on improving. Ten thousand monuments attest his progress. Heroes may sigh for more worlds to conquer, but the world of mind is without limit and without boundary. The more we learn, the more anxious we are to learn; the less is our labour, and the greater our progress.

Advancement in goodness keeps pace with advancement in knowledge. Repeated acts of obedience grow into habit. You have resisted temptation, and the passion, so strong and clamorous, has become weak and quiet. You have crushed the viper, trodden upon it, killed it. Thus the waverer is confirmed in righteousness, and he that is holy becomes holier still. The traveller who set out, at first weak and feeble, gathers strength as he proceeds, and at last enters the mansions of Paradise. True men feel that this is the grandeur of their nature, and the dignity of their destiny ; and pursue this high vocation cheerfully, earnestly, hopefully, till grace is merged in glory, and the twinkling star of earth is exchanged for the blazing sun of heaven.

High hopes as to the position they will one day occupy are characteristic of *self-made men*. The young are too apt to imagine honours more distinguished than ever were won, homes more beautiful than ever were built on earth, and joys more thrilling than ever fell to the lot of mortal.

“ Congenial hope ! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong in youth’s untroubled hour !
On yon proud height, with genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.”

We do not condemn dreams and reveries ; when regulated by sound judgment, they have their share in the development of manhood. The men who rise to eminence are not those who resemble the dull dray-horse ; but those who pierce into the future, and picture to themselves what they may yet become. The mind thus connected with a lofty object is kept upon the stretch, and presses onwards and upwards with energy and perseverance. The young author cherishes the most splendid visions of literary fame ; in imagination, his poetry has taken its place by Milton’s ; his history by Macau-

lay's; his disquisition by Burke's; and his sermon by Caird's. The rising painter fancies himself equal to Michael Angelo, Raphael, Wilkie, or some other great artist, who has stamped his strong soul on canvas. The aspiring orator thinks of Cicero pleading in the forum, and Demosthenes, who wielded at will the fierce democracy of Athens, "and fulminated over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,"—strives to rival their matchless eloquence, and dreams of crowded audiences, melted under his lofty periods and resistless appeals. You say these visions are as vain as they are gigantic. Nay, verily, everybody believes that there are as good fish in the sea, as ever have been taken out of it; and who knows but that your success may surpass that of those who have gone before? *Who knows?* "There's the rub." A boy said to Benjamin West, "There is the horse, saddled and bridled; so come, get up behind me." "Behind you! I will ride behind nobody!" "Oh, very well, then I will ride behind you; so mount." The boy said he was going to be apprenticed to a tailor on the morrow, and inquired what Benjamin was going to be? "A painter." A painter! what sort of a trade is a painter; I never heard of it before." "A painter is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad; there are neither kings nor emperors in America." "Oh, but there are plenty in other parts of the world." His hopes were realized. He was patronized for thirty years by George III., who, through the Duke of Gloucester, offered him a knighthood. His reply was, "No man entertains a higher respect for political distinctions and honours than myself; but I really think I have earned greater eminence by my pencil already, than knighthood could confer upon me."

"Dreams grow realities to earnest men."

Shoot your arrow at the sun; it may not strike it,

but it will fly higher than if you took a lower aim. Whatever the path along which you are to travel and to toil in life, select a standard of greatness unmeasured—infinite; you may not equal it, but you will rise higher than if you attempted less. One who now holds a distinguished place in the ministry says, that when a student, struggling under the most unfavourable circumstances, without a single friend to drop a word of encouragement, nothing to cheer him on but his own brave heart, his thoughts were wont to dwell on the history of Luther, the blue-eyed, fair-haired Saxon boy, who used to sing for his bread through the streets of his native village, but who afterwards became celebrated as the hero of the Reformation, and still rules christian Europe from his grave. And to the hope thus inspired, he ascribes his present eminent position. “ Brother, thou hast in thee possibility for much: the possibility of writing in the eternal skies the record of a heroic life.” Let thy watchword be—Excelsior !

Self-made men have a proper appreciation of the value of spare moments. Time is the stuff out of which life is manufactured. Many become wise and good, not because they have much leisure, but because they make a good use of spare moments. In regard to time, as well as other things, they remember the Saviour’s words, “ Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.” We read some time ago of a young man, who perused a history of England, while waiting for his meals in a boarding-house. Southey has calculated, that a quarter of an hour each day would enable any man to gain the command of all the languages of Europe in a very short time, and consequently all its intellectual wealth. Who cannot spare that quarter of an hour? Dr. Doddridge, in reference to his “ Paraphrase on the New Testament”

—one of the best of commentaries on that portion of the Bible in the English language—said, that its being written at all was owing to the difference between rising at five and at seven o'clock in the morning. There are many eloquent in eulogizing the glories of sunset. We, with Doddridge, and other great men, believe that sunrise, for many reasons, far surpasses sunset. The former casts the latter into the shade.

“ Early to bed, and early to rise,
 Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Physicians say that six hours' sleep are sufficient, and that the whole system is prostrated by indulging in this luxury. There can be no doubt, most people could take two or three hours from sleep, with advantage both to body and mind.

“ Did you but know, when bathed in dew,
 How sweet the little violet grew,
 Amidst the thorny brake ;
 How fragrant blew the ambient air
 O'er beds of primroses so fair,
 Your pillow you'd forsake ?

“ Paler than the autumnal leaf,
 Or the wan hue of pining grief,
 The cheek of sloth doth grow ;
 Nor can cosmetic, wash, or ball,
 Nature's own favourite tints recall,
 If once you let them go.”

Every student knows that the mind is more vigorous in the morning than at any subsequent part of the day, and consequently works more efficiently. “ All my commentaries on the Scriptures,” says Barnes, “ have been written before nine o'clock in the morning. At the very beginning, more than thirty years ago, I adopted a resolution to stop writing on these Notes when the clock struck nine.” This eminently distin-

guished man traces his publications on the Scriptures to the fact of rising at four in the morning. “ I refer to these morning hours ; to the stillness and quiet of my room in this house of God, when I have been permitted to ‘ prevent the dawning of the morning,’ in the study of the Bible, while the inhabitants of this great city were slumbering round about me, and before the cares of the day, and its direct responsibilities came on me, to the hours which I have thus spent in a close contemplation of divine truth, endeavouring to understand its import, to remove the difficulties which might pertain to it, and to ascertain its practical bearing on the christian life. I refer, I say, to these scenes as among the happiest portions of my life.”

Depend upon it, a wise employment of time had much to do with the elevation of our self-made men, of high renown and wonderful deeds. If you are to be numbered with them, you must seize on spare moments, and turn fragments to golden account ; you must fix on a noble end, and labour, and toil, and struggle till it be attained. Here multitudes make most egregious and deplorable mistakes. They fight bravely, wait patiently, suffer manfully ; and after much self-denial, great anxiety, mental and physical exertion, discover that they have been beating the air, pursuing a bubble. Time is too precious to be wasted on trifles. Did you ever read the following advertisement ? “ Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each secured by sixty diamond minutes ; no reward is offered, for they are gone for ever ! ” Alas ! how many squander this precious gift, and, when too late, utter the piercing cry, “ Call time back again : if you can call back time again, then there may be hope for me ; but time is gone ! ” When the great and gifted Elizabeth was dying, she cried out, “ An inch of time !

Millions of money for an inch of time!" Poor Queen! she was lying on a splendid bed; she had been accustomed to a new dress every day; she had ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe, and at her feet a kingdom, on which the sun never sets; but all was of no value. She had lived for seventy years; but that which should have occupied a lifetime was crowded into a few moments; and, when it was too late, the wealth of her kingdom would have been given for "an inch of time." A life of seventy years is made up of thirty-seven million minutes; these drop away at the rate of sixty in an hour, and go on steadily, day and night, summer and winter, without let or hindrance. Resolve earnestly to make the most and the best of all your powers and capacities; seek not gold only, but contend for freedom, humanity, religion; seize and improve the shortest intervals of possible action, and we dare not limit your success. Some years ago, a young man employed at Blantyre Print Works, in Scotland, despite all his privations, determined to get a good education. He employed his leisure hours in the cultivation of his mind; worked hard at Blantyre Factory in summer, and harder at Glasgow University in winter; rose step by step, until he became a minister of the Gospel. He is now Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller, whose recent visit to his native land was hailed with such enthusiasm.

A true estimate of the value of *odd pence* is also characteristic of *self-made men*. Some despise small things as beneath their notice. But the Creator attends to the minute as well as to the great; upholds an insect, and takes care of an archangel; superintends a mote, and takes cognizance of a world. The Redeemer of our race condescended to mere matter of detail, and

reproved an humble woman for ambitious housewifery. When He hung upon the cross, He remembered his mother, and committed her to the care of one, of whose kindness and gentleness He was well assured. And when He shivered the stone of the sepulchre to fragments, and arose triumphant, He folded the linen clothes and the napkin, and laid them in order apart. Nature, through all her works, proclaims the power of littles. Yon tree that rocks to and fro, and shelters you from the howling tempest, was once a little seed. That sapling, which an infant's arm might bend, before long will laugh at the hurricane, and defy the storm. "By time and patience, the acorn became an oak." Grains make a mountain, drops an ocean, and pence a fortune. Money, like everything else, is accumulative; like the snowball, it is increased by being rolled among its own particles. Yon merchant prince, who adds £1,000 to £1,000 every year, began life an errand boy; the secret of his success was, that when he had to sweep the office, and do the drudgery of the shop, and sleep in the cellar, he added penny to penny, and sovereign to sovereign when he rose to be a clerk. One shilling a week amounts in seven years to £20 3s. 4d. Two shillings, to £40 6s. 8d. Three shillings, to £60 10s. Four shillings, to £80 13s. 4d. Five shillings, to £100 16s. 8d. Thus with due economy, if a man be dependent, he may become independent; if poor, he may become rich; if a tenant, he may become a freeholder; if a servant, a master.

"In 1847," says Dr. Baker, inspector of factories, Leeds, "there were two overlookers, of forty years of age, who had saved £100 apiece, by hard labour, and went into partnership in the manufacturing districts. They hired a certain quantity of machinery, and spun by commission. In 1848, they had nearly lost all their

money, and on one Saturday, in my presence, got to high words as to who should pay the wages for that week. In 1849, they were netting, each man, £1,200 ayear, and have since separated, and become masters for themselves, and a year ago (1855), were worth £7,000 apiece."

At a festive gathering of the Commercial Travellers' School, some two or three years ago, the chairman, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, said—"Mr. George Moore, the treasurer of this Society, is an eminent example of the qualities by which wealth is obtained, and of the virtues in the exercise of which it should be spent. He may well be proud of having been the architect of his own fortune. When he came to London, he was only seventeen years old, and was *without a friend*. At the age of twenty-two, he became traveller for an eminent firm in the lace trade. His zeal and his abilities founded his reputation. That reputation led on to fortune. He became partner in that great firm, which he has since so conspicuously advanced. Well has he since used his advantages, by doing all the good in his power; in promoting charities for the relief of distress, and for the education of the young. He has thrown his whole heart and soul into services of that nature with as much ardour as if he were again building up a fortune for his own children."

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous, wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*."

A young man, about the age of twenty-one, went into the city of Paris, in 1788, in search of a situation. He had nothing to trust to but Providence and a letter of

introduction to a celebrated banking establishment. He called on the gentleman at the head of it, in full expectation of finding employment. Monsieur Perregeaux glanced hastily over his letter, and then returned it, saying, "We have nothing for you to do, sir." The young man's hopes died within him. He almost burst into tears. But there was no help for it. So he bowed and retired in dejected silence. As he passed through the court-yard of the building, he saw a pin lying on the pavement. He picked it up, and stuck it carefully into the sleeve of his coat. The banker saw what took place, and augured from it a habit of economy. He called him back, and offered him an humble situation in the establishment. From that he rose, by degrees, till he became the principal partner in the firm, and eventually the chief banker in Paris. Thus Jacques Laffitte, the son of a poor carpenter in Bayonne, under God, owed his fortune to the picking up of a pin.

We do not recommend you to become misers. The man who scrapes for money, and finds his enjoyment in it, is a miserable, unhappy man. But we do wish you to form provident habits, so that you may be able to satisfy every reasonable want, pay your way, and have something over, in order that you may taste the highest of all joy, that of benevolence. Two gentlemen engaged in procuring subscriptions for the Bible Society, in passing a fine large house, heard the gentleman who lived there reproving his servants in the kitchen for extravagance in throwing away the ends of candles and half-burned lamp-lighters. "Well," said one of the collectors to the other, "it's not worth while to stop here; for a man who is so careful about the ends of his candles, will hardly give anything for the Bible." "It will do no harm to try," said the other. They went in, and were agreeably surprised at receiving a very large subscription. "Sir," said one of

the collectors, “the amount of your subscription greatly surprises us; for when we heard you, a few moments ago, reproving your servants for not saving the ends of the candles, we thought it hardly worth while to stop.” “Ah, gentlemen,” said he, “it is by the habit of carefulness in little things that I am able to give largely to the Bible Society and other good objects.” We do not dwell longer on this topic; suffice it to say, that our opinion is, if you do not rise to your proper position in the world, it is not owing to the tyranny of masters, but the tyranny of evil habits, appetites, and passions.

Self-made men have learned the importance of *industry*. They do not fritter away precious time, panting for genius to supplement labour. Those poor things who parade our streets, exhibiting their handsome personages, imperials, fashionable neck-ties, diamond rings, and sticks of curious twist, not only fancy that all the ladies are in love with them, but imagine they are universal geniuses! *Will-o'-the-wisp* is the only universal genius. These sublime triflers think it is better to walk than to run, better to stand than to walk, better to sit than stand, and better to lie than to sit. Doubtless there are true geniuses in the world—men whose vocation is not simply to shine, but to suffer, and labour, and wait. Nevertheless, considering the number of counterfeits, he was not far wrong who said, “A genius is one who can do everything, except anything that is useful.”

Labour is the condition of success. The men who have risen echo the sentiment of Edmund Burke, “Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on; for God’s sake, let us pass on.” There are few exceptions to the rule, “Great performances are the fruits of great labours.” Sheridan, on a certain occasion, appeared in Westminster

Hall “without a bag,” and made a brilliant oration without materials ; but for two or three days before he was so busy from morning to night, in the reading and writing of papers, as to complain of motes before his eyes. Even poets believe in *industry*. When Rogers was about to woo the muse, he took to his bed, ordered sawdust to be spread upon the road, and told the servant to assure all callers that he was as well as could possibly be expected. Byron is reported to have said, that he might as soon whistle for the wind, as attempt to compose poetry off-hand. Melvill, of London, writes and re-writes his sermons, and frequently devotes a whole week to the composition of a single discourse. Some of our geniuses boast that their sermons are quite extempore, or written at one short sitting. Well, results would seem to intimate that they speak the truth. Melvill’s churches are too small—theirs too large. They are brilliant in the drawing-room, but cannot be listened to in the pulpit ; and hence these gentlemen, that find sermon-making such easy work, empty church after church in succession. Few have a better right to speak to this theme than Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh ; and what is his estimate of preaching ? “ Preaching is not at all an easy thing. They only will find it easy who make easy work of it. I agree with Robert Hall, who, when asked how many sermons a clergyman could get up in a week ? replied, ‘ If a deep thinker and a great condenser, one ; if he is a common man, two ; and if an idiot, half a dozen.’ ” The majestic spirits we bid you imitate believed the words of the Latin poet :—

“ Nil nisi magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.”

Time was when Sir Isaac Newton was a dull scholar, and kept convenient place at the bottom of his class ; but he took to working, and became the greatest philosopher of

his own or any age. Time was when Apelles could only produce a daub ; but he “let no day pass without a line ;” and ere long he painted an Alexander. Lord Cockburn never gained a prize at school ; but afterwards, as the result of genuine labour, became celebrated as a judge. A student in the University of Oxford was aroused from his slumbers by one of his companions standing at his bedside, and thus accosting him—“ Paley, I have come to tell you, that unless you renounce your habits of indolence, I must renounce your company.” But for that reproof, Paley might have been forgotten as soon as he was shovelled into his grave. Alexander Adam is a fine illustration of industry raising its possessor from obscurity to distinction. While studying at the University of Edinburgh, he had to support himself by private teaching, for which he received one guinea a quarter. He breakfasted and supped on porridge and small beer ; a penny loaf served him for dinner. Scotland sternly rears many such brave young scholars every year. In 1768, he was appointed rector of the High School, Edinburgh, a situation he filled for nearly forty years with distinguished ability and success, discharging its duties with singular devotion, and raising the reputation of the school beyond what it had ever been before. Dr. Adam’s fame chiefly rests on his “ Roman Antiquities,” for many years by far the best manual on that subject in existence. He died from the effects of intense study. The writer of the biography in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* informs us, that in the wanderings of his mind he was constantly reverting to the business of the class, and addressing his boys ; and in the last hour of his life, as he fancied himself examining on the lesson of the day, he stopped short, and said, “ But it grows dark, you may go,” and almost instantly expired.

"I have seen," says Barnes, "the value of *industry*; and as I owe to this, under God, whatever success I have obtained, it seems to me not improper to speak of it here, and to recommend the habit to those who are just entering upon life.

"I had nothing else to depend on but this. I had no capital when I began life; I had no powerful patronage to help me; I had no natural endowments—as I believe no man has—that could supply the place of industry; and it is not improper here to say, that all that I have been able to do in this world has been the result of habits of industry, which began early in life; which were commended to me by the example of a venerated father; and which have been, and are, an abiding source of enjoyment."

We sometimes wonder that Jerome, Chrysostom, Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Baxter, and men of other days, could have found time to fill so many folios with the productions of their pens. Dr. Johnson was once asked how he could account for the voluminous writings of the Christian Fathers. His reply was, "Nothing is easier;" and he at once began a calculation, to show what would be the effect in the ordinary term of a man's life, if he wrote only one octavo page in a day; and the question was satisfactorily answered.

In all departments of effort, *industry* will accomplish results truly wonderful. Many of our men of capital were at first poor, performing the meanest drudgery, but doing it with their whole hearts. Esteemed by their fellow-workers, valued by their masters, then junior partners, ultimately potent and honoured employers. The People's Park, Halifax, is the munificent gift of Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P., and cost £30,000. In a speech at Halifax, a few weeks ago, Lord Brougham referred to it in the following terms:—"Anything so splendid, so beau-

tiful ; anything so useful, which is far better than either splendour or beauty ; anything giving such a wholesome enjoyment to the working classes in their hours of relaxation from toil, it is almost impossible to conceive. The people of Halifax need not envy the richest possession of the greatest landed proprietor." And who is Frank Crossley ? His father was a clerk in a carpet manufactory ; his mother a domestic servant, and he acquired his vast wealth, not by a sudden bound, but by patient toil.

Again, *perseverance* is characteristic of *self-made men*. Now and then, at uncertain intervals, great soldiers, statesmen, orators, philosophers, poets, appear. These make the world think of them, give new directions to human affairs, create history, write their names in the annals of fame ; and when centuries have rolled away, they are "familiar in our mouths as household words." But all have not gigantic minds, just as all have not prodigious bodies ; it is, therefore, comforting to know that inferior men can do the work of the world by something better than genius, *perseverance*. This can suffer, and labour, and wait ! Most men get on by sticking to it. At first the hare left the tortoise behind, but the tortoise was first at the goal. "A rolling stone gathers no moss." "A stroke at every tree fells none." "Keep the shop, and the shop will keep thee."

"I never knew an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrrove so well as those that settled be."

There have been instances of men who have made their fortunes by leaving one business for another ; but for one that has succeeded, hundreds have failed. For the benefit of the fickle, the irresolute, and discontented, who are always complaining about the inconvenience

and annoyance of their present situation, we relate the following fable:—"An ass that belonged to a gardener, and had little to eat and much to do, besought Jupiter to give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a potter. He had now heavier burdens to carry than before, and again appealed to Jupiter, who contrived that he should be sold to a tanner. The ass, having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and observing daily how his master was employed, exclaimed, with a groan, 'Alas! wretch that I am! it had been better for me to have remained with my former master; for now I see that my present owner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I am dead!'"

Let your motto be, "Perseverando vinces," and your cry the cry of strength and decision—"It can be done," and you will *try*, and *try*, and *TRY* with increased resolution, till you do it! Some one has said that there are three kinds of men in the world,—the "wills," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts." The first effect everything; the next oppose everything; and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy! There is a profundity of philosophy in his words, well calculated to profit the rising generation. King Robert Bruce, on one occasion, was about to give up all for lost. At that critical moment a spider attracted his attention. Trying to gain a certain point, it fell to the ground again and again; but still the little creature, though baffled oft, perpetually returned to the charge, and at the fortieth effort succeeded. "Surely," said Bruce, "if a spider can succeed after so many failures, I can cover my defeats; and, as if touched by

an electric influence, he sallied forth from his hiding-place, rallied his troops, and won the day.

“Never despair,” should be the watchword of the self-maker. There are few difficulties that perseverance cannot conquer. Yet nothing is more common than for people to flatter their self-esteem, and excuse their indolence, by referring prosperity to the caprice or partiality of fortune—to fatalism, or destiny. Providence helps those who help themselves. Happiness and riches are, in some degree, in every man’s power: they are the reward of virtuous exertions. It is truly amazing to see what perseverance will do and suffer, what battles she has fought, what difficulties overcome, what transformations wrought, what trials endured! She “raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the thrones of glory!” There was a poor boy once, who resolved to get an education. He had to work hard all day, and, when evening came, he had no place to read in, and no light to read by; so he used to take his book, and go into the street, and stand by some shop window, and study in the light that shone from it. And sometimes, when the stores were closed before he got through, he would climb up a lamp-post, and hold on with one hand, while he held his book with the other. Brave youth, who thought not of yielding, but nailed his colours to the mast; it is not surprising that he became distinguished for his learning. Demosthenes, we are told, had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and was so short-breathed, that he could not utter a whole period without stopping. His first attempt at oratory met with hisses, and he withdrew, hanging down his head in the utmost confusion. Cast down, but not discouraged, he met a friend, who assured him that all his natural defects might be removed. Demosthenes

resolved to overcome the difficulties. The result was one of the noblest triumphs of indomitable perseverance. By the use of small pebbles, he corrected his pronunciation ; by climbing the steep hills, he strengthened his lungs ; by delivering his orations at the sea-side, he increased the power of his voice ; by reading Thucydides, he acquired vigour of style ; by exercising before the mirror, he learned gracefulness of gesture, and made himself the wonder and delight of his countrymen. The voice of Demosthenes transformed the Grecian warriors into men. A mighty cry, like an electric telegraph, passed over the land ; the cry of the soldier was, "Let us conquer or die !" Steady perseverance enabled Demosthenes to write his name in the book of immortality.

"For Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak."

Troy, it has been said, yielded not to the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, but to ten years' perseverance.

George Stephenson is a noble illustration of the fact, that the royal distinctions of mind and moral intrepidity are found in the peasant's hut, as well as in the prince's palace. The humble dwelling in which he was born consisted of a single apartment ; the walls were unplastered, the floor of clay, and the rafters bare. His father, Robert, and his mother, Mabel Stephenson, brought up a family of six children on the sum of twelve shillings a week. What lights and shadows do we observe in the life of this man ! Leading a horse at the plough when scarcely able to stride the furrow, a farmer's boy at twopence a day ; afterwards the owner of landed estates and much personal property ; now mending his neighbours' clocks and watches at night ; then extensive locomotive manufacturer at Newcastle ; railway con-

tractor, and great colliery and ironwork proprietor, at Clay Cross ; at one time overwhelmed with difficulties, and weeping bitterly, because he knew not where his lot would be cast ; at another, the promoter and benefactor of all nations, from the line to the pole ! “ Well do I remember the beginning of my career as an engineer, and the great perseverance that was required for me to get on. Not having served an apprenticeship, I had made up my mind to go to America, considering that no one would trust me to act as an engineer. However, I was trusted in some small matters, and succeeded in giving satisfaction. Greater trusts were reposed in me, in which I also succeeded. Soon after, I commenced making the locomotive engine : and the results of my perseverance you have this day witnessed.” In reply to the curiosity of a stranger lady, he said, “ Why, madam, they used to call me George Stephenson ; I am now called George Stephenson, *Esquire*, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield ; and, further, let me say, that I’ve dined with princes, peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the humblest to the highest ; I’ve dined off a red herring, when seated in a hedge-bottom, and have gone through the meanest drudgery ; I’ve seen mankind in all its phases ; and the conclusion I have arrived at is this, that if we were all stripped, there is not much difference ! ” Truly George Stephenson, the chief of English engineers, was a gigantic expounder of *perseverance*.

“ A weathervane of a man, whiffling about with every breeze, cannot have true steadiness of mind. Self-satisfaction worries and annoys him ; but a cheerful vigour and energy grows out of an intelligent, unviolating purpose. It gives dignity and honour to character. Men cannot but admire the mind that marches steadily on through sunshine and shade, calm and storm, smiles

and frowns; glad of favour, but pressing on without; thankful for aid, but fixed on advancing at all events. Such men establish for themselves a character which cannot but be seen and honoured. It gives success. In any enterprise which is not downright madness, such a man must succeed. He has the chief element of triumph over every difficulty; and, if he is not an idiot, he will do something in the world. He will not reach his ends at a leap, but he will reach them. He moves, not rapidly, but surely. When you want to find him by-and-by, you will know where to look. You will look at the topmost rounds of the ladder of success, and you will find him about there somewhere."

It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon what must be felt as a firm conviction—that nothing really good can be got without ardour and perseverance—a resolute, manly will. To the fickle, the conceited, the impatient, we say, Stand off! Do not make yourselves ridiculous by entering the lists. Your position is that of mere spectators. You may rejoice and clap your hands at the humble and the earnest, the persevering and the brave, who can conquer difficulties, stand drudgery, bear to be reminded of their ignorance, and add new jewels to their already lustrous crowns; but spare yourselves the humiliation of a defeat, by attempting to reach the top of Parnassus at a bound. Your mission is to take to the "short and easy methods," "French without a master," and "German in six lessons;" or, better still, put yourselves under the tuition of that wonderful man, who, some three or four years ago, advertised himself as a schoolmaster who educated young gentlemen without the help of books!

Self-made men are marked by *decision of character*. They have a sturdy, stubborn something about them, that

nothing will overcome. They are not much troubled with doubts, and fears, and difficulties. Dowered with earnestness, courage, will, they make a road through the impassable. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, himself a splendid example of a self-made man, has said, “The longer I live, the more I am convinced, that the great difference between the feeble and the strong, the great and the insignificant, is *energy, invincible determination*, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That will do anything for a man that can be done in this world ; and no talents, no opportunities, no circumstances, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.” Resolute men can say with the old Roman, “ *Nihil arduum mortalibus.*” Don’t be afraid, man ; difficulties are only relative. “There are a thousand difficulties in the way,” is true. “There is no difficulty at all,” is also true. The truth of the statement, in each case, depends upon the speaker. There is no difficulty in the thing to be done ; the difficulty lies solely in the inability of the proposer. That little child is struggling hard to lift the footstool on which it has been sitting ; it cannot. Whence the difficulty ? That blind old man makes serious “sport” to thousands, by hurling an amphitheatre to the ground. You could not have done it. Why not ? Samson found no difficulty. One of the current fallacies of society is, “The thing cannot be done.” Yes, it can. Anything can be done, provided it do not involve a contradiction in terms, or a violation of immutable law. Material difficulties will not yield to material power, except by a very slow process ; but bring in mind, and embody it in art, and difficulties vanish. Mind masters matter, and art is mind in action.

No human being, who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, and, having decided, act as if there were no such word as fail, can ever

be great. A characterless man, a poor creature of straw, without an aim or a purpose in life ; the sport of every wave, "yawing," as the sailors say, to every point of the compass with every breath of caprice that blows, is pretty sure to become a helpless cast-away before his voyage of life is half completed. Weathercock men are *Nature's* failures. They are good for nothing. Better dead downright obstinacy, than eternal vacillation ; better total blindness to danger, however great, than the hesitancy which is for ever weighing the possibilities of defeat against the chances of victory.

"To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering."

Have faith, man ! faith in yourself, faith in your work, faith in God, faith that "laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done!" And you shall win a glorious victory, and receive at last a glorious reward.

"Nothing will serve but resolute nerve,
To battle the battle of life, man."

Behold the decided man, who starts in life with a determination to reach a given point, and adheres unwaveringly to his purpose, rejecting the advice of the over-cautious, and defying the auguries of the timid. Universal homage is paid to him. "Give us the man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward, and take the responsibility." Instantly he is the idol, the lord, and the king among men. Decision has been the predominant characteristic of the men whose names are imperishable on the pages of history. It was this which shut up Demosthenes in his subterranean study, and made him the orator of all time. It was this which made Cæsar victorious in the civil wars, which spoke out to the pilot in the storm—"Fear not, thou bearest Cæsar and his fortunes!" It was this which made

Pompey exclaim, when hazarding his life on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." It was this which made Columbus, despite laughs and sneers, travel from court to court, showing his maps and charts, demonstrating the actuality of a new world. It was this which made Luther the hero of the Reformation, which expressed his famous answer to Spalatin, now on the lips of every school-boy,—"If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the houses, I would enter;" and dictated his celebrated reply to an illustrious assembly,—"Since your most serene Majesty, and your high Mightinesses, demand a simple, clear, and explicit answer of me, I will give it. I cannot submit my faith either to pope or councils, since it is as clear as day that they have often fallen into error, and even into great contradictions with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by testimonies from Scripture, or by evident reasons; if I am not persuaded by the very passages I have cited; and if my conscience be not thus made captive by the word of God, I can and will retract nothing; for it is not safe for a Christian to speak against his conscience. **HERE I AM; I CAN NO OTHERWISE; GOD HELP ME. AMEN!**" It was this which made Calvin stand, unawed, before dogmas hoary with antiquity, and cloud-capt with the anathemas of Rome. It was this which made Cromwell great and glorious, the lord protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was this which made Knox stand, fearless, in the pulpit, with a carbine levelled at his head; oppose, to the face, proud nobles and prouder churchmen; and wring civil and religious liberty from the convulsive grasp of kings and princes. It was this which made Nelson run up his immortal signal, "England expects every man to do his duty."

It was this which made Napoleon an Emperor; it is perfectly refreshing to think of this man, carrying an army over the eternal Alps by the strength of his own *will*.

“ Up, cried the great Napoleon,
Over these hills I'll go;
I know not the word impossible,—
Up, Frenchmen, up, and do.

“ And how they climbed these Alpine heights,
And cut their passage through,
Is written in characters sublime,
On the eternal snow.”

It was this which made Wellington persevere manfully in the face of difficulties. The army was in rags, ill-fed, and ill-paid; nevertheless, he fought his victorious way mile by mile, till he reached Paris, a conqueror; having driven before him Massena and Soult, the famous marshals of the Emperor, who had never been out-generalled before. This great man knew nothing about the word *despondency*; but was well acquainted with the little word *can*.

“ Up, shouted conquering Wellington,
At famous Waterloo;
Up, up, my guards, my Britons, up,
And lay the foemen low.

“ Away, away, o'er heaps of slain,
These mighty warriors sped,
And e'er another morning dawned,
The invincibles lay dead.”

Now, what is our meaning in this muster-roll? Do we mean to set the seal of our approbation upon the actions of all these men? No; it is melancholy to contemplate the misdirected efforts of some of them. But we mean to gather out of them the principle in-

volved in all, that decision of character is essential to arduous enterprises and trying occasions. Silky fellows may do for intrigue ; but founders, liberators, conquerors, saviours, and reformers, have all been men of unshakeable firmness, of the warrior ring.

If you would be a self-made man, you must take for your motto—"Nil desperandum." Never mind, though the Andes be in your way ; buckle on your wallet, tie your shoes, take a firm hold of your staff, and scale the barrier. Alpine mountains vanish before a determined and resolute mind. "Madam," said one of this stamp, to Marie Antoinette, "if the thing is only difficult, it is done ; if it is impossible, it shall be done."

"If boldly I advance, the fires I see,
More fierce in aspect than in fact may be ;
But come the worst. As thus the hero spoke,
A desperate leap amid the flames he took.
Boldness unmatched ! yet did no heat intense,
As of surrounding fire, affect his sense,
Nor rightly in a space so brief he knew,
If fancied were the flames he saw, or true,
For, hardly touched, the baseless phantom flew."

When difficulties are thus confronted, they are conquered. Robert Nicoll, writing to his mother, says—"Do not mistake me, mother ; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for the better land, for which earth is a preparation, to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life ; who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart.

"If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid

—poverty included, there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon-worship on earth than there is.

“ This is my philosophy, and its motto is,—

‘Despair! thy name is written on
The roll of common men.’

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. Fear not for me, my dear mother, for I feel myself daily growing firmer, and more hopeful in spirit. The more I think and reflect—and thinking instead of reading is now my occupation—I feel that whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man’s high destinies, or trust in God.”

Young men cannot too frequently consult, firmly credit, and thoroughly digest, the following graphic and instructive passage from the Autobiography of Alexander Somerville. “ When filling a cart of manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me, when I was last and he was first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper, or a sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of there being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have

taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it, or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and travelling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do, which was much more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I have accepted it, at whatever wages I could obtain; at plough, in farm drain, in stone quarry, in breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in saw-pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse, for sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained, been sought after, and offered, ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I would not have risen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working. Whether at labouring or literary work, with spade or with pen, I have been my own helper." Somerville's motto seems to have been, "Never prepare; never postpone; always proceed." Go and do likewise; ignore difficulties, privations, cares, anxieties; fix on a good cause; trust Providence, run towards it like a strong man, and you will achieve objects that neither wealth nor talent could have accomplished.

Another characteristic of self-made men is, *strong moral principle*. It was the want of this that made Fergusson, the Scottish poet, a moral wreck. What

more emphatic, or more honest warning, can be found on this head than the writings of Burns himself?

“ Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life’s mad career,
 Wild as the wave ?
Here pause—and, thro’ the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

“ The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain’d his name!

“ Reader, attend!—whether thy soul
Soars fancy’s flights beyond the pole,
Or, darkling, grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious *self-control*
 Is wisdom’s root.”

Sir Humphrey Davy, whose discoveries in chemistry have surrounded his name with a halo of glory, and made it one of the brightest on the roll of the self-made said, “ I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing.”

Eyesight is another characteristic of self-made men. “ A scholar in this great university—the world—and the same his book and study, he cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties; but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth.” Self-made men look not at the green meadows, the clear streams, and

the purple clouds that pavilion the sun, through the lenses of books, but with “open face,” and with naked, eagle eye. Burns paints Bruar Water from his own eyesight, and as if no such scene had ever been described before. It may be to this direct contact with nature, on the part of Shakespeare, that Gray alludes in his “Progress of Poesy:”—

“Far from the sun and summer’s gale,
In thy green lap was nature’s darling laid ;
What time, where lucid Avon stray’d,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face ; the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.”

Observation is the great gate of the temple of knowledge—the mother of that common sense, which, “though no science, is fairly worth the seven.” And the men we speak of, although little acquainted with abstract theories, are rich in practical knowledge ; they have seen man, “unaccommodated man,” in all his strength and weakness—in all his merits and demerits. How “stale, flat, and unprofitable” is the knowledge of the book-worm, compared with this, derived from the study of men and things !

There is yet another characteristic of self-made men—*What they do, they do thoroughly.* Many know everything, and yet know nothing ; they read on all subjects, but master no subject. Robert Hall was once asked, whether he thought Dr. Kippis a clever man ? He replied, “that, probably, he was, naturally ; but he had laid so many books on his brains, that they could not move.” Self-made men have read but few books, but how thoroughly they have mastered those few ! Read the writings of the self-taught authors, and you will admit the truth of the old caution, “ Beware the man of

one book." Better one rood of land you can call your own for ever, than acres held in uncertain occupation. One thing at a time, and do it well, yea, as well as you can. "Billy Gray, what do you presume to scold me for? You are a rich man, it is true; but didn't I know you when you were nothing but a drummer?" "Well," said Mr. Gray, "didn't I drum well, eh? didn't I drum well?" The men who have risen from the ranks have all done their drumming well: their admirable maxim was,—

" Honour and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—'tis there true honour lies."

A famous sculptor, while employed in finishing one of his celebrated statues, received a visit from a friend, who expressed his admiration of the work, but who, on repeating the visit, was astonished at the apparently slow progress which had been made, and exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," was the artist's reply; "I have re-touched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," interrupted his friend; "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," was the answer; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle!"

Let every young man, whose eye glances upon this page, read, and re-read, and read again, "My Own Work," from the powerful and practical pen of Horatius Bonar, D.D., in "Excelsior!"—"There is work for *all* of us; and there is special work for each. It is work not for societies or alliances, but it is work for individual minds and hands. It is work which I cannot do in a crowd, or as one of a mass, but as *one* man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense

of my personal responsibilities. There is, no doubt, *associated work* for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great whole, or as a member of some body. But I have special work to do as one individual, who, by God's plan and appointment, have a separate position, separate responsibilities, and a separate work,—a work which, if I do not do it, must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do. He may do a higher work,—a greater work,—but he cannot do *my* work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well-ordered and powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one, but they cannot do my work for me. I must do it with these hands, or with these lips, which God has given me. I may do little, or I may do much; *that* matters not,—it must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were either going out of my sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me. The low grass-tuft is not the branching elm, nor is it the fragrant rose; but it has a position to occupy, and a work to do, in the arrangements of God for this earth of ours, which neither elm nor rose can undertake.

“Besides, I have a crown to win; and who can win it for me? I cannot reach it through the toil of another, through the operations of any society of men. I must win it for myself. No fellow man can *wear* it for me, and no fellow man can *win* it for me. I must press forward to the mark for the prize of my high calling. My right of entrance into the kingdom has, I know, been

won for me by the Son of God. That was a work for Him alone to do. And He has done it! I owe my deliverance to His blood alone,—I owe my acceptance to His righteousness alone. But still there remains a race for me to run, a prize to secure. And therefore must I work without ceasing, with my eye upon the glory to be revealed, when the Lord returns, forgetting what is behind, reaching on to what is before, ‘if that by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead.’”

CHAPTER III.

EXAMPLES OF SELF-MADE MEN.

SECTION I.—JOHN BUNYAN.

“Simple, enchanting man! what does not the world owe to thee and to the great Being who could produce such as thee? Teacher alike of the infant and of the aged; who canst direct the first thought, and resolve the last doubt of man: property alike of the peasant and the prince; welcomed by the ignorant and honoured by the wise; thou hast translated Christianity into a new language, and that a universal one! Thou art the prose poet of all time!”

GEORGE OFFOR, Esq.

MEN are prone to boast of their high descent. In the biographies of those who have had an aristocratic standing in the world, we are generally informed that the family is one of very ancient date, having, it is believed, come into England with the Conqueror. It were difficult to find a better illustration of this pride of birth than Sir Walter Scott. That story-telling magician deemed it a higher honour to take his seat among the lairds of Roxburgh, as baronet of Abbotsford, than to have his name enrolled with Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron; and the celebrated author is careful to inform his readers that he was born a gentleman. Many bear themselves haughtily under the name and banner of ancestors that were a disgrace to the world,

and who escaped the gallows only because their robberies and murders were perpetrated on an extensive scale. If the rolls of lineage were unfolded, it would be seen that a great proportion of what this world dignifies with the name of nobility had its origin in barbarian oppression and royal profligacy. Still, according to general computation, to be born in a palace is sufficient to make one great; even supposing its owner has need to ask Heaven's forgiveness for the means by which he came to its possession. What preparations were made some years ago to celebrate the birth of the son born to Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French! He was to be called the King of Algiers. He was to be rocked in a silver cradle. Guns were fired, bells rung, flags waved, bonfires lighted, illuminations made; and Paris, if not all France, was intoxicated with joy. One might have supposed that *that* child was the greatest ever born into this world. No! a greater than earthly prince or potentate was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger. More true greatness comes from the cottage than the palace. The son of the peasant is oftentimes a greater honour to humanity, than the son of the prince. The accidents of birth, and titles of rank, are not themselves worthy of the name of greatness. Saladin, before he expired, ordered his winding-sheet to be carried as a standard through every street of the city, while a crier went before and proclaimed, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East." The haughty Elizabeth checked the attendant who applied to her, in the time of her last affliction, the empty, high-sounding titles of royalty. How true are those burning words, which fell from the lips of Prince Henry, as he sat by the deathbed of his royal father,—

"Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

Oh ! polish'd perturbation ! golden care !
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night.”

You may be the greatest king that ever reigned—as rich as Crœsus, as learned as Leland, as generous as Reynolds, as scientific as Newton, as poetic as Milton, as logical as Locke, and yet not be truly great. Solomon says, “I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking, as servants upon the earth.”

“ ’Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

So sang Tennyson ; and our first example of a self-made man is a splendid illustration of the song. For John Bunyan had no Norman, but some have supposed that he had gipsy, blood in his veins. Yet this man’s biographies, like those of Burns and Napoleon, might well form a gallery by themselves. Such men as Ivimey, and Philip, and Southey, and Offor, and Cheever, and Montgomery, and Macaulay, have visited his grave, erected a tomb over it, and wreathed garlands for his gifted brow. The man whom Cowper praised anonymously,

“ Lest so despised a name should move a tear,”

has extorted eulogies from a greater number of critics than ever combined to praise a man of genius, who was also a man of God. Swift, and Johnson, and Byron, and Franklin, and Mackintosh, and Coleridge, and Arnold,—all revelled with delight in the pages of the tinker-teacher, whose soul nature had formed of the finer clay.

After such biographers and critics, some may think it

almost impertinence for us to say a word about this low-born son of genius. But some subjects seem inexhaustible; and every man, accustomed to think for himself, has his own way of handling the most familiar subject, and may give some particular phases a prominence, and secure for them an attention which is their due, but which they have not received. We shall, first, sketch Bunyan's eventful life; secondly, speak of his merits as a theologian; thirdly, try to account for his popularity as a preacher; fourthly, notice his claims as a writer; fifthly, present him as a bold confessor for the truth; and sixthly, make a few closing remarks.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. His father was a brazier, or tinker, and he worked at the same handicraft for bread. His pedigree is thus given by himself. "My descent was of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." Again, he observes,—"The poor Christian has something to answer them that reproach him for his ignoble pedigree, and shortness of the glory of the wisdom of this world. Here may that man say, I am taken out of the dunghill. I was born in a base and low estate; but I fear God. This is the highest and most noble; he hath the honour, the life, and glory, that is lasting." Fortunately for Bunyan, in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, a noble charity spread the blessings of education. There he learned to read and write. However, he soon lost the little he had learned, and that almost utterly. There has been a good deal of controversy regarding Bunyan's early days. Some have taken it for granted, that he was in all respects a notorious reprobate; and others have laboured to show that his wickedness has been greatly overcharged; that he

never was a drunkard, a libertine, or a lover of sanguinary sports: and that the thing which gave Bunyan any notoriety among his companions, and which made him afterwards appear to himself such a monster of iniquity, was his energy of character. We might be expected to balance these opinions together, and fix the preponderance. This, however, we feel to be a difficult task, and would rather decline it. Dr. Southey says, “The worst of what he was in his worst days, is to be expressed in a single word, the full meaning of which no circumlocution can convey; and which, though it may hardly be deemed presentable in serious composition, I shall use, as Bunyan himself (no mealy-mouthed writer) would have used it, had it in his days borne the same acceptation in which it is now universally understood;—in that word, then, he had been a *blackguard*.”

“The very head and front of his offending
Hath this extent—no more.”

An inveterate habit of swearing was the principal element in Bunyan’s character. Think of Elstow in 1643, a quiet English village, with its few houses scattered about, in picturesque and beautiful confusion. It is evening. The wild birds have retired to the old steeple, and the domestic fowls have left the dewy fields. But the old tinker’s donkey is still biting the buttercup and the daisy; while his master, amidst the loud laughter of the more coarse and vulgar inhabitants, retails tap-room wit and local news. And yonder is young Bunyan, engaged in a game called “cat,” or playing pitch-and-toss. That rough youth, with the shaggy eyebrows, grim enough to be a climbing boy, is made up of vivid fancy and vehement emotion. He can do nothing by halves. He throws his whole heart into everything. His energetic movements, authoritative vociferations,

and loud execrations, at once mark him out as the ragamuffin ringleader. He thus describes himself:—"I speak my experience; I was one of those great sin-breeders; I infected all the youth of the town where I was born; the neighbours counted me so; my practice proved me so: wherefore, Christ Jesus took me first; and taking me first, the contagion was much allayed all the town over. When God made me sigh, they would hearken, and inquiringly say, What's the matter with John? When I went out to seek the bread of life, some of them would follow, and the rest be put into a muse at home. Some of them, perceiving that God had mercy upon me, came crying to Him for mercy too." Much has been said and written about the ungodliness of Bunyan's youth; possibly more than was just. But of this there can be no doubt, that he was eminently a pitchy brand snatched from the fire.

In his seventeenth year, we find him a poor swearing soldier. The army into which Bunyan entered is described as being "where wickedness abounded." This is characteristic of the army still. Most of our soldiers are poor scape-graces from the streets; their mental depravity and immoral habits fitting them for all the military glory of rapine and desolation. It is not known positively whether he belonged to the Royal or the Parliamentary army; but there are many and strong reasons for supposing that he joined the Royal army. His loyalty was remarkable. Let the man himself testify. "I do confess myself one of the old-fashioned professors, that covet to fear God, and honour the king." "Pray for the long life of the king." "Pray that God would discover all plots and conspiracies against his person and government." "Will you rebel against the king? is a word that shakes the world." Again; his profligate character would have ill-comported with the pious habits of the republican

troops. They were men who had the fear of God before their eyes, and had no other fear; with them religion was a reality, not a semblance; they carried Bibles as well as muskets; they were men of sacred melody as well as of martial music. Once more, Bunyan's military sayings make it highly probable that he was one of Rupert's roisterous dragoons. "As we say, blood up to the ears." "Run up, man; put on the harness." "The father's sword in the hand of a sucking child is not able to conquer a foe." But this poor depraved soldier is destined, by a gracious Providence, to do noble and true things; to kindle into a hero; to vindicate himself, under God, as an illustrious example of a self-made man. Divine Providence will qualify him for his work, and render him immortal till it be done. He fell into the sea at one time; at another time he fell out of a boat into Bedford river; one day an adder glided across his path. Bunyan struck her over the back with his stick, and then forced open the creature's mouth, and plucked out the sting. Another day he is drawn as a soldier to go to the siege of Leicester; but when ready to set out, a comrade sought leave to take his place. Bunyan consented. His companion was shot through the head, and died. To what do you attribute these hair-breadth escapes? To accident! coincidence! chance! No; but to the kind supervision and wise care of God. If there be anything plain in the world, it is this—that God

"Overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs."

When Charles was defeated at Naseby, Bunyan returned to Bedford full of military ideas, and hardened in sin: conscience now and then, despite the lullabies he sang, and the opiates he administered, spake with

trumpet tongue, and threw him into a very perspiration of fear ; yet he resolved to indulge in such carnal delights and sensual pleasures as fell in his way. Friends advised the quondam soldier to take unto himself a wife. Such a youth, at the age of twenty, might have been expected to marry some young woman as worthless as himself. But not so. His first biographer says, " His poverty, and irregular course of life, made it very difficult for him to get a wife suitable to his inclination ; and because none that were rich would yield to his allurements, he found himself constrained to marry one without any fortune, though very virtuous, loving, and conformably obedient and obliging, being born of good, honest, and godly parents, who had instructed her, as well as they were able, in the ways of truth and saving knowledge." He himself says, " This woman and I came together as poor as might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both." To marry in such circumstances was certainly indicative of some temerity, and we hope our young readers will be very cautious in imitating this example. Still we claim of you to deal gently with the youth who marries for love, and takes no thought for the future ; but pour out in full flow your indignation on the head of the old bachelor, who does not marry because he cannot find a woman made of money. Bunyan got a wife whose fortune was *internal*, not *external*. Had her sole recommendations been a pretty face, a light heart, and a heavy purse, she had not been sufficiently attractive to keep such a heavy body as her husband from rolling into the fields of space. But being affectionate, amiable, mild, and pious, she managed to keep him at home ; and by her converse and example, and by reading the two books which he received as her only portion—"The

Practice of Piety," and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," the Holy Spirit first wrought upon his soul. While, however, we glorify the singular Providence that united him to such a wife, we must not forget that it was rather a hazardous step on her part, for it was taken at the expense of the apostolic injunction, "Be not unequally yoked;" and though it turned out better than could have been expected, we warn other godly women against listening to the suit of an ungodly man.

We come now to the most important event of Bunyan's life, namely, the renovation of his soul. Conversion is not a superficial matter, but a radical reform, a change that we believe the purest, gentlest, loveliest, most amiable creature stands as much in need of as yon fallen sister, who walks the streets, and drinks the dregs of her damning curse. The anxious efforts of the tinker's wife were attended by the Divine blessing. He began regularly to attend Divine worship, and formed an attachment, almost idolatrous, to the externalisms of religion. A pungent sermon on sabbath-breaking made an extraordinary impression on his mind, and he left off that wicked habit. Standing one day at a neighbour's window, cursing and swearing, as was his wonted manner, an abandoned woman protested that he was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that ever she heard in all her life, and able to spoil all the youth of the town, if they came in his company. He was silenced in a moment—blushed before the God of heaven, and wished in his heart that he were a little child again, that his father might teach him to speak without profanity. Anon he was scared with dreams in the night, and visions distinct and terrible. Soon the question was prompted, "What must I do to be saved?" And the cry awakened, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Then, from the conversation of some poor but godly women, who spake as if “joy did make them speak”—from interviews with holy Mr. Gifford, and reading Luther on the Galatians, he gained glimpses of the truth. For two years he was assaulted with fiercest temptations; encountered Apollyon in the valley, and their swords struck fire in the shadow of death. At length, the clouds rolled away from his heart and from his destiny; he walked forth a man under the inspiration of new motives, sustained by noble impulses, and actuated by a heavenly hope. Extricated from the slough of despond, the course of the ringleader in all vice was for the most part onward, upward, and heavenward.

When twenty-six years of age, he was admitted a member of the Baptist church, under the pastorate of Mr. Gifford, a minister in Bedford, whose life-story was nearly as remarkable as Bunyan’s own. He had not been long a member of the church, when he was solicited to speak a word of exhortation to the brethren. Afraid of presumption, and in the timid modesty of spiritual childhood, he did not venture at first further than to address his friends in their more private meetings, or to make brief practical remarks on the sermons preached by others in the villages. Here his vast powers began to be developed; his hearers were so pleased, that they urged him forward to more public services. “These,” says Dr. Hamilton, “he was too humble to covet, and too earnest to refuse. Though his education was sufficiently rude, God had given him from the first a strong, athletic mind and a glowing heart,—that downright logic and teeming fancy, whose bold strokes and burning images heat the Saxon temper to the welding point, and make the popular orator of our English multitude. Then his low original, and rough, wild history, however much they

might have subjected him to scorn, had he exchanged his leathern apron for a silken one, or scrambled from the hedge-side into the high places of the church, entailed no suspicion, and awakened much surprise, when the Bedford townsmen saw their blaspheming neighbour a new man, and, in a way so disinterested, preaching the faith which he once destroyed. The town turned out to hear ; and, though there was some mockery, many were deeply moved.”

On the 12th of November, 1660, he had intended to preach to a small congregation in a private house at Samsell, in Bedfordshire, from these words :—“ Dost thou believe on the Son of God ? ” But Francis Wingate, a neighbouring justice of the peace, issued his warrant to apprehend the preacher. The constable, showing the warrant, ordered him to come down from the pulpit. Bunyan mildly but firmly refused. The constable then took hold of his coat, and was about to remove him, when Bunyan, who had a man’s eyes in his head, and a man’s brains behind them, with the open Bible in his hand, looked the constable steadily in the face : the man let go, turned pale, and retired from his presence. “ The wicked flee when no man pursueth : but the righteous are bold as a lion.” In due course he was brought before the justice ; a single word might have saved him ; but that word would have sacrificed his principles, and these he regarded as far more important than his life. So he was committed to jail, till the ensuing sessions should be held at Bedford. There he is convicted of preaching the Gospel to the poor, and praying without the Common Prayer-Book ! Yes, astounding as the fact may seem, while felons, malefactors, and men guilty of the highest crimes, are freely pardoned, John Bunyan, for no crime whatever, is shut up for twelve years within iron bars and

stone walls ! But they were years of joy, not of sorrow. In one of his stanzas he quaintly expresses his feelings :—

“ The *truth* and I were both here cast
Together ; and we do
Lie arm in arm, and so hold fast
Each other : this is true.”

John Bunyan, in the narrow cell of the common jail of Bedford, knew the truth, and the truth made him happy,—happier far than that most miserable specimen of royalty, Charles II., on his throne. The King was false, foolish, and profligate ; the prisoner was a man of stern virtue and lofty character, and hence his laurels are yet fresh and fair. You cannot make such a man miserable ; he has the herb, heart’s-ease, in his bosom ; and his dungeon becomes his bower. His heroine wife and four children are permitted to visit him ; and with what an affectionate expression he looks upon Mary, blind, and therefore best-beloved ! On the table are three books—the Bible, the Concordance, and Fox’s Book of Martyrs, with its records of the men who have “ washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” His body is confined, but his spirit is free. Even now he can see the land where

“ Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ! ”

—be dazzled with light reflected from the jasper walls of the “ city that hath foundations ”—hear sweeter voices than wife or child breaking upon his ear ! Above all, He who is fairer than the sons of men whispers, “ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.” He falls down on his knees on the cold stone floor, offers up his evening devotions, sleeps till day-break, and then

awakes, and sings ! Well might he write, “ I was had home to prison.”

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.”

God gave him favour in the eyes of the gaoler, and he met with singular indulgence. For months he was a regular attender at the church meetings of his brethren in Bedford, and was chosen pastor while a prisoner. Some of the bishops, who had heard of the unusual liberty granted Bunyan, sent a messenger from London to Bedford, to ascertain the truth. Our dreamer was at home with his family that night ; but felt so uneasy, that he told his wife he must return to his prison-home. The gaoler gruffly informed him that he might keep better hours. Early in the morning the messenger came, and said, “ Are all the prisoners safe ? ” “ Yes.” “ Is John Bunyan safe ? ” “ Yes.” “ Let me see him.” He was called, and appeared, and the messenger went his way. After he was gone, the gaoler said to Bunyan, “ Well, you may go out again when you think proper ; for you know when to return better than I can tell you.” How strange that Bunyan could not sleep at home that night, and that he went back to prison before the messenger arrived ! A happy accident, and nothing more ! So fools say ; but wise men, who read their Bibles, say it was Divine Providence.

In 1672, Richard Carver, a sailor, and a member of the Society of Friends, who had saved the King’s life after his defeat at Worcester, sought, as his recompence, that the King would set at liberty the poor pious Quaker sufferers, that they might bless him, and that he might have that peace and satisfaction which follows good and

benevolent actions. The King at first attempted to argue ; then offered to release six ; ultimately a clumsy deed was prepared, which was so framed as to include prisoners of other denominations. Thus John Bunyan obtained his liberty. During his twelve years' imprisonment, he wrote the following books :—“ Of Prayer by the Spirit,” “ The Holy City,” “ Resurrection,” “ Grace Abounding,” and the first part of the “ Pilgrim’s Progress.” His last undertaking brought down upon him the blessing of the peace-maker. A young gentleman, who had incurred his father’s displeasure, and feared lest he should be disinherited, pitched upon Bunyan as a fit person to pave the way for his return to his father’s house. The good old man succeeded ; but, in riding from Reading to London, he was thoroughly drenched with excessive rains. Fever seized him at the house of Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the Star, on Snow Hill. Here, after ten days’ illness, he died, having numbered sixty years, and written sixty-two books. There is some uncertainty as to the day of his decease : the 12th, 17th, and 31st of August, 1688, have all been named. He was buried in the new burying-place, near the Artillery Ground ; where he sleeps, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

“ Thrice welcome, death !
That, after many a painful, bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wished-for shore.—All thanks to Him
Who scourg’d the venom out ! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace ! How calm his exit !
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds, expire so soft.

* * * * *

By unperceived degrees he wears away ;
Yet, like the sun, seems largest at his setting.”

The staff has dropped from the pilgrim's hand, and the mantle of mortality has been laid aside; as he entered the river, angels lined its banks to receive and escort him up to the celestial and eternal city. All heaven was in commotion about the scion of a despised family, who began his career unknown and unheard of in the world, but who, by God's grace, made himself a most celebrated name, testified the truth of the gospel, was honoured in converting thousands, endured persecution and scorn unmoved. The Master took this good and faithful servant by the hand, and said, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN SAYING UNTO ME, WRITE, BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD FROM HENCEFORTH: YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT; THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM!"

We shall now describe, in a few brief paragraphs, this self-made, or rather God-made theologian. John Bunyan was not, according to the computation of this world, one of the sons of the prophets. His father had not been a minister, and he himself had not been a student in any of our theological colleges. It is perfectly possible for a man to be a theologian, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost alone, without the help of man. Some of our most honoured ministers have received their theology in the same way that Paul was taught the gospel, "by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Ah! what though a man may have been educated in the universities; trained in the schools of the prophets; treasured with the learned lore of eighteen centuries; deeply rooted in all biblical science; say we that these things are useless in a minister? say we that these things are worthless to

the church? God forbid! But this we say, that a man may "understand all mysteries, and all knowledge," yet after all embrace the childish legends of Rome, or the negativism of the "everlasting no!" while a tinker like Bunyan, unaided by systematic theology, takes the Bible as the foundation of his creed, and arrives at doctrines almost always according to the analogy of faith.

Our fathers struggled for the right of private judgment in matters of faith and worship; and we their sons will insist upon it, as essential to salvation, that every man think for himself, judge for himself, decide for himself, in matters of religious belief. Nor Prince, nor Pope, nor Prelatist, nor Presbytery, nor Conference, may dictate how we shall worship, or what we shall believe. The Bible; the Bible only; the Bible wholly, must form the basis of our creed. This is a leading tenet of the Reformation—the glory and distinction of Protestantism—man's noblest right and privilege, to be responsible to God alone, in things pertaining to the conscience. Many, alas! laugh at the poor Romanist, with his implicit faith—"What do you believe?" "I believe what the church believes." "And what does the church believe?" "The church believes what I believe." "Well, what do the church and you both believe?" "The church and I both believe the same thing!"—who are themselves of the same kith and kin; for many professed Protestants talk in this way. "I was born in the Church of England, and I shall continue in it." Or, "All my friends are connected with the Wesleyans, and I shall not leave the Methodists." Or, "My parents belonged to the Baptist denomination, so I shall not forsake my mother church." John Bunyan dared to exercise his own head; so he left a lordly ecclesiastical establishment, boasting of apostolical succession, and proclaiming itself to be the only true church of Christ,

and became a burning and a shining light in the obscure, despised, and persecuted Baptist church. Yes, John Bunyan made good use of his Bible. His theology was the fruit of laborious investigation of that sacred volume. "Every chapter in it was a chapter in his history; and every verse touched and thrilled some chord in his heart." Like the poor man's lamb, it "lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter." No Jew ever loved Jerusalem more than he loved the sacred volume. It was the standard by which he judged concerning the true church, terms of communion, conscience, character, and creed. Let all theological students learn to do the same. "Call no man master upon earth. One is your master, even Christ." "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." "So then, every one shall give account of himself to God." John Calvin, distinguished by vastness of learning, acuteness of logic, and comprehensiveness of exegetical view, wrote a system of theology, whose praise or blame is in all the churches; but his love for one great principle of truth—divine sovereignty—led him to trench on human privilege. Dr. Adam Clarke, despite his hatred of systematic theology, framed a system of his own, and affection for the leading principle—the freedom of the will—led him to ignore the foreknowledge of God. He claimed perfection for the creature, but denied it to the Creator! Professor Finney, of Oberlin, teaches the doctrine of *entire sanctification*; and Professor Gibson, of Glasgow, writes a book on the *Inability of Man, natural and moral, to believe the Testimony of God*. We could easily adduce more specimens of the inconsistencies and follies of theologians, but the above is sufficient to show, that reformers and leaders are but earthen vessels—frail and broken cisterns; men often divided among themselves

as to truth and error ; lost in snares, and sunken in marshes ! Leave these, and betake yourself to better teachers, the apostles and prophets. Divine sovereignty, foreknowledge, free will, human ability, &c., are doctrines clearly taught in Scripture. You are under no obligation to harmonize these apparently opposite truths, but you are bound to believe them, and may expect to understand them in the upper world, when the “light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold.” “Father,” said I to the librarian, “what are these huge volumes, which fill the whole side of the library ? ” “These,” said he, “are the interpreters of the Scriptures.” “There is a prodigious number of them,” replied I ; “the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and be very clear at present. Do there still remain any doubts ? Are there now any points contested ? ” “Are there ! ” answered he, with surprise. “Are there ! There are almost as many as there are lines.” “You astonish me,” said I ; “what then have all these authors been doing ? ” “These authors,” returned he, “never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorize their own ideas.” It is thus that churches, and universities, and kingdoms have been convulsed with controversy ; that oceans of ink have been exhausted, and “riven pens to havoc hewn,” and some of the greatest and best men of their age been well-nigh driven out of all theology, natural and revealed !

John Bunyan, like all the Puritans, was a genuine, deep-hearted Calvinist. But how admirably practical, how broad and grand was his Calvinism ! He never limited the infinite mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

Without reserve, he invited the very chief of sinners to the foot of the cross, and assured them, in the language of his Master, “ Whosoever cometh, shall in no wise be cast out.” While far removed from Antinomianism, his doctrine was clear and distinct. He believed that sovereign grace alone made men to differ; that the atonement secured the salvation of a countless multitude; that election was eternal and unconditional—with all his catholicity, he classed those who doubted this among the army of Diabolus; that apart from the influences of the Holy Spirit, there would be no soul saved; that in journeying to the celestial city, believers, like the Israelites, in travelling towards the earthly Jerusalem, go from strength to strength, till every one of them appears before God in Zion; that the witness of the Spirit is the privilege of all God’s faithful people. In his own inimitable way he shows, in the case of “ Ignorance,” how impossible it is to enter heaven without it. When he stood before the gate of heaven, the shining ones asked him for his certificate. So he fumbled in his bosom, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. “ So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded them to go out and take him, and bind him hand and foot, and bear him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven.” That the Christian life is a walk, a fight; that the important thing is, not how a man dies, but how he lives;—these are some of the important truths which have been illustrated by his resplendent genius.

We are perfectly aware that Bunyan’s theology is now despised by many who admire his genius. “ A good man,” say they, “ a giant in his day;—we are grateful

for his contributions to theological literature ;—he did his work, and did it well ;—but there was much of the religion of Jesus of which he knew no more than of the modern geology, or the Copernican astronomy ;—his pages contain nothing for thousands, now floating on the stormy ocean of doubt.” To these we reply, that Bunyan was behind his period in nothing, and before it in many things ; and his was the period of Hampden, Selden, Howe, Vane, and of Cromwell. We claim no man as the theologian for all time, for the simple reason, that we do not believe in stereotyped creeds. There is nothing new in theology but what is false. Still, as the free minded men of quite another era, we have surely advanced in our knowledge of it ; and most fervently do we wish that some mind of giant power, high culture, and Christian principle, would take up the question of the Christian evidences, and present it in a form worthy of the subject itself, and of the age *we* live in. We freely confess, that we prefer Williams, and Payne, and Wardlaw, to Bunyan, on certain disputed points of theology. Yet, as Gilfillan remarks, “when stripped of the phraseology, and severed from the mistakes of his age, his works seem to contain the best, clearest, and boldest exhibition of truth ever given by uninspired man.”

On the subject of baptism, Bunyan has expressed himself with his usual fulness and precision. He was satisfied, in his own mind, that baptism was not a relative, but a personal duty ; at the same time, he held that the Lord’s table was for the Lord’s people,—for all who made a profession of faith with intelligence, and justified it by a corresponding character and deportment. “Strange,” he says : “take two Christians equal on all points but this ; nay, let one go far beyond the other for grace and holiness ; yet this circumstance of water shall drown and sweep away all his excellences ; not counting

him worthy of that reception, that with heart and hand shall be given to a novice in religion, because he consents to water.” Thus in liberality of sentiment and width of view he was far ahead of his contemporaries, and of course had to pay the *penalty*. For nearly eighteen years he was vilely slandered ; various attempts were made to take away his members, disturb the peace of his congregation, and alienate him from the church which he dearly loved. The most learned of the Baptist ministers challenged him to a grand theological battle in the metropolis ; in which, doubtless, the unlettered mechanic would have been overwhelmed with Latin and Greek quotations from the Fathers, cut to pieces with syllogistic weapons, and buried among learned dust. Bunyan wisely appealed to the press as the better mode of controversy ; brought forward the inspired grandfathers against the Fathers ; with Gospel truth, the “right Jerusalem blade,” he proved himself a mighty man of valour, shivering their syllogistic weapons in their grasp, and with the breath of universal benevolence blowing away their learned dust. Three able men published their joint answer; it was disfigured by uncharitable vituperation. Their brother was in prison, and they visited him with gall and wormwood, instead of refreshing cordials. One of his adversaries called him a devil, and likened him to Zimri, who slew his master. When will men learn that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God”—that such fiery zeal is contrary to the spirit of Christ? The late Robert Hall, who discussed, with much acuteness, the *questio vexata* of free communion, thus writes:—“The most virulent reproaches were cast upon the admirable Bunyan, during his own time, for presuming to break the yoke ; and whoever impartially examines the spirit of Mr. Booth’s ‘Apology,’ will perceive that its venerable author regards him, together with his successors, much in the light of

rebels and insurgents, or, to use the mildest terms, as contumacious despisers of legitimate authority." Bunyan closes this reply to his bigoted opponents in words worthy of an apostle: "Mine to serve the Christians, so long as I can look out at those eyes, that have had so much dirt thrown at them by many."

How passing strange that Christian men should have punished their brethren for non-conformity on minor matters of religion, while they themselves were groaning under acts of uniformity concerning rites and ceremonies! "Woe unto you, Pharisees, who whiten and garnish the outside of a sepulchre, while within it is full of uncleanness, hypocrisy, and iniquity!" Baptism is not the gate of glory. Millions of little children who, dying in infancy, were never sprinkled, go to heaven without baptism; and multitudes who have been baptized in water, on a profession of their faith, perish. The passage from death unto life is not made at the expense of a few shudders. On many points there is room for differences of opinion. Let us, therefore, pause before rashly condemning, or severing ourselves from a brother, because the husbandry of his soul displays results which the culture of our minds has not reared or ripened. The wonder is, not that we are divided on many subjects, but that, considering our various idiosyncrasies, we are so harmonious as to what constitutes saving truth. This sublime assimilation of thought is unparalleled in the history of mind. We all hold the head, even Christ; we are all one on the fundamentals; we are all agreed as to the way of salvation. Unto us there is but "one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." Denominationalism is neither religion nor the "power of God unto salvation." Let us, therefore, be catholic in our sympathies, and manly in our actions.

We come now to sketch the rugged Baptist preacher. Much has recently been preached and published on the pulpit. The land has been made to ring, and the press to groan, under lamentations over its inefficiency. These complaints are not altogether without reason. Ecclesiastical authority may assign this sphere of earthly labour to men whom God has never qualified for it. To constitute a Christian minister, four things are necessary,—faith, experience, practice, and gifts. “The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness;” but the fishermen, tent-makers, and publicans Christ sent to be its heralds, were not *fools*. And the good men who are always talking about the Lord delighting to use weak instruments, misunderstand the Scriptures;—the empty benches and the scattered few might suggest a re-examination of the passage. All God-sent ministers are mighty to strike home to the seared consciences and rotten hearts of sinners, and to confound gainsayers. Men who have no gift to teach, warn, or exhort, ought to remember that God may be glorified in a trade as well as in a profession; that the man who excels in weaving cloth, making garments, building houses, or even in blacking shoes, is more honoured and more useful than the weak brother in the ministry. “All the authorities in the universe cannot make him an ambassador for Christ, to whom Christ himself has given no power to beseech men to be reconciled to God—no power to warn every man, that he may present every man perfect. The pretence of a Christianity without ministers, served by a priesthood who can manipulate, read prayers that others wrote, organize solemnities, and keep times and seasons, but who cannot rightly ‘divide the word of truth;’ cannot ‘preach the Gospel with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power;’ cannot do anything but what the most senseless, or the most wicked, of men could do, if drilled

to it—is one of those marvels of imposition before which we are at once abashed and indignant: indignant, that, with the New Testament still living, men dare palm this upon us for Christianity; and abashed, that human nature is ready to accept such a travesty."

The quotation is from the "Tongue of Fire." It is the first essential of a preacher, whatever his creed, that he be sufficiently engaging to be attentively listened to; and without this preliminary merit, no other merit, however great, is of any avail whatever. Well, what is the state of the modern pulpit? According to general rumour, hundreds of pastors completely fail to interest their flocks. Hearers look forward to the sabbath ministrations as a weariness, and attend church simply as a matter of duty. "What a weariness," say some, "is an ordinary meeting on one of the fifty-two ordinary Sundays of the year! What a dreary thing is an ordinary sermon of an ordinary minister! He does not wish to preach it; the audience does not wish to hear it; so he makes a feint of preaching—they a feint of hearing him preach. But he preaches not—they hear not. He is dull as the cushion he beats—they as the cushions they cover." We heard of a shrewd idiot, in Forfarshire, who sometimes quite surprised the people by his replies. The congregation of the parish church had for some time distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in the church. He had often endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct; and one day, when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery, wide awake, while many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by saying, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna' been an idiot, I wad ha' been sleeping too."

But while we have no word of defence to utter on behalf of false and worthless preachers, we do complain of the *unreasonableness of people in regard to true preachers*. They compare the ordinary preachers of their own day with the far-famed ones of former times, and then tell us, with a sigh, that there is nothing more remarkable than this—the vast superiority of the preaching of the past to the preaching of the present. They forget that Sherlock, Tillotson, Burnet, Stillingfleet, and Beveridge, were “men who could set forth the majesty and beauty of Christianity with such justness of thought, and such energy of language, that the indolent Charles roused himself to listen, and the fastidious Buckingham forgot to sneer;” that John Bunyan was “a burning and a shining light,” the greatest natural genius that ever lifted up his voice in behalf of religion. These men are visible to us, because they were sons of Anak, towering above the ordinary men of the seventeenth century, higher than they would do above the ordinary men of the nineteenth. We hazard the assertion, that preachers may now be found in the village and the small rural town, who would have divided attention with the preachers in the city and the metropolis fifty years ago. This the crowded congregations of not a few attest.

We have another quarrel with our gratuitous critics. It is this:—They expect us to be diligent in visiting, to look after the schools, to preach two or three times weekly to the same audience, on the same subject, and dazzle them each time with the coruscations of our eloquence. Modern sermons are contrasted with the brilliant speeches of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, when they stood up in Westminster Hall to accuse Warren Hastings. They forget that these men had time to prepare their great orations, and opportunity of husbanding all their strength for the one grand effort.

Moreover, the audience was exciting—made for the men and the occasion ; whereas ministers are often discouraged by the imperfect sympathies of their hearers. When John Foster was settled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he had only about half-a-dozen sensible fellows, who sat on the right hand side of the meeting. Many years afterwards, at the request of a large circle of intelligent friends, he consented to deliver a fortnightly lecture in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. The auditory was composed of the *élite* of the various religious communities. The preacher, knowing that he had an audience who felt no ordinary interest in his extraordinary ministrations, took a wider range of subjects, and was more elaborate in his address than is usual in the pulpit. What is his own verdict as to the studious part ? “ This one discourse a fortnight costs me as much labour, perhaps, as it is usual to bestow on the five or six sermons exacted in the fortnight of a preacher’s life ! ” When fewer demands are made on the preachers, then, and not till then, may a higher class of sermons be expected. We fully recognize the importance of pastoral visitation, when conducted as it ought to be. But if the assembled congregation is to be feasted on the Sunday, it must occupy a subordinate place. Perhaps an eccentric and gifted minister in Glasgow is about orthodox on this point. One of his people called, complaining that he had been a member of his congregation for eighteen years, and had never been visited by his pastor. “ You should be very thankful, replied Mr. Anderson. “ How’s that, sir ? ” rejoined the member. “ I never visit any but those into whose houses God has entered by affliction. It seems you have been eighteen years without affliction in your family ; few are so highly privileged. I trust other eighteen years may elapse ere I be in your house, sir. Good morning.”

Time would fail us to speak of all the different theories afloat as to what the pulpit should be. Some expect the minister to make them very good and devout, and to conduct them safely to heaven without any effort of their own! Others murmur about the smallness of the congregation, and so few being added to the church; when the preacher's influence is destroyed by their own sordid aims, dishonest dealings, and hypocritical lives. The church members are the witnesses. The pastor may pray earnestly in his closet; work hard, with book and brain, in his study; ascend his pulpit, and preach with almost angelic eloquence; but if the witnesses contradict him, how can the truth prevail? One wants a splendid *personnel*,—"weak, stunted, wretched, deformed-looking men have no business in the pulpit." A good voice and prepossessing figure are essential! The Kingdom of God is meat and drink, a rubric, a ritual, a canon! He prays the Lord of the harvest to send forth *gentlemen*, not *labourers*! The want of the age is men to make graceful genuflexions before the altar—accomplished masters of the ceremonies! Another must have a man of talent. What cares he for lullabies and elegant inanities! He wishes a man with trumpet-tongue, to preach rousing and startling sermons; with imagination of angelic sweep and soar, to depict the horrors of eternal darkness, and the rapturous joys and hymning choristers of Heaven; with intellect that can penetrate into the deeper recesses of the truth, and scatter to the winds the dogmas of the heretic! And so on, *ad infinitum*. Our idea of preaching will come out in our remarks on the subject of the present sketch.

Many years ago a pamphlet was published, entitled, "Observations on the Present State of Theological Tuition in the United Secession Church." The first

sentence was—"In England it requires ten men to make a pin ; in Scotland it requires only one man to make a minister, and hence it is that, in polish and point, a batch of Scotch parsons is so inferior to a batch of English pins!" Afterwards two more were appointed ; and then three others were added to their number. Well, here is a minister who was neither made by man nor men—who received no formal training for his work. He was not set apart to the ministry by the hands of a bishop or a presbytery—but he was chosen of God, and ordained of Heaven. He was not consecrated with the oil of the Vatican, but he was anointed with the Holy Spirit's grace. He was arrayed neither in black gown nor white, but he was robed with the true vestment—an invisible garment of power. He was not in the regular line of the apostolical succession, but his call was endorsed by the church's Head: he could say, "The seal of mine apostleship are YE IN THE LORD! Though I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am unto you." He was not acquainted with classics, mathematics, history, logic, and ancient theological dissertations, but he was not ignorant. "The fears," says Coleridge, in his "Aids to Reflection," "the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus or the Painted Porch could not have attained or collected." Such were his qualifications, and the result was, that he became one of the most popular preachers of the day. In his annual visit to London, twelve hundred people would gather at seven in the morning of a winter's working day to hear him. Dr. John Owen, the *facile princeps* of Puritan theology, assured King Charles that for the tinker's ability to prate he would gladly give away his own stores of

learning. George Whitefield created him Bishop Bunyan, and truly he would have honoured the bench of bishops ; for he was one of the truest, holiest, and greatest men God ever sent into this world. He wore no mitre upon earth ; but, as was said by Canon Miller in reference to the late John Angell James, “ An archbishop might covet his crown in the great day.”

Nor need we wonder that his preaching found “ favour both with God and man ;” for he was thoroughly in earnest. “ In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have as it were travailed to bring forth fresh children to God. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me ; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn.” “ I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born, my heart hath been so wrapped up in this glorious work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this, than if he had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it.” No chemist in his laboratory ; no astronomer in his observatory ; no soldier in the field ; no sailor in the storm ; no statesman in the parliament ; no merchant on the exchange ; no miser counting his gold ; no proud, ardent spirit pursuing fame, was ever in more deadly, terrible earnest. Verily, he was an enthusiastic worker, whose eye gazed earnestly upon a prize ; whose heart swelled with desires to grasp it ; and that prize was infinitely worthy of all his energies ; it was that he might win Christ, save himself, and those who heard him. “ I was once a captive,” said one, “ and I know the sweets of liberty.” So Bunyan had been in chains ; had felt the stings of conscience, and put up to heaven the piercing prayer, “ Lord, save me, I perish ;” pursued by the scenes of judgment he had cried, in agony, “ A thousand worlds for

one Christ!" Yea, in the dark valley he had encountered Apollyon, and put him to flight ; he conquered, but only through Him that loved him. His sermons were all the better for this stern discipline. Commend us to the preacher who knows by experience about the bitterness of sin ; who has overcome temptations, and battled with real devils.

He was a man of singular piety. A man may have infinite talent, great sacred love, profound wisdom, and graceful speech ; but if he be destitute of personal piety, that is a valid objection. One of the saddest sights in this world is an ungodly educated minister, gifted with genius. "Were we forced," says the Rev. W. Arthur, "to choose between two men, one of whom is an accomplished scholar, without practical godliness, the other a holy and gifted man, without refined scholarship,—to ask us the question, which we would prefer for our ministry, is about as respectful to our faith, as Christians, as it would be respectful to the common-sense of a shipowner, solemnly to ask whether he preferred, as a pilot for his ships, a scholar from a nautical academy, who had never walked a deck, or a rough sailor, who had often sailed the very waters over which the precious freight must be conveyed." God may, in His sovereign mercy, save others by one who is not saved himself. Yet, generally, it is not so. His eloquence and learning may dazzle and excite, and bring thousands around his pulpit to hang breathless upon his lips ; but no prodigal is reclaimed, no real good done. While an illiterate man like John Bunyan stands up, and with holy fire burning in his bosom, denounces sin, and preaches the Gospel, his words come home to the heart, find an echo in the thrilled or startled soul, and hundreds are converted. If we would make others feel, we must feel ourselves. If we would be useful, we must be holy.

Another secret of Bunyan's popularity as a preacher was the plain, strong Saxon words which he always used. The common nomenclature of the pulpit, the technicalities of theological science, and the mystic Germanism, which in our day is all the rage with certain would-be intellectual preachers, he knew nothing about. Neither did his sermons smack of Latin, nor Greek, nor French. A few months ago, a congregation were informed, that Zaccheus got into the sycomore tree "to escape the pressure of external impediments!" Our preacher would have used the direct, simple words of the Bible, "to see Him." He never attempted to use fine language, but preached in a style level to the understandings of the common people; opened his mouth in as plain, strong Saxon as a modern chartist; delighted multitudes, and offended not a few. He dared to be himself, and to clothe the great truths of the Gospel in the language of every-day life, of the market-place, and the domestic circle. Potatoes he would have straightforwardly called potatoes, and not "a staple article of diet for the poor." Of course he would not have suited our smooth, West-end respectabilities; they would have deemed him a low kind of fellow, unworthy of being listened to by ladies and gentlemen; they must have a minister who knows how to behave himself, and who can *read* sermons "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." But speaking, with such felicity as he did, the noble Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Byron; and without any Bible twang to lull sleepy congregations into a still deeper slumber, he could not fail in being popular with the masses. Let those who deal with their fellow-men, on behalf of God, learn from his example to aim at making their meaning plain. What a fine compliment was that, which a poor woman unintentionally paid to Dr. Adam Clarke, in one

of the Shetland isles. She had heard of his celebrity, and went and heard him at Lerwick. On her return home, she remarked with great simplicity, “They say that Dr. Clarke is a learned man, and I expected to find him such; but he is only like another man; for I could understand every word he said.”

We add, that John Bunyan was an evangelical preacher. With him all men, the loftiest as well as the lowliest, were wholly corrupt, dead, lost, perishing—unable by their own wisdom, wealth, or genius, to recover the position whence they have fallen; and the Gospel he preached was not negative, but positive—life to the dead, pardon to the guilty, bread to the hungry, raiment to the naked, salvation to the lost. He knew that the want of the age was a faithful proclamation of the Gospel message—“Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures,” suffered for us what we deserved as sinners, and obeyed for us what we owed as creatures; appealed to that faith which worketh by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world. He aimed at fixing the attention of his audience on his theme, not on himself. On being told by one that he delivered an excellent sermon, he replied, “You need not tell me that; the devil told me before I left the pulpit.” What godly minister has not mourned over a tendency to hold himself up instead of the Saviour; to indulge in the flowers of rhetoric, when sinners are perishing for the bread of life; to entertain men with elegant composition, when they are on the crumbling margin of the stream of death. Ah! it were for the best of us to remember the words of the seraphic Cowper:—

“ What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair fame,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?

Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant part before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.”

“If the clergymen of our day,” said the late Daniel Webster, of America, “would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of religion. Many of the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts, rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying, ‘You are mortal; your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too; you are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge is standing before the door.’ When I am admonished thus, I have no disposition to muse or sleep.” If our preaching is to be really useful, or permanently attractive, Christ’s atoning sacrifice must be our motto and our watchword still. The doctrines that sounded from Bunyan’s pulpit must sound from our pulpits.

His preaching was characterized by totality. He had in himself all the elements of full-orbed humanity, and in his preaching he lets all of them out. The following remarks seem exceedingly just and discriminative:—“French preachers are apt to deal too exclusively in the one article, fancy; and though you are amused, for the moment, with the rocket-shower of brilliant and many-tinted ideas which fall sparklingly around you, when the exhibition is ended, you are disappointed to find that the whole was momentary, and that from all the ruby and

emerald rain, scarcely one gem of solid thought remains. Scottish preachers are apt to indulge the argumentative cacoethes of their country, and cramming into a tract or sermon as much hard thinking as the Bramah-pressure of hydrostatic intellects can condense into the iron paragraphs, they leave no room for such delicate materials as fancy and feeling, illustration, imagery, or affectionate appeal. Whilst Irish pulpit orators are so surcharged with their own exuberant enthusiasm, that their main hope of making you think as they think, is to make you feel as they feel. The heart is their Aristotle ; and if they cannot win you by a smile, or melt you by a tear, they would think it labour lost to try a syllogism. Bunyan was neither French, nor Scotch, nor Irish. He embodied in his person, though greatly magnified, the average mind of England—playful, affectionate, downright. His intellectual power comes out chiefly in that homely, self-commendng sense—the brief, business-like reasoning, which might be termed Saxon logic, and of which Swift in one century, and Cobbett in another, are obvious instances. His premises are not always true, nor his inferences always legitimate : but there is such evident absence of sophistry ; his statements are so sincere, and his conclusions so direct ; the language is so perspicuous, and the appeal is made so honestly to each hearer's understanding, that his popularity as a reasoner is inevitable." And while his intellect perceived the truth most clearly, his imperial imagination adorned it with flowers and figures, that captivated the man of fancy. In him, as has been said, imagination exists, not as a dilution, but as an intense essence. He could create at will. Learned divines had puzzled themselves and their hearers with subtle distinctions and abstract principles ; these, in the mind of Bunyan, were transformed into visible realities. He loved to present truth

in the concrete. His principles had an external form ; they lived, moved, and talked. And then the likenesses he photographed were so true every way, that those who listened, with stolid indifference, to the laboured sermons of great metaphysicians, were interested, roused, and melted by the poor unlettered mechanic ! Images and similitudes, as has been well said, are the pictures of the soul. The form of a syllogism may soon be forgotten ; but a happy, and felicitous, and graphic picture stereotypes itself upon the soul, and abides there for ever. This method of preaching gives freshness to truths that have ceased to strike, and sharpness to sentiments that have lost their edge. He who spake as never man spake, adopted this style. It will be popular as long as the sea sounds, the stars twinkle, and the flowers bloom. In fine, Bunyan appeals not only to the intellect and the imagination, but to the heart. He was a man of kindness and compassion. A free, brave, brotherly soul, without any theological rancour. Like Hall and Chalmers, he laughed, and played, and talked nonsense with children. The Church of Rome committed a great mistake when she forbade her priests to marry ; few things have a stronger tendency to keep the heart fresh and warm, than the tender associations of the domestic circle. What genuine sorrow he feels for poor Mr. Badman. As he describes his life and death, we can almost see his manly face bathed in tears. Oh, it is charming to see the joy that sparkles in his eye and plays over his countenance, as he writes how Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Miss Much-afraid, danced for very gladness, that Giant Despair's head had been severed from his shoulders, and that Doubting Castle had been demolished. Let us remember, in all our endeavours to benefit our fellows, that the heart can only be reached by the warm sympathy of love. Society

will not be scolded out of vice, nor frightened into virtue—

“In this the lordlier chivalry.”

We must not be prophets of wrath, but apostles of mildness and charity. “The public is just a big baby!” Let us take it in our arms, and clasp it to our breasts.

There is no reason to suppose that Bunyan read his sermons. He who was so careful to find a Scripture warrant for entering on the work of the ministry, was not likely to commence a practice for which there is no Bible precedent. We have known some popular orators read again and again, and yet again, sermons printed and published and sold years ago. These gentlemen leave the making and preaching of new sermons to men who do much work for little pay. In Little Tower Street, near Mincing Lane, London, there lives a reverend gentleman, who for the past six years has turned out two original sermons every week in lithographed manuscript. He has been in the habit of charging for these sermons 2s. 6d. each ; but now, by special request, he is about to issue a new series at 1s. 6d. ; so a church can be supplied with sermons a whole year for the small sum of £7 16s.! If ministers would leave reading and take to preaching, the sermon manufactory in Little Tower Street would soon cease to exist, the reverend quack would soon be finished. “That was a new sermon I preached [read] to-day ; how did you like it, James ?” “Pretty well, but I think I’d stick to the old ones, Robert ; they are the best.” Our preacher took the scriptural way—viz., prepared new sermons, and then preached them. Christianity was not planted in the world by sermon reading ; the Crusades were not originated by sermon reading ; the Reformation was not brought about by sermon reading ! Did the Covenanters

of Scotland, or the Puritans of England, or the Waldenses of the European Continent, read their sermons? Despite the fact, that it is sanctioned by many good men, we must condemn it, as unphilosophical, and a sin against the true theory of oratory. It is not tolerated at the bar, or on the stage, only in the pulpit. A sleepy-headed bishop once asked Garrick, the celebrated actor, why it was that actors, who dealt in fiction, gained the attention of their hearers; while ministers of the Gospel, who treated of solemn facts, were not listened to? Garrick replied, "We speak fiction as if it were truth; *you* speak truth as if it were fiction!" Give us ministers like Bunyan, and no such reproach will be brought against us. We care little whether they come from the college, the shop, the factory, or the farm. Heavenly degrees against university degrees all the world over!

We promised to say a few words about this self-made man as an author. And here we must act upon the principle of selection; suffice it to say, that although, viewed strictly as a *theologian*, his works would place him very high even among Puritan divines, still it is as the allegorist of the Christian character and life that he stands peerless. We shall, therefore, omit his other works, and even his minor allegories, such as "The Heavenly Footman;" "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized;" "A Discourse of the House of the Forest of Lebanon;" "The Water of Life;" "The Barren Fig Tree;" "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," &c.; and confine ourselves to the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Holy War."

The "Pilgrim's Progress" is very precious to us, and shall be, "while memory holds a seat on this distracted globe." Our first perusal of this enchanting volume was at a very early age, in the "land of the mountain

and the flood." The good parish minister, whose death we saw recently recorded, was about to visit our home on a diet of catechizing ; but such was our boyish enthusiasm, that we neglected the catechism, read on at the ingenious dream, till we read it through, and then, like Dr. Johnson, wished it had been longer. To how many has the reading of this marvellous book been an epoch in their lives. "It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power," exclaims the Rev. W. M. Punshon ; "our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober grey ;' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions, no less than to our understanding. We have seen them all, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of the story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him on pilgrimage ; we speed with him in eager haste to the gate ; we gaze with him on the sights of wonder ; we climb with him the difficult hill ; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as we gird ourselves for the battle with Apollyon ; it curdles at the heart again, amid the 'hydras and chimeras dire' of the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the Tower of Vanity ; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle ; we walk with him amid the pleasantness of Beulah ; we ford the river in his company ; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations ; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels ; and it is

to us as the gasp of agony, with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of worldly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake, and behold, it is a dream!"

Yes, but dream though it be, the pictures, the characters, and the scenes are engraven upon the memory, and burned into the heart. Toplady, speaking of the "Pilgrim's Progress," says—"It is, in short, a masterpiece of piety and genius, and will, we doubt not, be of standing use to the people of God, so long as the sun and moon endure." Dr. Cheever—"Perhaps no other work could be named which, admired by cultivated minds, has had, at the same time, such an ameliorating effect on the working classes in society as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Dr. Arnold, of Rugby—"His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it." The late Lord Macaulay—"There is no book in our literature, on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old, unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. Though there were many clever men in England during the latter part of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds; one of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" Lord Campbell—"He composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons which have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church. No production of mortal pen ever gained such universal ascendancy over the heart of

humanity." A missionary wrote home to inform his Christian friends, that a fierce Malay sat up three nights to read it. The pundit who was engaged to translate it into Singhalese, was deeply affected ; and when Christian's burden fell from his back, at the sight of Christ crucified, he was completely overcome with joy ; he laughed, wept, clapped his hands, danced, and shouted "Delightful, delightful!" In Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, it has turned the delighted attention of thousands to the wonderful works of God. It has been illustrated with crude prints and splendid engravings. It is to be found on the smoky cupboard of the cottage, and in the sumptuous drawing-room of the palace.

We confess we were surprised, even in this age of startling discoveries and of historical doubts, on recently learning that the tinker, John Bunyan, never wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress" at all ; but was simply an illiterate mender of pots and pans, and a fellow who took care, when he patched up one hole in a kettle, to knock out a larger in its stead ; and, according to our informer, stole the whole book bodily from a French writer of the fifteenth century, of the name of Guillaume de Guileville, and did not put himself to the trouble of disguising or disfiguring the stolen article, so as to avoid the detection and conviction that have now come upon him.

The following is from the private correspondence of the *Freeman's Journal* :—

"It was asserted, some time ago, that Bunyan, who wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' was an impostor, and that the whole story was made up from an ancient manuscript. Several erudite members of the Reformed Church wrote letters to the newspapers, denouncing the libel, and claiming for honest John Bunyan the whole credit of having conceived and written the famous

‘Progress.’ Miss Catherine Isabella Cust has, however, taken up the gauntlet thrown down by Dr. Cumming and other admirers of Mr. Bunyan, and has shown, beyond all possibility of doubt, and on the most irrefragable evidence, that Bunyan, the ‘Star of Protestantism,’ was a mere duffer, and a shabby, unprincipled duffer, into the bargain. She has published (this day) a translation from the French manuscript copy in the British Museum of the ‘Pylgremage of the Sowle, by Guillaume De Guileville, a churchman, who flourished in the fifteenth century. The original work was translated in England seventy years before the Reformation, and was printed by Caxton in 1483. Bunyan’s ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ is nearly a *verbatim* copy of this rare work, with a few alterations here and there, to give it the tinge of originality.”

Now, we have heard a good deal of foolish clamour about the plagiarisms of Milton, Mirabeau, Fox, Chalmers, Hall, and Disraeli; but we were not prepared for this onslaught on the Glorious Dreamer of Bedford. But, alas! no man is too great or too good to be reviled and slandered by underlings, who, if all thrown together in the opposing scale, would at once kick the beam. So it seems John Bunyan was in the habit of prowling about in dusty libraries, amongst neglected French manuscripts, in the capacity of a sublime literary swindler, and excelled quite as much in giving a tinge of originality to a rare work, as in making old pots and pans look almost as well as new! We are no admirers of tinkers, but we love fair play; and it is only justice to say, that this class of men have always been singularly free from literary imposture;—they have left this crime to people of higher rank and more brilliant accomplishments. It is not very likely that the “Pilgrim’s

Progress,"—"the creed of Calvin illustrated by the genius of Shakespeare,"—was stolen from a work by a clergyman of the Armenian Church. What was his own declaration concerning the composition of the "Pilgrim's Progress"?

"Manner and matter, too, was all mine own;
Nor was it unto any mortal known
Till I had done it. Nor did any then,
By books, by wits, by tongues, or hand, or pen,
Add five words to it, or wrote half a line
Thereof: the whole and ev'ry whit is mine."

The greatest men are the simplest; and so are the greatest books. Accordingly, the "Pilgrim's Progress," like the Bible, is its own best interpreter. A late eminent clergyman and commentator, Thomas Scott, published an edition of it, with illustrative notes, and kindly presented a copy to one of his poor parishioners. Some time afterwards the man was met by the clergyman, who inquired, "Well, have you read the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" The reply was, "Yes, sir." It was further asked, "Do you think you understand it?" "O, yes, sir," was the answer, with this somewhat unexpected addition,—"and I hope, before long, I shall understand the notes!"

There are at least two books bearing the title of the "Holy War;" the one by Thomas Fuller, the son of a clergyman in Northamptonshire, and the other by John Bunyan. The work of the former was first published in 1640, and that of the latter in 1682. Fuller's book is an account of the expedition undertaken to wrest Palestine out of the hands of the infidels; Bunyan's describes a war made to wrest the soul of man out of the hands of the devil. Fuller's wit is so remarkable, that we shall take the liberty of presenting the reader with a few specimens. Concerning Samson, he says, his love of

sweetness brought him some sour sauce, and had well nigh cost him his life. When the Romans waged war against Judea, they took 9,000 captives, and Fuller remarks, that they who sold their Saviour for thirty pence, were themselves sold thirty for a penny. Bribery was not unpalatable to the Holy See ; and Fuller quaintly informs us, that the cardinal's eyes were old and dim ; the glass that he looked through must, therefore, be well silvered. Rome boasted that her sway extended over the greatest amount of territory ; Fuller replied, that according to that principle the surveyors of land, and not the divines, would be the fittest judges as to which was the best religion. Various nations furnished soldiers for the Crusades, and Fuller assures us that the Irishmen's feet did not stick fast in their bogs. These are a few examples of Fuller's style, and from them you may judge of the character of his "Holy War."

Bunyan's "Holy War" is altogether different in purpose and aim : it is the Fall and Redemption of man. It has been sadly under-estimated. We do not say it is equal to the "Pilgrim's Progress;" *that* was Bunyan's masterpiece. What the Alps are among the mountains, what the eagle is among the birds, what the sun is among the stars, such is the "Pilgrim's Progress" among uninspired books. It is the monarch volume, the king of allegories. The "Holy War" has suffered much from the unparalleled fame of its predecessor. If a man write an extraordinary book, it is too often assumed that all his other works must be rubbish. Emerson was quite sure that Croly had exhausted his genius in "Paris in 1815 :" and many sage critics predicted that Mrs. Stowe would write nothing worthy of being read after "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If a minister preach a few good sermons, and fill the chapel, many good people in their ignorance and stupidity express their fears that he will not wear

well ; and others, moved by envy and jealousy, forthwith dub him a charlatan. Now we humbly opine, that such conduct is grossly unjust ; for the premises warrant inferences of an altogether different character. Bunyan's mind was essentially creative ; it was exhaustless as nature herself. He could form new worlds, and spin new creations never thought of before. Had he, like Scott, been spurred on by the ambition of founding a family ; or had he been a professional *littérateur*, writing for bread, he had produced many "Pilgrim's Progresses."

We have somewhere read that the "Holy War" now lies neglected, like some old claymore which once reeked at gory Culloden. It may be so ; but the circulation of a book is not always a true index of its merit. We could name some trashy novels that are a thousand times more popular than Butler's "Analogy of Religion." The "Life and Death of Poor Cock Robin" has completely eclipsed Milton's "Paradise Lost ;" and "Napoleon's Book of Fate" is far more read than the works of our most celebrated authors. If you wish to find man's redemption clearly set forth ; to gain a deep acquaintance with the human heart ; to see the struggles of the soul, as it fights its way from doubt to assurance, graphically described,—then study the "Holy War." The late Lord Macaulay was of opinion, that had there been no "Pilgrim's Progress," the most magnificent allegory would be the "Holy War."

Dugald Stewart says, "As the air of a gentleman can only be acquired by being habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers." "Plato," observes Longinus, "has taught us that the surest mode of attaining perfection in style is to imitate and emulate the illustrious writers of former days." "What English author would you take in hand?" asks Dr. Beard,—

“Shakspeare, or Milton? Between the two the option lies. I know not which to prefer, and think it safer to declare that the English mind comprises the qualities of both:—Shakespeare and Milton, put together, make one Englishman of the highest and richest endowments. I urge on you the study of Shakspeare and Milton.” We admire—who does not admire?—the masterpieces of antiquity, and the great English classics; but we know that many men of great learning and exact training have remained through life very defective as regards style; while others, half-illiterate, have attained a strength and beauty of diction all but perfect. Of this Bunyan is the most striking example. Who taught him the art of composition? No one! What model did he study? The Scriptures only! Yet he ranks, and will always rank, as one of the first of English writers. Truly, this self-made man wielded an inimitable pen. His direct, simple, strong, unmistakeable words, have secured his fame.

Bunyan, a blaspheming tinker, the leader of village reprobates, with the help of God, made himself one of England’s famous confessors. His great popularity as a preacher soon excited persecution. “The doctors and priests of the country did open against” him; and five months after the Restoration, he was arrested, and committed to Bedford jail. Seven weeks after his imprisonment, he was brought up at the quarter sessions, charged with being “a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles;” and as neither arguments, nor threats, nor flattery, nor ridicule, could prevail on the dauntless man to leave off preaching, this was his sentence:—“You must be had back to prison, there lie for three months following; and if you do not submit to go to church and hear Divine service, you must be banished the realm; and after that, if you should be found in the realm, without the special license of the king, you must stretch by the neck

for it, I tell you plainly." So spake Justice Keelin. Bunyan bravely answered, "I am at a point with you. If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God." At the assizes of 1661, his noble wife—after having travelled to London with a petition to the House of Lords—appeared several times before the Judges to plead her husband's cause. She was ill-understood, and judged of harshly, by Justices Twisdon and Chester; but appreciated and understood by Sir Matthew Hale, beneath whose ermine there throbbed a God-fearing heart, and who believed in affection, and in the strength of woman's devotion. "I am sorry, woman," said the pious judge, "that I can do thee no good." So, when she found that her advocacy was all in vain, she burst forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against her, but because of the account they would have to render at the coming of the Lord." Oh, rare woman! thou wert not less heroic than thy husband! No "storied urn or animated bust" revives thy recollection; but thy record is on high, and thy virtues are inscribed on an enduring monument! We are not going to turn sentimental, but common justice to the sex demands that we acknowledge their devotion to Christ and His cause in all ages of the world. If it be true that woman owes much to Christianity, it is a kindred truth that Christianity owes much to woman. If by her sin came into the world, by her also came the Saviour: and while man forsook his Lord, woman's fidelity was never impeached. As has been beautifully and truthfully said, she was first at the cross, and last at the sepulchre!

And so Bunyan had to remain in prison; but his heart quailed not with the lapse of time. When he had been nearly twelve years in that foul dungeon, he thus expresses his unfaltering resolution:—"I have determined

—the Almighty God being my help and my shield—yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even until the moss shall grow over my eye-brows, rather than violate my faith and my principles.” Here we have the true martyr spirit, the nobleness of religious decision. Well might Gilfillan make Carlyle exclaim, “ Honour to thee, brave pilgrim, for thou also wert a hero!” So, Mr. Infidel, they are not all hollow hypocrites who profess religion. When or where were hypocrites ever known to suffer for their principles? Yet Christendom has been strewed thick with the ashes, and dyed red with the blood, of men who would gladly have laid down as many lives for Christ as they had hairs on their head. It is reported of Napoleon, that he said to General Bertrand in St. Helena, “ Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I have founded empires; but on what have we rested the creations of our genius? On force. Only Jesus has founded an empire of love; and at this moment millions of men would die for Him!”

We have now arrived at the closing remarks. Bunyan was singularly free from sectarianism. It is sad to think how many things are done every day that ought not to be done; and which would not be done, if we had sound Christian hearts. Are there not many who belong wholly to their own little narrow denomination? They know nothing about others; and they desire to know nothing, simply because they do not pronounce their shibboleth! We humbly opine, there is much to admire in all persuasions who deserve the name of Christians. Let us only be Christians, and then whether as Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or Independents, we can truly say that we belong to those whose principles tend to promote that righteousness which exalts a nation, and which has made England great and glorious.

John Bunyan dipped his pen in the Catholicism of Catholicity. He had no sympathy with any *ism*, however novel, or specious, or popular, which corrupted or darkened the simplicity of the Gospel. With him charity was not a mere clap-trap sentiment for the platform; but a deep conviction, a strong principle, a fruit of the Holy Spirit. One of his favourite texts was, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another!”

It is no uncommon thing to adopt a creed, and then go to Scripture to get it confirmed. Bunyan drew his great principles of faith and practice directly from the Bible. A wise man will revere the memory of Athanasius, Augustin, and Anselm, of Luther, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards; but at the same time will bring their opinions to the touch-stone of revelation: truth he will accept, come from where it will; error he will reject, wherever it appears.

The following paragraph, from the address delivered in Poultry Chapel, May 10th, 1859, by the Rev. Dr. George Legge, Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is so fitted to serve the cause of sound learning, evangelical truth, and Christian liberty, that we transcribe it entire:—

“I know that every thoughtful man amongst us must aim after systematic views of the truth he professes to believe and teach; whether it relates to what is now styled distinctively ‘Theology, or Christology, or Anthropology, or Deontology, or Eschatology.’ I am satisfied that it will be for our benefit,—our great intellectual benefit,—to consult what have been called our ‘bodies of divinity,’ from those of Calvin, Melancthon, and the Westminster divines, to Hill and Chalmers, Payne and Wardlaw. Only we

must remember, that they all entered on their works with foregone conclusions ; and that their views have no more claim to authority over us than those of Pelagius, Limborch, Watson, or Finney. But to my thinking, there presents itself a more excellent way—a way which has been eminently characteristic of our denomination, ever since the memorable utterance of Robinson to the Pilgrim Fathers, and which distinguished it before that—which, in verity, goes far to define its peculiarity before the world. I mean the way of consulting the Scriptures, to make out a truly Biblical theology; not in the common-place manner of chapter-and-verse citation, which has been made, and can easily be made, available to support doctrines apparently the most contrasted; but by a careful examination of the contents of the New Testament, not forgetting those of the Old,—by a consideration of the circumstances in which its penmen wrote, and of the general drift of their meaning; by a comparison of their deliverances one by one, and one after another; if by any means we may arrive at the will of God, and the mind of the Spirit. In following out such a method as this, we shall perhaps discover a particular truth barely hinted at here, and there fully developed; here shadowed in metaphor, and there unveiled in pure simplicity; here set forth as the ground of a theory, and there represented as a principle of action; here proclaimed objectively as a historical fact, and there insisted on subjectively as a spiritual power. And if we believe in the inspiration of the writers of the New Testament, and in its dominion over our own faith, we must accept the one view as well as the other, not without the endeavour to bring them into intellectual harmony or practical unison; though in doing so we may find ourselves remote enough from the stand-point of Calvinism, and not very near the domain

of Arminius. Whatever the issue, we should only be dealing with the Book of Revelation as physicists have dealt with the Book of Nature since the days of Lord Bacon. We all know the results of the interrogation of nature to science and to art, by his methods of observation, experiment, and induction,—how wonderful and glorious. And if our Reformers, and Puritans, and Nonconformists had prosecuted their investigation of Scripture in the same spirit and by the same rule, I imagine that by this time theology would have come to be recognized as the queen of all the sciences, and have more than entered on its destined work as the regenerator of all society.”

We take our leave of this poor son of nobody, who struggled up his way to distinction, and made himself one of England’s most eminent men, in the words of the brief character appended to “Grace Abounding:”—

“He appeared in countenance to be of a stern and rough temper; but in his conversation mild and affable; not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all: he had a sharp, quick eye; accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong-boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bend-

ing, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead somewhat high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus have we impartially described the internal and external parts of a person, whose death hath been much regretted; a person who had tried the smiles and frowns of time; not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean."

" In him at once did three great worthies shine,
Historian, poet, and a choice divine ;
Then let him rest in undisturbed dust,
Until the resurrection of the just."

CHAPTER III.

[CONTINUED.]

EXAMPLES OF SELF-MADE MEN.

SECTION II.—EDWARD BAINES.

“As a man, I grieve for one who had risen to so high an eminence by the virtuous exercise of his talents. As a lover of my country, I cannot but mourn the loss of the honest, consistent, and powerful advocate of her civil and religious liberties. And as a Christian, whatever differences of opinion there might exist between us, I rest in the hope that his sincerity was nothing less than mine, and that He who searches all hearts has accepted him as a true disciple of His beloved Son.”

Rev. Dr. HUTTON.

How false is that opinion—sometimes held in ignorance, and sometimes held with a noble purpose—the opinion that our country affords no scope for the elevation of the working man. That we have many faults, we frankly confess; drunkenness is debasing, and, alas! in Britain it is a national vice. How galling to our pride the remark of a foreigner, “It is a blessed thing for the world that you Englishmen are a drunken race. Such are your powers, and energy, and talent, that otherwise you would have become masters of the world.” And, moreover, there are whole classes of our fellow-creatures, with hearts and brains like ourselves, doomed to a kind

and an amount of labour, at the contemplation of which our blood boils and freezes by turns. They are treated worse than the beasts that perish ; they are denied the fresh air of earth and the fair light of heaven, the food necessary for support, and the sweet sleep nature demands. Those of you who have read Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," or "Lady's Dream," or "Song of a Shirt," know what we mean. Oh ! pity it is that our nobility should wear garments stained with the blood of broken hearts ! All honour and all success to those philanthropists who are lifting up their open and honest protest against intemperance, and dragging oppression and wrong to the light of day. It were sheer folly to attempt, like Shem and Japhet, to walk backwards, and spread a mantle over our sins : they will not cover. Still, as compared with other nations, we are quite sure that we have no reason to blush for our country. Lofty things have been said about France, and Germany, and America : far be it from us to despise or slander our neighbours ; yet these countries must not be named in the same breath with Britain. France is groaning under military despotism ; in Germany we find students of the University so abject and mean, as to beg, hat in hand, on the public road ; while from America we hear the forlorn wail of the slave ! Not more eloquent than true is the eulogy of Mr. Curran :—"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil ; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him ;—no matter in what disas-

trous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.” Not only do the subjects of Queen Victoria enjoy the highest amount of freedom, but the sun never sets on her dominions. Before his evening rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port Jackson ; and while sinking beneath the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Ganges. Here the marriage tie is inviolate ; the shield of protection is thrown around our commerce and agriculture ; our merchants are men of integrity and industry ; our peasantry are respected, our soldiers courageous, and our sailors valorous ; our will reigns throughout the world, and nations and kingdoms have found it invincible and inflexible ; our education is in a more healthy state than that of any other nation of Europe. Best of all, our homes are sanctified by the presence of Divinity, and on our altars the flame of heavenly devotion is ever burning.

“ England, with all thy faults I love thee still !”

Thou art the asylum of freedom ! As the Jew, a wanderer in all lands, never prays without turning his face towards Jerusalem, so there are brethren and friends, in almost every country, who daily exclaim, “ If we forget thee, *O England !* may our right hands forget their cunning, and our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths ! ” Where palm-trees wave their graceful plumes, rivers run over sands of gold, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, yonder African,

thou hast made free, lifts his hands to Heaven, and invokes a blessing on thee and thy children! In other lands tyrants use their mailed hands, and the people dare not disagree; but in England we may educate, print, meet together, and talk freely on all subjects, whether they relate to social life, science, literature, politics, or religion. We are proud of our country. Here worth is sure to be acknowledged; from the deepest obscurity a man may rise to fame and fortune; the base-born peasant become Prime Minister!

John Arthur Roebuck, Esq., M.P. for Sheffield, in his recent address at the opening of the New Mechanics' Hall, Middlesbro', expressed himself as both puzzled and struck by an observation of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, to the effect that the great object of mechanics' institutes is to afford greater facilities for working men advancing themselves in the social sphere. A man like Disraeli, who with his own bold hand has fought his way to distinction against fearful odds, is not very likely to damp the ardour of the young by telling them that it is useless, or almost hopeless, to attempt raising themselves above their present position. Life is not a lottery, but a science; and certain qualities and talents must inevitably lead to results grand and glorious. Of this Mr. Disraeli himself is a striking illustration. In 1837 the House of Commons despised him, laughed at him, hissed him, and refused to hear him. "I am not at all surprised," he said, as he resumed his seat, "at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me." Soon after he spoke, and they did listen to him. In 1852, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. There is nothing under the sun more certain than this, that every man has his

opportunity, and what he has got to do in the meantime is to prepare for it. Mr. Roebuck told the people at Middlesbro' that their great object should be, not to raise themselves *above* their condition, but to supply themselves with the means of being happy in that sphere in which they moved. We are not acquainted with Middlesbro'; it may be a paradise regained; but we know that in these populous northern regions the working classes should aim at elevating themselves *above* their present condition. Mr. Roebuck besides informed his audience, that any one man who had raised himself to a higher position, by intellect and by knowledge, is as one among many millions. We beg leave to answer the member for Sheffield in the words of Lord Stanley,— “I believe there is not one town westward from here (Accrington) to Liverpool, or eastward over the hills, not one town in all the West Riding, where you may not find some one or two men—men wealthy and powerful, men who are large employers of labour, and who are looked up to by society—who have in early life earned their fifteen or twenty shillings a week, it may be in the very mill of which they afterwards became the owners.” Many eminent and illustrious men have risen from the ranks in Lancashire. Few require to be told about Sir Richard Arkwright, Sir Robert Peel, and Edward Baines, Esq., M.P. Doubtless these are remarkable instances, but they are not, therefore, exceptional instances. Every year thousands of operatives, who have to struggle for bread, and wrestle with iron fortune, avail themselves of educational advantages; and every year hundreds of them receive prizes for proficiency in the different branches of art, literature, and science. They are the glory of their country, and about many of them fame may yet be clamorous.

In introducing another example of a self-made man,

we would first glance at his personal history; and, secondly, give an analysis of his general character as a man, a journalist, and a statesman.

Rather more than eighty years ago, a healthy and sprightly boy was born at Walton-le-dale, a village in the beautiful valley of the Ribble, near Preston, in Lancashire. When very young, he was received into the family of his maternal uncle, Mr. Thomas Rigg, a slate merchant, near Hawkshead, a small town among the lakes. Here he resided about six years, and attended the Free Grammar-school, with the poet Wordsworth as his schoolfellow. Concerning Edward's progress, we are left very much in the dark; but his master, Edward Christian, Esq., who afterwards became a professor in the University of Cambridge, was perfectly sure that "he would either be a great man or be hanged!" Happily this oracle was verified in the former of these alternatives. At the Preston Free Grammar-school, to which he was subsequently sent, and where he remained for several years in the lower department—none but the sons of freemen being admitted to the higher—he was distinguished more as the ringleader of a rebellion against the pompous and ill-educated dominie, than as a scholar. The boys, having assembled in the schoolroom, fastened up the door with huge nails, and one of the younger lads was despatched to bring food for the garrison. For two or three days they baffled all the efforts of the exasperated dictator. At length the mayor, town-clerk, and officers were sent for, to intimidate the insurgents. The young rogues, however, must be allowed all the honours of war; their condition of surrender, as expressed by Baines, their leader, was a full pardon, and a certain number of holidays. The mayor gave them a few hours to consider; and, on his second visit, the doors were found open, the besieged having fled to the

woods of Penwortham. They all slept at home that night, and, by some friendly interposition, escaped the punishment they had deserved. Frolics and boyish pranks having been laid aside, he and five companions having come to know that America was a wonderful field for talent, planned a first-class academy on the other side of the Atlantic. Edward was to be principal, the others professors. So, with the view of enlightening the Yankees, and making their own fortunes, they left Preston one Sunday morning, on foot, for Liverpool, with some two or three pounds in their pockets; but next Friday, instead of being out of sight of land, the principal and professors found themselves relieving their hunger in a bean-field near Rufford, their last penny having been spent. When they regained their homes that night, they found their pride considerably diminished, and their practical wisdom very much increased. After an ordinary school education, Edward, at the age of sixteen, was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Walker, of Preston, with whom he remained till he was twenty-one. Being a young man of vigorous talents and enterprising spirit, Mr. Baines made known his desire to Mr. Walker to find a situation where there would be greater scope for improvement. The latter consented to give him up his indentures; and the young printer, with the approbation of his parents, left his native town to push his way in the world, watched by his father's eye, and followed by a mother's prayers. A friend accompanied him that eventful morning to Clitheroe, but he crossed the hills into Yorkshire, with his staff in his hand, his bundle under his arm, and all his wealth in his pocket. Weary with his journey, he entered the town of Leeds a perfect stranger. Having found the shop of Messrs. Binns and Brown, he inquired whether they had room for an apprentice to finish his time. He was referred to the

foreman ; and, as he entered the office of the *Mercury*, he resolved in his own mind, that, if he should obtain admittance there, he would never leave it.

In 1795, Edward Baines found himself in the *Leeds Mercury* office, with two years and a half of his apprenticeship yet to run. He soon won the esteem and confidence of Messrs. Binns and Brown, who valued him highly, as one who acted up to a maxim which he often quoted, “ Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.” Actuated by a laudable ambition to improve his temporal condition, he practised frugality, cultivated strictly temperate habits, and chose virtuous companions. With a view to intellectual improvement, he joined a society called the *Reasoning Society*, became a frequent speaker, and improved much from the exercise. The president, when he understood the character of the new member, called him a diamond in the rough ; but that roughness was soon exchanged for polish, and hesitation of speech for fluency of utterance. It has been said, that from boyhood he determined to follow the example of Benjamin Franklin, the great American printer and patriot ; and there were so many points of resemblance between the two men, that Edward Baines was called the Franklin of Leeds.

His apprenticeship terminated in September, 1797, and next day he commenced business on his own account, in the Rose and Crown Yard, Briggate, in partnership with Mr. John Fenwick. The firm was “ Baines & Fenwick.” He had saved a little money, and he got a loan of £100 from his father. An item in his first stock-taking shows on how small a scale he commenced :—“ Materials at the time of beginning with J. Fenwick, £78.” A few months proved that Fenwick was not a suitable partner, so a separation took place early in 1798. On the 2nd of July, 1798, Mr. Baines married Miss Charlotte

Talbot, the daughter of Mr. Matthew Talbot, of Leeds, author of a very valuable analysis of the Bible. This second and somewhat hastily formed partnership proved both lasting and congenial. To this truly excellent woman, Edward Baines owed much. Of her it may verily be said, that "the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies," and that "her husband safely trusted in her, and praised her." He now took a house, with a commodious printing office adjoining, in Dickinson's Court, Briggate; and by diligence in business, and economy at home, he began to rise in the world.

When Mr. Baines had been in business nearly four years, and had established his character as a man of integrity, prudence, and energy; the friend of liberal politics, and the foe of monopolies and restrictions of every kind; he was induced to take a step which proved to be the turning point in his life. Under Mr. James Bowling, the *Mercury* had vigorously advocated reform, civil and religious liberty; but when it came into the possession of Messrs. Binns and Brown, it assumed the general tone of the Tories. The reformers felt their anomalous position, and suggested the establishment of a party organ. Mr. James Biscoff, author of the "History of Wool and Woollen Manufacture," after some discussion, said—"If you find the money, I will find the man." He rightly judged that Mr. Baines was every way qualified to do justice to their opinions, and make the newspaper respected. Mr. Baines was found willing to undertake the enterprise, the sum of £1,000 was subscribed, and in the month of March, 1801, he became the proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*. Free from dictation and control, the editor, proprietor, and publisher, all in one, he flung himself into the stormy political controversies of the day, and conducted the *Mercury* as well as if he had done nothing else all

his life long. In a few years he repaid the loans, with interest, and owed no man anything but love and gratitude, which he cherished until death.

Just when the *Mercury* had been fairly launched upon the stormy ocean of public opinion, and her steady navigator, full of courage and youthful ardour, felt assured that she would plough her way safely through the billows, and that, ere long, he would drop his anchor and end his voyage in the desired haven, one of those events happened which confuse ordinary men, and put them off their equilibrium. One evening in November, 1805, Mr. and Mrs. Baines were both at an exhibition of automata at the Music Hall, the profits of which were given to the widows and children of the sailors who had fallen with Nelson at Trafalgar: at the new house, which Mr. Baines had taken, two boys and two girls were left, in charge of servants and a relation. About eight o'clock the people of Leeds were startled by the reddening of the whole horizon, in the direction of Park Square; soon a messenger shouted at the door of the crowded Music Hall, "Mr. Baines's house is on fire!" The distracted father rushed forth without hat, and hastened to the huge burning pile. The poor mother, torn between the conflicting claims of hope and despair, sometimes ran, sometimes stood, transfixed with terror. She, too, at length reached the scene of the conflagration; but the servants were not to be seen, and the spectators of the flames knew nothing about the children. Parents alone can understand the feelings of the father and the mother as they stood together that night, weeping for their children. But their tears were soon changed to praises—with two gallant sons and two fair daughters they were rich—when informed that the "treasures" were safe: their joy knew no bounds. Contrary to what might have been expected, Mr. Baines had forgotten to

insure, and the loss was considerable ; but he possessed that quiet energy, so visible in a Marlborough, a Monk, and a Havelock ; so, instead of sprawling on the ground, he rose to his feet ; instead of clasping his hands in agony, he began to work, and in a short time became more powerful than ever. The fire he turned into a positive blessing ; it taught him a lesson for life.

Only one year in the course of the fifty of Mr. Baines's married life did death enter his dwelling—rare fortune, in so large a family. But that year, 1810, within six weeks of each other, his fourth and fifth sons, the former at the age of two years, and the latter at the age of eight months, were laid in the cold grave. He felt the bereavements most keenly, and wept hot tears over these home flowers. In the following year he lost his father, of whom the obituary notice was in these words :—“ He closed a long life of probity and active usefulness, by the serene death of a Christian.”

About this period we find him happily opposing the inquisitorial and unjust income tax, and unhappily, as it now seems, opposing a war, the result of which was to consign the ambitious Napoleon to the lonely rock of St. Helena, and to give this nation a peace which lasted, with slight exceptions, for nearly forty years. In the year 1817, there was much distress in the country, and great political excitement. Mr. Baines was the staunch advocate for parliamentary reform. “ Time for reform,” said he, “ must be made ; it never will be found ; and in my mind no time is so proper as the present. The nation is feeling the effects of the present system, and nations seldom act but when they feel.” The public were roused, and demagogues took advantage of the agitation, to stir up the people to acts of outrage. It was said that Manchester was to be burnt ; and a passionate stump orator proposed that the people of

Lancashire should go up to London in a body to present their petitions ; taking blankets with them, in order that they might sleep, during their journey, under the open canopy of heaven ! Rumours were spread that an insurrection was about to break out in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and fear prevailed among the magistracy. The Home Secretary, Lord Sidmouth, employed spies to obtain information ; but the spies increased the fears of the people, and created the conspiracies. To Mr. Baines chiefly belonged the honour of dragging this abominable system to the light, and holding up the wretches, who attempted to entrap innocent men, to indignant scorn. A full account of the machinations of one of these miserable men was published in the *Mercury*, and read in both houses of parliament. The spy-system was exploded, and public tranquillity restored.

In the year 1818, we find this self-made man living in a house of his own. Difficulties had vanished before his energetic spirit. The bar, which had checked many, could not stop him. His business was now greatly extended, and his newspaper raised to be the first in Yorkshire, and among the first of the provincial press. By his high talents and sterling integrity, his moderation in prosperity, and patience under adversity, he had made himself a name of which England may well be proud. There he is at the age of forty-five, prudence presiding over his household, and as may be expected, his nine children walking in wisdom's ways. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." So sang the royal poet of Israel. So say we.

Raised himself, he did not sit down and take his ease, but sought to raise others. Passing by many of his efforts on behalf of the heirs of poverty and the children of toil, we would dwell for a little on his exertions to promote popular education. At that time a strong

prejudice existed against teaching the working classes reading and writing; many gravely affirmed that universal education would introduce atheism, heresy, and sedition. Some even went the length of saying, that knowledge would drive the common people mad. Alas! there are still among us representatives of the past, who magnify the advantages of the old, and deprecate the new, who sigh after

“The good old days when they were young,
And George the Third was king”—

when not one in twenty in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire could write their own names, or even read their Bibles. Mr. Baines, however, knew that men who can think, and reason, and feel, require more than the bread that groweth stale, and more than the meat that perisheth; and so he stood in the front rank, regardless of friend or foe, and assisted to establish the Royal Lancasterian School, the Philosophical and Literary Society, the Model Infant School, the Temperance Society, and those noble and praiseworthy Mechanics' Institutes, which have given learning to the child, the adult, and the grown-up man.

It seems to be the fate of every new movement, however excellent, to meet with opposition. In Mr. Smiles's Life of George Stephenson, we find the following objections to railway communication:—“It was declared that its formation would prevent cows grazing and hens laying. The poisoned air from the locomotives would kill the birds as they flew over them, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Householders adjoining the projected lines were told that their houses would be burnt up by the fire thrown from the engine-chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer

be any use for horses ; and if railways extended, the species would become extinguished, and oats and hay unsaleable commodities. Travelling by road would be rendered highly dangerous, and country inns would be ruined. Boilers would burst, and blow passengers to atoms. But then there was always this consolation to wind up with, that the weight of the locomotive would completely prevent its moving ; and that railways, if made, would *never* be worked by steam power.” Mr. Baines, from the commencement of the railway system, vigorously promoted that improved method of transit. He was a director of some lines, and a shareholder in several. Doubtless, many would think that he had more money than wisdom, when he took a long lease of about eleven hundred acres of Chat Moss ; but when George Stephenson, a few years afterwards, talked of carrying a railway over the self-same bog, it was ignorance inconceivable, it was perfect madness !

In 1832, the Reform Bill was passed, which conferred upon Leeds the right of returning members of parliament. Mr. Baines was thought by many of the electors to be well qualified to serve them ; his name was circulated among his fellow-reformers, mentioned at meetings, and even appeared in newspapers. But considering himself unqualified, and being engaged in a literary work, he gave a prompt and decided negative to all such suggestions, and eloquently expounded the claims of the wealthy, upright, and enlightened Mr. John Marshall, together with the brilliant late Lord Macaulay. In little more than a year the latter was appointed to a seat in the council of the Governor-General of India. At a large meeting, a blunt elector proposed their townsman, Mr. Baines, amidst loud applause ; the motion was seconded by another elector, and supported by many ; one of whom said,—“ Mr. Baines was brought up

amongst them ; they had seen his beginning ; he had begun at the bottom, and he had been regularly rising to the present period. When he wanted a man to take care of the public money, he would see whether he managed his own affairs well ; and if he did so, he was the man for guarding the public interests. Mr. Baines was thus eminently qualified ; he was intimately acquainted, too, with the local and commercial interests of Leeds. If they elected Mr. Baines as their representative, it was fair to conclude that he would continue in that capacity as long as Providence should support him, and they were zealous to have him as their member.” Several questions were put to Mr. Baines, which were answered satisfactorily, and the meeting resolved, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, that he should be their candidate. The Chairman, in announcing the decision to Mr. Baines, said,—“I shall, sir, recollect, to the latest period of my life, with the greatest pleasure, that in so large a meeting of the electors of Leeds, you have been unanimously fixed upon as a fit person to act as their representative.” Accordingly, in February, 1834, Mr. Baines was elected member for Leeds. As stated by Mr. Fawkes, who stood by the side of the new member on the hustings, “it was the most perfect, the most satisfactory, and most admirable popular triumph that was ever achieved.” He had entered Leeds an obscure apprentice, unknown to a single inhabitant ; now he is returned at the top of the poll, and honoured with a popular demonstration when he left to take his seat in the House of Commons. There was nothing to bias the choice of his fellow-townsmen, but their knowledge of his moral and intellectual qualities. The prestige of rank was out of the question, for they all knew that his origin was lowly ; his fortune was moderate, and he could exercise no undue influence. We may add,

that he continued to represent the borough in three successive parliaments, being re-elected at the general elections of 1835 and 1837. After the official declaration of the poll in 1835, Mr. Baines said :—

“I have not canvassed a single elector. I have asked no person for his suffrage. I have used no influence, because, in reality, I had none to use. I have expended no money—I will not say because I had none to expend, but I should have thought it an improper application of money to apply it to the attainment of votes. The honour you have conferred upon me has been perfectly spontaneous.”

At the election of 1837, Mr. Baines occupied a most honourable position ; he had polled a greater number of votes than had ever been given to any member since the enfranchisement of the borough.

But the strength of the strongest of us is weakness. Edward Baines had not only been favoured by his countrymen and by fortune, but also by nature herself ; for she had given him an iron frame, that enabled him to rise above his labours, and permitted him, for many years, to enjoy his rare and rich rewards. Literary labours, business cares, parliamentary vigils, and political strifes, with their exciting fervour, had seemed to sit lightly upon his manly heart. But whatever burns consumes. Even his fine constitution gave signs of decay ; the sand in the glass of life showed symptoms of being nearly spent ; and almost for the first time the medical man was called in. His skilful surgeon told him that his complaint was not slight, and that, considering his advanced years, he could not, with safety, continue the exertions to which he had been accustomed.

It was about this period that he underwent a great inward change. Hitherto, the Gospel had been to him an unsolved enigma—an “open secret.” Now, conscious

of the utter alienation of his heart, in all its desires and affections from God,—in all his natural loveliness, with all his gentle and amiable attractions, although his life has been highly virtuous, he calls himself a sinner, and looks for mercy through the Saviour's blood alone. The quick eye of his excellent pastor, the Rev. John Ely, soon discovered that it was no partial change that had come over Mr. Baines, and suggested the duty of making an open profession of religion; and accordingly, on the 3rd of January, 1840, he was admitted a member of the church of Salem Chapel.

On the 25th of May, 1841, Mr. Baines took leave of his constituency, in an address which was read to a large meeting of the liberal electors, who, on the motion of Mr. John Hope Shaw, seconded by Mr. Plint, passed the following resolution:—

“That the cordial thanks of this meeting be given to Edward Baines, Esq., for his able and indefatigable and devoted services, during the seven years he has been one of the representatives of this borough in Parliament.”

But panegyrics did not satisfy his old constituents. Their love and gratitude must be expressed in something more substantial. A subscription of several hundred pounds was raised, and a splendid silver service purchased and presented to him. The following is the description published by the committee:—

“The present consists of a candelabrum, or centre-piece for the dining table, thirty-one inches high, and four silver-covered dishes, richly ornamented, *en suite*, weighing together, 575 ounces. From the base of the candelabrum, which is triangular, presenting three faces or tablets, rises a group of palm trees, from the foliage of which spring six branches to hold lights. These are surmounted by a highly wrought bowl, with a border of oak-leaves and acorns. Three figures, representing

Truth, Liberty, and Justice, very beautifully executed in frosted silver, occupy the three corners of the base, and give an extremely chaste and elegant finish to the design. On one of the tablets is a well-executed landscape in bas-relief, with emblems of agriculture in the foreground, and a railroad in the distance. The second occupied by a printing press (identified with the *Mercury* by a *caduceus*), a merchant-vessel, woolsacks, bales of cloth, and other appropriate emblems of commerce and manufactures. The remaining tablet bears the following inscription:—

“Presented to
EDWARD BAINES, Esq.,
By his Friends and Fellow-Townsmen,
In admiration of the Integrity, Zeal, and Ability with which
He has advocated the Principles of
Civil and Religious Liberty
During a Public Life of more than Forty Years ;
And to evince their Gratitude
For his important Services as a faithful and indefatigable
Representative of the Borough of Leeds
In Three successive Parliaments.
Leeds, November, 1841.”

The Music Hall, in which the testimonial was presented, was filled to overflowing. Conservative, Whig, and ultra-Radical vied with each other in doing honour to the zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty.

After his honourable retirement from parliamentary duties, Mr. Baines, with diminished health and enfeebled powers, continued to devote himself to the amelioration of his species. He could not

“Lay his old age upon the lap of ease.”

The real truth is, as expressed by our great Christian poet, Cowper,—

“A want of occupation is not rest ;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.”

He was chosen the first President of the United Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society. He took an active part in erecting a new house of recovery in Leeds, as also in building the borough gaol. For several years he was very useful as a magistrate for the borough, and also for the West Riding; and, as an *ex-officio* guardian of the poor, he succeeded in obtaining relief for many friendless unfortunates. His last public appearance was pleading for the rights and relieving the distresses of the poor. A few days after this—namely, on the 22nd of May, 1848—he went, with his wife and one of his daughters, to Ben Rhydding, for the benefit of the invigorating air and charming scenery. No one would have thought he was in his seventy-fifth year. His foot was light, his figure erect, and his countenance unwrinkled. Nevertheless, he was on the brink of the grave. He sustained a serious loss of blood on July the 10th, and on the 19th alarm was felt, and his medical adviser, Mr. Teale, was sent for. On the 22nd he inquired of the doctor—“What is the tendency of all these things?—is it to recover, or otherwise?” “Not to recover,” was the candid though gentle reply; and the last enemy was approaching. One of his daughters asked—“Do you know us all, father?” He replied, in a feeble yet distinct voice, “Yes, and love you all as tenderly as ever. It is a great consolation to me to see you all in so hopeful a state. Next to the assurance that one's self is interested in the love of God, is the happiness and joy of knowing that those we tenderly love are in possession of that great blessing.”

Soon after he called for his wife, his faithful helpmate of fifty years, who was seated behind the sorrowing children who stood around his bed. She came forward. He gave her his hand in token of love, gazing tenderly, as if about to bid her farewell. She, however, first broke

the silence, by reminding him of the many times they had prayed together, and then inquiring,—“Can you entirely trust your soul in the hands of the Saviour?” With characteristic modesty, he replied, “*Yes*, but I feel diffident in speaking of my religious feelings, and wish not to use too strong expressions.” Then, turning towards his children, he said,—“Dr. Hamilton said, ‘Be very kind to my wife when I am gone:’ I ask you to be very kind to your mother.” Speaking for all, one of his daughters responded, “*We will.*” He continued,—“I have very much reason to ask it. Through God, all the implantation of good in you has been on her part.” The eminently devout mother said,—“I refer it all to the goodness of God, who blesses the weakest means. You will,” she continued, “only precede me a short time. The most earnest desire of my soul has ever been, that God would hear my prayers for *your* salvation. He did hear them for our children. Now He has given me the richest consolation in seeing His work perfected in you.”

Old Jacob, propped upon pillows, leaning on his staff, pausing for breath, and speaking in brief and broken sentences, blessed his twelve sons: and Edward Baines, with patriarchal dignity and melting tenderness, addressed his sons and daughters individually; charging them especially to keep out of the way of temptation, to have regular family prayer, and to train up their children into Christian men. He also addressed three of his grandchildren, who were present, and feelingly took leave of two boys in his employment, and sent his respects to their fathers. For his medical man, whose skilful attention smoothed his dying pillow, his prayers wait an answer—are they not recorded in the book of remembrance?

The singing of hymns by his daughters afforded him

great delight. He asked for the beautiful hymn of Sir R. Grant, beginning—

“ When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.”

He also expressed his admiration of the verse—

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall ;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all !”

Afterwards, when the text was quoted—“ He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him,” his emphatic response was—“ And, what is much better, He is *willing*.” These were about his last words. For some hours he was almost unconscious; then, without convulsion or struggle, he breathed his last; his star set on this world, to rise and shine in brighter skies. “ Mark thou the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.”

We come now, secondly, to analyze his general character as a man, a journalist, and a statesman.

We have now, aided by his filial and accomplished biographer, traced Mr. Baines’s long life to its close; and doubtless many and distinct impressions of the massiveness of his character must have been made on the reader’s mind. Still, a few remarks on his physical, mental, and moral character, each separately, may tend to deepen these.

Nature gave the world “assurance of a man,” in the height, form, strength, and agility of Edward Baines.

Erect in carriage, graceful in his movements, handsome in features, and his complexion fair. Old age came, and slightly sprinkled his soft brown hair with grey ; but no furrow marked his cheek, and the lines on his forehead were only dimly visible. A colossal person, however, is sometimes animated by less than an ordinary degree of intellectual power. Samson possessed amazing bodily strength ; but it was, in some respects at least, a weak head that stood on his broad shoulders. The riddle of this Hercules of the heathen world is indeed the parable of the lame—"the legs are not equal." Part of the saying is fanciful, part of it is false, and which, if "a dark saying," is anything but deep. Again, as in the case of Absalom, we often see winning manners, grace, and beauty, and much that pleases the eye, and ministers to the pride of life, united to moral baseness. In Mr. Baines there was a remarkable correspondence between the physical, mental, and moral constitution. Benevolence was seen in his countenance, intellect was throned on his brow, and physical energy strung his frame.

His mental powers were of a high order. He had masculine vigour of thought, tempered by calm deliberation : his perceptive powers were not quick ; but, by close and laborious investigation, he arrived at singularly clear conclusions. Judgment—that act of the mind by which one thing is affirmed or denied of another—he possessed in an eminent degree. This made him invaluable as an adviser, and rendered his long public career of nearly half a century so free from errors. Of imagination, whether stimulative or delineative, he was rather deficient. This is evident from his writings, and also from the fact that he enjoyed Crabbe, who, to use the language of phrenology, had more individuality than ideality, quite as much as Shakespeare, who possessed imagination in both her forms in an extraordinary

measure. The circumstances of his youth, and, in after life, the claims of domestic duties, business, and public interests, prevented the acquisition of ample stores of literature; human nature was his favourite subject of study and contemplation; yet he was fond of literature, was no mean critic, and had a good taste.

Mr. Baines's moral character is not difficult to describe. It was no chaos of beauties and defects; on the contrary, we can see no dark and baneful moral taint in it; and, judged by our high Christian standard, he was a good man. After he had, by his own exertions, realized an ample fortune, he frequently referred to the day when he crossed the hills into Yorkshire an obscure apprentice; and with the gratitude and humility of the old patriarch confessed,—“I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant; for *with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands.*” Surrounded by temptations and corrupting appliances, his integrity was often assailed, but never overcome. Although the subject of much abuse and strong hostility (these did sour his temper), his wounds quickly healed; and he could co-operate with his bitterest enemy in effecting a public good. “In malice he was a child, but in understanding a man.” At the same time there was no want of courage, either personal or moral. When a lady was insulted by three ruffians, he did not hesitate to knock one of them down, and when afterwards attacked by all the three, he did not run, not he, but placed his back against a wall, and defended himself like a man. He could say “No” to thousands of angry opponents, when necessary, and stand unmoved at the echo, and calmly sustain popular disapprobation, till they learned to admire his character and motives. Not less remarkable was his habitual cheerfulness. He did not go about

with cloudy brow, downcast look, and mournful step, as if the only sound that met his ear was the shriek of the death struggle, or the chaunt of the funeral dirge. On the contrary, he was playful, and looked as much as possible on the bright side of things. Mr. Heaton's gravity was often overcome, and Mrs. Binns used to say,—"I know who is there, when I hear John Heaton laugh." We think it is Carlyle who says, "No one is hopelessly bad, who can laugh well." Mr. Baines illustrated the line of Burns,—

"It's guude to be merry and wise."

Happy himself, he made all around him happy, and proved that real enjoyment was compatible with diligence in business, and altogether independent of ribaldry or intemperance. That right heavenly virtue, charity, was not lacking. While he walked the carpeted rooms of wealth, while his table was loaded with plenty, he thought of the starving poor in their naked dwellings, who had but a crust of bread and a cruse of water. On certain days he had quite a levée of unfortunates, many of whom, alas! were the authors of their own misfortunes. But his was no blind benevolence: he firmly reproved the errors of the working classes; and told a company of about forty men, women, and children, that the evils they complained of would not be remedied by compulsory interference between workmen and their employers; that the men, who called their masters tyrants, were generally greater tyrants themselves; that they had no more right to dictate the rate of wages to their masters, than their masters had to dictate to them what they should accept for their labour. How refreshing his tender, playful affection for his wife and children. What melting touches of sympathy are seen in his letters. Amid the hardening contests of the world, and the arid

subtleties of political controversy, his heart was kept free from steely indifference by the tender associations of home, the wife of his bosom, and the children God had given him. Mr. Baines was not destitute of a manly self-consciousness. He knew that he had risen from the ranks, and could face the world without fear. He valued highly the honours his townsmen bestowed upon him, but would have preferred hardship and obscurity to distinction and fortune purchased at the price of principle. Of this we have a striking illustration. Before his conversion, he attended the Unitarian Chapel at one of the services every Sunday; the minister being an eloquent preacher, and a man of great moral worth. For the other service he attended Salem Chapel, and heard the Independent minister, with whose doctrinal views he agreed. A miserly lady said to him one day,—“Mr. Baines, I commend your conduct very much; you are all things to all men; that is the way to succeed in business.” From that moment his resolution was fixed, and ever afterwards he attended the preaching of which he conscientiously approved. While anxious to elevate his family, he did not forget to teach them that virtue, goodness, wisdom, and true honour, were far more important than rank or riches. His ambition was of the laudable, not the censurable kind.

But we must hurry on to survey Edward Baines as a journalist. Carlyle somewhere sneers at the newspaper editor. We look upon a good family newspaper as one of the greatest powers under God for the advancement of the civilization of man. What the press has done for Britain no man can tell, no angel can conceive; and what it is destined to do, only the Omniscient can foresee. It not only publishes the discoveries of the

philosopher, the songs of the poet, the orations of the barrister, and the sermons of the preacher, but it exposes villainy, denounces tyranny, and ridicules superstition. The despots of the continent of Europe know that it would not do to unfetter the press. The most independent, the most truthful, and consequently the most powerful press in the world, is that of Great Britain !

We yield to no man in love of country ; and like Coleridge, we do not call the sod our country, but language, religion, laws, government, blood ; yet, soberly, and after deliberate consideration, we say, Let Britain sink into the depths of the sea rather than our press be gagged or fettered. An able editor is one of the untitled, uncrowned monarchs, who speak to, guide, and rule the age. Such an one was the subject of our sketch. Seated in the editorial chair of the *Mercury*, the young proprietor set about the improvement of his journal with determined energy. The difficulties at the commencement were sufficient to daunt an ordinary man. The print had come down to the low ebb of seven or eight hundred copies. Nor need we wonder, when we bear in mind that at that time a newspaper was made up of slender summaries, partial criticisms, garbled scraps of foreign intelligence, and mere attempts at reporting. A London paper, a pot of paste, and a pair of scissors, were thought about all that was necessary for a provincial editor. Mr. Baines introduced another era ; a true friend of liberty, both civil and religious, an advocate for parliamentary reform, and opposed to the slave trade,—to give scope for these opinions, from the first he introduced a leading article. It was brief and unpretending ; still it was a step in advance. He was, moreover, the first Yorkshire editor that sent a reporter to the York

assizes. Superior management quickly extended the circulation of the *Mercury*, and increased the number of advertisements. In the year 1803, its size was increased. In the year 1804, the circulation had risen to an average of 1,500 copies. In the year 1806, the circulation had reached an average of 1,950 copies. In the year 1809, it was again enlarged, at which time the editor said,—“It now ranks with the first provincial papers of the United Kingdom.” It still continued to progress. Between the years 1823 and 1827, the improvements were very great. In 1825, it was stated that “the *Leeds Mercury* contains a larger quantity of matter than any other paper in the British dominions. It includes upwards of *one-fourth* more matter than it included five years ago; in other words, we have gained since that, about seven columns in the contents of the paper.” In the year 1826, a great enlargement was made in the size of the page. Again, in the year 1827, a still further enlargement took place. It was then stated, that it contained as many words as are usually found in an octavo volume of *three hundred pages*. In the year 1829, the average circulation was upwards of 5,000 weekly. For nearly fifty years this successful journalist was the unflinching advocate of liberty with order, and progress with security; of free government, free thought, and free speech; and the old files testify that he was deficient neither in spirit nor ability. His indefatigable activity was not exhausted in the “continual dropping” of editorial work. In the years 1822 and 1823, he wrote the historical and topographical departments of “The History, Directory, and Gazetteer of the County of York.” And in the years 1824 and 1825, he wrote the same departments of a similar work for Lancashire. In the year 1831, appeared the first

part of his principal literary work, "The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster." The work was not finished till 1836. The booksellers and deliverers of Lancashire have their golden memories of the harvest they reaped from the sale of this book. In the year 1845, a permanent supplement of four pages was added to the *Mercury*. It now contained 180,000 words, having increased nearly nine-fold in the hands of Mr. Baines. Many of our newspapers prostitute their columns to the quack, in utter disregard of the robbery and ruin of the ignorant and credulous; sport with the sacredness of character, to gratify editorial malice, and please the depraved taste of censorious and envious subscribers; publish lies, known to be lies; and suppress and refuse insertion to truth, when known to be truth. The *Mercury* made no pretensions to the character of being a religious newspaper, but its pages were marked by candour, patriotism, and intelligence. The editor had no holy corner for hymns, and prayers, and bits of Scripture, and sermons, while the rest was disfigured by profane jokes, licentious sentiments, and impudent advertisements! He steeped the entire sheet in the spirit of truth and honesty. His connection with the press was during times of great excitement and party violence; and most assuredly he was no sycophant of that portentous individual who happened to be *premier*, yet he was never threatened with legal proceedings by the Government, or any public body. An action was brought against him by a rival editor; but the verdict, with one shilling damages, proved the opinion of the jury as to the proceeding. It is impossible always to escape the resentment of persons who consider themselves aggrieved; but perhaps no one placed in similar circumstances suffered so little from law expenses.

We come, lastly, to speak of Mr. Baines as a statesman. He entered Parliament with a well-informed mind, and ample powers of expressing thought both by speech and writing, but with a nobler end in view than to acquire distinction as an orator, a sentence-maker, a painter of brilliant ideas. A man may write nice letters to be read on platforms ; on the hustings he may shatter all opposition by the lightning of his eloquence ; in the House his brilliant oratory may be acknowledged by cheers ; and yet he may be playing the game of selfishness ; ready to sell his country's birthright and blood for place, pension, or revenue. There was no clap-trap and cajolery, no clothing of sedition in seductive words, with Edward Baines ; but a determination to substantiate in Parliament all that he had promised out of it. He never forgot in the House of Commons that he had a constituency behind him, and to promote the welfare of that constituency he offered the most earnest toil. In all his deliberations and decisions he had an undivided respect for the interests of the common weal. Truly his was Roman patriotism ; and, to use the old Roman phrase, *he deserved well of his country*. It is all very good to have a few eloquent men, like Lord Brougham, Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Fox, who occasionally charm their fellow-members from the plodding realities of legislation, and the dull lucubrations of the practical men. Nevertheless, in order to obtain a right parliament, we must have men of scrupulous uprightness, firm principle, moral consistency, and religious faith. Mr. Baines was no red-tapist, but a statesman ; no off-hand debater, saying whatever came in his head on the spur of the moment, but a thoroughly sincere politician, reverencing truth, and respecting political character ; no ultra-radical, but a liberal reformer, who well knew that maxim of Hesiod's,

“ He is a fool who does not know how much better the half is than the whole.” His parliamentary career affords a singular example of zeal continuously directed to the correction of abuses and the enlargement of the bases of human happiness. Every subject connected with the welfare of the people interested him,—the better observance of the Sabbath, the poor-law amendment bill, the improvement of municipal corporations, the bill for the general registration of births, marriages, and deaths, the bill for dissenters’ marriages, the civil offices declaration bill, the abolishing of church-rates, the negro emancipation act, the repeal of the corn-laws, &c., received his countenance and support; and one of these measures, at least, owed to him its birth. To all the questions of the day he devoted himself with untiring energy; worked with an honest heart and loving purpose; nor was he ever known to be dismayed by defeat or sickened by contention. During a long and stormy session Mr. Baines wrote,—“ It is one of the greatest domestic blessings to be a member of a united family, and nothing can be more mischievous than to let any root of bitterness spring up amongst those who ought to cultivate this union. With these views, I have always been anxious, in our own family, over which it has pleased God to place me, that we should place the most liberal construction upon each other’s conduct; that we should not do or say anything to disturb our mutual affection and good will; and that, whenever anything that might interrupt our harmony should arise, we should endeavour as much as possible to re-unite, and to remove the cause of misunderstanding,” Here we see his genial nature overflowing with healthy and happy affection. We recommend these sentiments to the careful study of all heads of families, assured that

they lie at the very foundation of all domestic happiness. It has been said that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret. To the champions of justice, freedom, education, humanity, and religion, youth may be an exciting struggle, manhood may afford little repose, but old age is a triumph. A great statesman, who was dying in England some two hundred years ago, is reported to have said, "If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He had not cast me off in my old age." Alas! he had made human favour his ruling passion, and now its laurels were dropping off. Edward Baines steered his course by the star of God's Word, and sought the people's profit, without a thought of fame, which, however, came; not because it was sought after, but because it was deserved. On his death, letters from men of eminence poured in upon the widow and children, full of the most gratifying expressions of regard to him, mingled with sorrow for their loss. "*Quam civitati carus fuerit, merore funeris indicatum est,*" says the Roman orator. The honours of his public funeral indicated how high and general was the esteem in which he was held. The great public men of the town, and indeed throughout Yorkshire, went in procession before the hearse and mourners, while numerous private carriages followed after. Many thousands joined that solemn throng; but none shed hotter tears than the poor, who felt that they had lost their friend. A full length portrait, by Waller, was bought by public subscription, and hung up in the hall of the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society. May it inspire the young with an ambition to follow his example. A statue was raised to his memory, and placed by the town council in their noble Town Hall. The following inscription was determined upon by the committee:—

“ TO COMMEMORATE
THE PUBLIC SERVICES AND PRIVATE VIRTUES
OF
EDWARD BAINES,
WHO FAITHFULLY, ABLY, AND ZEALOUSLY REPRESENTED THE
BOROUGH OF LEEDS
IN THREE SUCCESSIVE PARLIAMENTS.
AS A MAN, A CITIZEN, AND A PATRIOT, HE WAS DISTINGUISHED BY
HIS INTEGRITY AND PERSEVERANCE, HIS BENEVOLENCE AND
PUBLIC SPIRIT, HIS INDEPENDENCE AND CONSISTENCY.
THIS MONUMENT
IS ERECTED BY VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION,
THAT POSTERITY MAY KNOW AND EMULATE
A CHARACTER LOVED AND HONOURED
BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES.
Born 5th February, 1774. Died 3rd August, 1848.”

“ Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour.”

CHAPTER III.

[CONTINUED.]

EXAMPLES OF SELF-MADE MEN.

SECTION III.—HUGH MILLER.

“ Scotland has been the mother of many giants ; but few whom she has brought forth and sternly nursed have made for themselves a name more worthy of her, none better formed for floating buoyantly down the stream of time, than Hugh Miller.”

Fraser’s Magazine.

SCOTLAND is only a mere speck on the map of the globe, but she is great for all that. Natural affection for our fatherland we think a beautiful and praiseworthy sentiment. The King of Israel exclaimed, “ O that some one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem ! ” He had quenched his thirst from that fountain when a boy ; it was the water which his father Jesse had drunk ; and it was, therefore, more delicious than nectar. Scotchmen are passionately fond of their country ; they are all patriots, and may say, in the words of the poet,—

“ Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.”

The very heather is more beautiful to them than the rose of Sharon :—

“ The dark hair of our maidens, it decks on our hills,
 And the place of a plume in the bonnet it fills ;
 On the mountain it blooms, and in valleys below ;
 Oh, the bonnie brown heather of Scotland, O !
 The heather, the heather, the bonnie brown heather,
 The heather, the heather of Scotland, O !”

The thistle is loved because it rears itself in the land of the mountain and the flood :—

“ The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear ;
 I turn’d the clipper-weeds aside,
 And spared the symbol dear.”

Yea, so strong is this love of country, that he whose bosom is a stranger to it is consigned to oblivion :—

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there be, go, mark him well :
 For him no minstrel’s raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

And it must be confessed that there is some reason for this national pride. For what is there that the genius of the Attica of the North cannot accomplish, whether it be the highest effort of human ambition, or the humblest

essay of talent? Look we at the tented field; she has had her Wallace, her Bruce, her Moore, and her Lord Clyde. The best rifle shot in Great Britain is a Scotchman. In philosophy she has always been *facile princeps*. Not to speak of Leslie, Reid, Stewart, Hamilton, and Brewster, by the works of her two sons, Adam Smith and James Watt, she has anticipated England in the study of riches, and applied the most potent of forces to an infinite variety of arts. Among travellers, she can name Bruce, Park, Moffat, Clapperton, Cumming, and Livingstone. She has had such poets as Burns, Scott, Campbell, Pollok, Fergusson, Ramsay, Nicoll, and Smith, with other songsters that breathed forth words of beauty and words of fragrance. She has shone in the senate. The greatest jurists and the best judges England ever saw were Scotchmen; and, poor as the worldly remuneration is, the most able and accomplished of her sons have willingly devoted themselves to the ministry;—hence she can boast of Chalmers, Irving, Caird, Guthrie, McLeod, and Candlish. These, and many others that might have been mentioned, are fitted to foster a strong national feeling, which, if kept within certain limits, is both interesting and valuable. Nevertheless, it would be good for our lofty Caledonian brethren, who are just rather apt to complain of imaginary disrespect and neglect, to remember that they have received many benefits from England: and if our Irish friends, instead of making that fairest isle of the ocean vocal with the music of their woes, would bear in mind that it is not England,—for she has done much to elevate them,—but a dead, false, and oppressive church, that has been, and still is, the curse of their unhappy country, it would be better for them. It is best for England, Scotland, and Ireland, never to forget that they are mutual helps to each other. We may indulge in glorifi-

cations of our respective peoples as we please; but history is a lie, if we are not better governed now by one Queen, than we were wont to be by three Kings!

North Britain has presented us with many bright examples of men emerging from comparatively humble and obscure circumstances to honour and fame. Youths born to no acres, by toil, self-denial, perseverance, and application, acquire riches, and rise not only to local eminence, but win a name that nations pronounce with reverence. Her colleges are cheap, and hence many, well entitled to be called self-made men, manage to give themselves a university education. The struggle of some of these men upwards, in the face of fearful odds, is almost sublime. We have known students working four hours a day at their trade, and others engaging in the private tuition of the sons of the rich, and thus, aided perhaps by a bursary, gaining the object of their ambition. Alexander Murray's father taught him the alphabet, by drawing the letters on the board of an old wool-card with the black end of a burned heather stem! Ultimately he went to the university, and after eight years' study—the length of time prescribed to all who go to the church, before they are permitted to "wag their pow in a poopit," and thump Gospel out of the Bible—he obtained his clerical licence, rose to fame as a linguist, and received the degree of D.D. When John Leyden left his native braes, and appeared in the Greek class-room, clad in humble, home-spun garb, the students received him with loud and silly laughter; and when he rose to recite his exercises, his broad Teviotdale dialect disturbed even the Professors' gravity; but he proved that he could labour as diligently with the mind as his ancestors had done with ploughshare and shepherd's crook. In the incredibly short space of six months, he was able to sustain an examination before the Medical

Board, and obtain his degree. Mr. Robert Grant, author of the "History of Physical Astronomy," recently appointed to the chair left vacant in Glasgow University by the late lamented Professor Nichol, was born to no inheritance, but by his brains he made conquests for himself. The Lord Chancellor of England was once "plain John Campbell," a student at St. Andrew's, drilling his pupils in Latin and Greek, and living sparingly on a few pounds a year! What these received from their respective colleges was nothing to what they acquired for themselves. They had a hard fight, but a glorious victory.

But there is balm in other places besides Gilead; many have made themselves famous without going to Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, or Aberdeen. Shall we adduce in proof of our position, James Ferguson, who measured the heavens, and mapped out the universe, with a string of beads stretched betwixt his eye and the firmament? William Milne, who assisted in translating the Scriptures into the Chinese language, and in opening a way for the introduction of Christianity into that heathen empire, was, during the greater part of his life, a shepherd. On his appearing before the presbytery of Aberdeen, the gentlemen were astonished when he presented himself in a highland cap, and other articles of dress little corresponding with aspirations for literary fame, and were disposed to reject him. Being asked to pray, however, he addressed God with such humility, fervour, and intelligence, that their minds were changed respecting him. David Wilkie, at whose strange ways the sages used to shake their heads, by indomitable perseverance became a distinguished member of the Royal Academy, and was created a knight by William IV., as a tribute to his genius. John Philip, who, twenty-six years ago, took French leave of Aber-

deen, and worked his passage on board a coasting vessel from Scotland to London, for the purpose of gloating upon art, and with strange dreams of art-inspiration, returned to his northern home, succeeded in painting a picture that attracted the notice of Lord Panmure, and was last year elevated to the honourable rank of R.A.

But we must abide by Hugh Miller, one of the most remarkable men on the roll of the self-made. We shall first narrate the leading incidents of his career; secondly, speak of him as an ecclesiastical polemic; thirdly, notice his literary and scientific attainments; and, fourthly, point out a few of the great qualities that combined to form the character of this wondrous man.

Hugh Miller was born on the 10th day of October, in the year 1802, in a long, low house, in the seaport town of Cromarty. He does not try to trace his family to illustrious ancestors, but tells us honestly that his progenitors were a long line of seafaring men, skilful, adventurous sailors, some of whom had coasted along the Scottish shores as early as the times of Sir Andrew Wood and the bold Bartons; and, mayhap, helped to man that “verrie monstrous schippe, the Great Michael, that cumbered all Scotland to get her to sea.” His father was a man of much kindness of heart and placidity of temper. In his sixth or seventh year, he was sent from a farm-house, which had been his home for the two previous years, to drown a litter of puppies in an adjacent pond; but instead of committing them to the liquid element, he sat down beside the pool, and began to cry; and finally, after wasting much time in a paroxysm of indecision and sorrow, tucked them up in his kilt, and turned his steps towards his mother’s house, which he reached before nightfall. The good woman, a sailor’s widow, in very humble circumstances, raised her

hands, and exclaimed, “ Oh, my unlucky boy ! what’s this ? what brings you here ? ” “ The little doggies, mither, I couldna drown the little doggies ; and I took them to you . ” In course of time, the boy grew up into a man of strength and valour ; and although he retained through life the genial nature he had evinced at the pond, there was some wild blood in his veins, which on two or three occasions made him sufficiently formidable, and once interfered very considerably with his plans and prospects. Like his forefathers during many generations, he went on shipboard, and ultimately became master of a sloop that sailed from his native Cromarty. The dangers of the sea are not less proverbial in modern history than in ancient song. “ Poor Miller ! ” exclaimed the master of a smack in the London and Inverness trade ; “ if he does not enter the Frith in an hour, he will never enter it at all. Good sound vessel, and better sailor never stepped between stem and stern ; but last night has, I fear, been too much for him. He should have been here long ere now . ” That hour fled ; that day passed away in gloom and tempest ; but no sail appeared in the offing. Another morning dawned, and the storm ceased ; but the day wore on, the evening again fell, and the most sanguine lost all hope of ever again seeing the sloop or her crew. The town-clock had tolled the midnight hour, when a heavy foot was heard pacing along the now silent streets. It passed, and anon returned ; stopped for a moment opposite the captain’s dwelling, then approached the door, where there was a second pause, and then a faltering knock, that struck terror into the hearts of those within. The door was opened, and Jack Grant, the mate, staggered in, and flung himself into a chair. “ Jack, ” exclaimed the master’s mother-in-law,—for his wife was dead long ere now, and lying in the quiet family burying-place,—

“where’s my cousin? where’s Hugh?” “The master’s safe and well,” said Jack; “but the poor *Friendship* lies in *spales* on the bar of Findhorn.” “God be praised!” ejaculated the widow. “Let the gear go!” This happened towards the close of the year 1797. But a still more melancholy event was at hand. The sea had been the tomb of the male members of the family for upwards of a century, and destiny was not to be foiled in the case of the captain. Assisted by generous friends, he got a new vessel, which, though not equal in point of size to the *Friendship*, was wholly built of oak, every plank and beam of which he had seen laid down. On the 10th of November, in the year 1807, a howling tempest lashed the mighty main, upheaved the discoloured deep, and strewed the beach with wrecks and dead bodies. “Miller’s seamanship has saved him once more!” said a Cromarty skipper, who, safely moored in an English harbour, marked the square-rigged sloop clearing a formidable headland, and stretching out by a long tack into the sea. But the night fell wild and stormy, and no vestige of vessel or hands was ever more heard of. And thus perished a man, who, according to the computation of his seafaring friends, was the best sailor that ever ploughed the Moray Frith.

The sad event had neither been imagined nor dreamed at the bay of Cromarty. The household are gathered around the cottage fire; the sailor’s second wife, and the mother of the subject of our sketch, plies the cheerful needle; her son, a boy of five years of age, is sitting by her side, when the house-door, which had been left unfastened, fell open, and the youth is despatched to shut it. What followed, let Hugh Miller himself testify. “Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a grey haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the

nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as I ever saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female; they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she sent next to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she too had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she was much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story, as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it. The supposed apparition may have been merely a momentary affection of the eye, of the nature described by Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Demonology,' and Sir David Brewster, in his 'Natural Magic.' But if so, the affection was one of which I experienced no after-return; and its coincidence with the probable time of my father's death seems at least curious." We may add that, though just turned five years of age, this was not the first vision seen by the boy. Old John Feddes, his buccaneering ancestor, dead fully fifty years before, had already appeared to the youth, in the identical light-blue coat he wore when alive. We make no attempt to explain these visions; for our own parts, we believe there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. And while, on the one hand, we would avoid the Scylla of superstition, we would, on the other, beware of the Charybdis of scepticism. Hugh

Miller never forgot his first great sorrow ; day after day, month after month, when hope had died in every bosom save his own, might he have been seen climbing that grassy knoll, from which a glorious view, stretching away into infinitude, is obtained ; but his eye, unarrested by the marvels of nature, is sweeping the furthest verge of the horizon, intent only on discovering amid the swelling waves the barque that had borne his father from him never to return. In early manhood his deep, heartfelt grief for his father found utterance in verse ; but poetry was not Hugh Miller's province. His finest poetry is his prose. The painter, who could not express the excess of grief, covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon. The journeyman stonemason's sorrow was too deep to find adequate utterance in such poetry as he could write ; and possibly it had been better had he never attempted the theme.

Previous to his father's death, Hugh Miller had been sent to a dame's school, who taught him to pronounce the alphabet in the antique fashion. A knowledge of the letters themselves he had already acquired by studying the signboards of Cromarty ; the jugs, glasses, bottles, ships, and animals of which, though drawn with no great artistic skill, could be actually recognized, and of course excited his utmost admiration. Under the tuition of this old lady, he threaded his way through the Shorter Catechism, the Proverbs of Solomon, the New Testament, and at length entered her highest, the Bible class ; but all the while he had no adequate sense of the tendency of his lessons—consequently, all was dark and chaotic. At last he discovered that the art of reading was the art of discovering stories in books, and from that moment drudgery gave place to delight. He read again and again the thrilling story of Joseph ; then that of Samson and the Philistines ; of David and Goliath ; of the prophets Elijah

and Elisha ; and after these, the New Testament stories and parables. By this time he had been adopted by his two maternal uncles, types of a class of men that, from age to age, have made the peasantry of Scotland loved at home and revered abroad. His elder uncle, James, the harness-maker, had a clear head and much native sagacity, a singularly retentive memory, and great thirst for information. His younger uncle, Alexander, the cartwright, was different from his brother both in intellect and temperament, but characterized by the same strict integrity ; his religious feelings were perhaps more deep. James was fond of a joke ; Alexander grave and serious. At the home of these excellent men, Hugh Miller heard interesting books read, and their contents freely discussed. Uncle James put into his hands Blind Harry's "*Wallace* :" he was intoxicated with the fiery narratives ; the fierce breathings of hot, intolerant patriotism ; and the stories of astonishing prowess. From the story of Scotland's hero-guardian, he passed on to the story of the hero-king ; and in Barbour's "*Bruce*" read how gloriously the latter consummated the work which the former had so gloriously begun. His Scottish blood now boiled up in a spring-tide flood ; and, instead of vexing his mother by wishing himself big enough to be a sailor, he longed to "follow to the field some warlike lord," that the wrongs and sufferings of these noble heroes might yet be avenged. Uncle Alexander had a great talent for natural history, and by his description of foreign plants and animals, and of the aspect of the distant regions which he had visited, when a sailor, inspired young Miller with similar tastes to his own ; and, in their rambles on the wold or by the sea-shore, initiated him into the study of that science, of which, in after-life, he became so distinguished an ornament. Sunday schools the uncles regarded as highly creditable

to the teachers, but very discreditable to the parents and relatives of the taught ; and so, of course, they never sent their nephew there, but catechised him at home, first on the Shorter Catechism, and then on the Mother's Catechism of Willison ; and also read in his hearing the old divines. Schoolmasters these of the right sort ! To these two uncles Hugh Miller owed more than to all his subsequent teachers put together.

After some twelve months' instruction from the old woman, Hugh Miller was transferred to the Grammar-school of Cromarty. The parish schoolmaster was a good scholar ; at college he had disputed the prizes in mathematics and languages with one of the most distinguished students. He was in the habit of advising the parents or relations of those he considered his clever lads to give them a classical education ; so, meeting Uncle James one day, he recommended him to put his nephew into Latin. This the harness-maker had already resolved upon, and so Hugh Miller, along with four other boys, immediately commenced the study of the Roman tongue. "I laboured," says he, in that very interesting work, his "Schools and Schoolmasters," "with tolerable diligence for a day or two ; but there was no one to tell me what the rules meant, or whether they really meant anything ; and when I got as far as *penna*, a pen, and saw how the changes were rung on one poor word, that did not seem to me of more importance in the old language than in the modern, I began miserably to flag, and to long for my English reading, with its interesting stories and picture-like descriptions. The 'Rudiments' was by far the dullest book I had ever seen ; it embodied no thought that I could perceive, and certainly it contained no narrative. None of my class-fellows were by any means bright ; and yet when the class, which the master very soon learned to distinguish as the heavy class, was called up, I was

generally found at its nether end." No teacher in the North had sent more students to college than the master of the Grammar-school ; yet it was admitted on all hands that he was in no wise remarkable for keeping idle boys at their work, and the parents and guardians were loud in their complaints that he was not suitable. Accordingly the wealthier inhabitants clubbed together, and got up a subscription school of their own ; but the new school-master, although a rather clever young man, proved an unsteady one. On receiving his salary at term-days, he worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus as long as his money lasted. Getting rid of him, they procured a licentiate of the church, who seemed a steady, thoughtful, and pains-taking teacher ; but coming in contact with some zealous Baptists, he got so puzzled and perplexed as to whether baptism should be performed *in* or *out* of the water, that his health became affected, and he was obliged to resign his charge. Then, after a while, another licentiate was got, who was always getting into debt, and always courting, though with little success, wealthy ladies. To this school Hugh Miller was transferred, at the instance of Uncle James ; but in a few weeks this pedagogue also resigned. After a long vacation, a fourth schoolmaster was appointed. He appears to have been a fop, and of course soon became obnoxious to his scholars, who in a few days designated him by a nickname. None were more insubordinate than Hugh Miller. He was always in scrapes. On one occasion he exchanged blows with a boy of his own standing across the form ; both were called up, and received their palmies : his opponent began to cry ; Hugh said to him, "Ye big, blubbering blockhead, take that for a drubbing from me." He received a few more palmies, but did not care for that. On another occasion he had a quarrel with a desperate Mulatto, who drew his knife upon him ; but

instead of running, Miller drew his, and, quick as thought, stabbed him in the thigh. What turned out to be the conclusion of his school career, was rather a misfortune than a crime. The broad Scotch pronunciation which he had learned at the dame's school still clung to him ; and, moreover, he had not been taught to break the words into syllables. "When required one evening," says he, "to spell the word *awful*, I spelt it letter for letter, without break or pause, as a-w-f-u-l. 'No,' said the master, 'a-w, aw, f-u-l, *awful*, spell again.' This seemed preposterous spelling. It was sticking in an *a*, as I thought, into the middle of the word, where, I was sure, no *a* had a right to be ; and so I spelt it as at first. The master recompensed my supposed contumacy with a sharp cut athwart the ears with his tawse, and again demanding the spelling of the word ; I yet again spelt it as at first. But on receiving a second cut, I refused to spell it any more ; and determined on overcoming my obstinacy, he laid hold of me, and attempted throwing me down." This he found more difficult than he had expected ; for a time it seemed rather doubtful on which side the victory would turn. At length the pupil was tripped over a form ; and when he got to his feet again, he took his cap from off the peg, marched out of the school, and never more returned. Poor fellow ! his school days had been in a great degree wasted. Certainly, *he* had not sold his chance of immortality for a gilded book ! In the school he had been a wild, idle boy, but afterwards, as not seldom happens, by assiduous self-instruction, and indomitable toil, he raised himself to a high position in society, and gained permanent renown.

When just turned seventeen, Hugh Miller might have been seen dressed in a suit of strong moleskin clothes, and a pair of heavy hob-nailed shoes, waiting only for

the breaking up of the winter frosts, to begin work as a mason. Without labour neither well-being nor being is possible. The fish may leap in our streams and oceans ; our trees and bushes may be laden with fruit ; our hills and vales may support cattle, and all manner of four-footed beasts; our fields and gardens may produce corn, and breathe fragrance ; our springs and fountains may yield an ample supply of clearest, sweetest water ; but all this would profit us nothing ; we would starve amidst plenty; perish surrounded by abundance, were it not for labour ! We hold it as an axiom, that all who labour form but one community. The phrase—working-classes—means, or ought to mean, all who work. And they who do not work, fail to fulfil the first law of existence. Fain would uncles James and Sandy have seen their nephew rising to distinction in some one of the learned professions ; though the labour of their hands formed their only wealth, they offered to assist him in getting through college. But he had no wish, and, as he imagined, no peculiar fitness to be either a lawyer or a medical man, and true ministers he believed to be special creations of the grace of God. In this his uncles perfectly concurred; better be a poor mason ; better be anything honest, however humble, than an *uncalled* minister. Would to God this kind of belief were more general, for those manufactured out of ordinary men by professors, in a given number of years, only disgrace religion by their inanity and dullness. “Timber to timber,” said the conscientious minister at an ordination, when, prevented by a sense of duty from laying his hand upon the candidate’s head, he laid his walking-stick thereon, quietly remarking, “Timber to timber.” Apprenticed to the husband of one of his maternal aunts, Hugh Miller set to work in the quarry. David, by whom he was initiated into the mysteries of mason-craft, was a most

industrious and conscientious workman, with a good dash of eccentricity about him. On one occasion, when a too heavily loaded boat was overtaken by a series of rippling seas, and suddenly sunk, leaving him up to the neck in water, he merely said to his partner, on seeing his favourite snuff-mull go floating past, "Od, Andro, man, just rax out your han' and tak' in my snuff-box." On another, when a large mass of boulder-clay tumbled into the quarry with such force, that it bent a massive iron lever like a bow, and crushed a strong wheelbarrow to fragments, he relieved the minds of his workmen, who expected to find him as flat as a flounder, by remarking, "Od, I draid, Andro, man, we have lost our good barrow." At first, the old man was of opinion that his relative would make but a poor workman, and he frequently complained to his wife about her stupid nephew. The lad laboured under disadvantages; in his absent fits he was almost impervious to instruction; and again, when the undertakings of his schoolboy days involved the building of a house, he used to be the mason. All this he had to unlearn, and in the course of a few months he did unlearn it all; and then, having acquired a considerable mastery over the mallet, he astonished his uncle one morning by setting himself to compete with him, and by hewing nearly two feet of pavement for his one. And so David came to the conclusion, that he would turn out a grand workman after all. In the quarry, and that still more vulgar place, the bothy, he learned more important lessons than were taught in either the grammar or subscription schools of Cromarty. Of this he himself was fully aware; hence that truly eloquent apostrophe to labour, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters." "Noble, upright, self-relying toil! Who that knows thy solid worth and value would be ashamed of thy hard hands, and thy soiled vestments,

and thy obscure tasks ; thy humble cottage, and hard couch, and homely fare ! save for thee and thy lessons, man in society would everywhere sink into a sad compound of the fiend and the wild beast, and this fallen world be as certainly a moral as a natural wilderness."

On the termination of his apprenticeship, work failing in the north, but promising to be abundant in the great towns of the south, Hugh Miller, bidding adieu to his beloved mother,—who, after a long widowhood of more than eleven years, had entered into a second marriage,—and his worthy uncles, sailed from his native Cromarty, for "stately Edinburgh, throned on crags." With that true eye for the beautiful and the sublime, whether in art or nature, which never failed him, he spent some time in surveying the palaces and towers, the characteristic streets and picturesque scenes of the Scottish capital, and then commenced work at a manor-house, a few miles to the south of Edinburgh. His fellow-workmen were accomplished stonemasons, but tainted in even an extreme degree with narrowness and exclusiveness. And when, instead of breaking down in the trial, the foreman estimated his services at the same rate as their own, he became an object of undisguised hostility and dislike. He was, they said, "a Highlander newly come to Scotland," and, if not chased northwards again, would carry home with him half the money in the country. The builders criticised very unfairly the workmanship of the stones which he hewed, and said they could not lay them; the hewers refused to assist him in carrying in or in turning the weightier blocks on which he wrought; but the foreman, a worthy, pious man, stood his friend, and encouraged him to persevere. "Do not suffer yourself to be driven from the work," said he, "and they will soon tire out, and leave you to pursue your own course. I know exactly the nature of your offence; you do not

drink with them, or treat them ; but they will soon cease to expect that you should ; and, when once they find that you are not to be coerced or driven off, they will let you alone." Hugh Miller was a stubborn individual ; so, instead of bending his neck to their yoke, he resolutely refused to yield to their mean practices. To use his own words, " It is only a weak man whom the wind deprives of his cloak ; a man of the average strength is more in danger of losing it when assailed by the genial beams of a too kindly sun." It was well that the Norlander had courage to think and act for himself, otherwise the consequences might have been fatal. Two-thirds of the masons at Niddry House devoted the Monday and Tuesday after pay-day to drinking and debauchery. Of course they scoffed at religion. " Johnnie, boy, if you set yourself to convert me, I'll brak your face ;" " Kirks ar no very bad things, after a' ;" " I aye liked to be in a kirk, for the sake of decency, once a twelvemonth ;" " I hav'na' been kirked for the last ten months, but I'm just only waiting for a rainy Sabbath, to lay in a stock o' divinity for the year," were remarks often heard in the workshed. With the exception of some three or four devout men, the squad was well represented by its hero, Charles, a demoralized, reckless, yet generous-hearted fellow, the only blackguard Hugh Miller ever found possessing magnanimity and other noble virtues. Winter came on, and the weekly wages were lowered from twenty-four to fifteen shillings per week. This was too great a reduction, according to Miller's own calculation, by about one shilling and ninepence. And so, on coming to his work one Monday morning, he learned that there was a grand strike all over the district. He received the intelligence with as little of the enthusiasm of the " independent associated mechanic" as possibly may be. " You are right in your claims," he said to Charles ; " but you

have taken a bad time for urging them, and will be beaten to a certainty. The masters are much better prepared for a strike than you are. How, may I ask, are you yourself prepared with the sinews of war?" "Very ill, indeed," said Charles, scratching his head; "if the masters don't give in before Saturday, it's all up with me!" Miller resolutely stood aloof from the combination, obstinately refused to lift a finger in assertion of the alleged rights of fellows who had no respect for rights that were indisputably his. Some have blamed him for this; in our opinion, he deserved praise. He had sagacity enough to discover that reason and common sense had no place in the councils of trade societies; and too independent a mind to submit to their odious dictation. We wonder that men, calling themselves free-born Britons, should promulgate arbitrary rules, and erect tyrannical tribunals. It is said that Ireland lost the flannel, lace, silk, and glove trade, through the exactions and demands of such societies. This is certain, that a large employer in the iron trade removed his capital from Dublin because of the interference of the union. Daniel O'Connell denounced absenteeism as a curse to his country, and laid a multitude of the wrongs that afflicted his fatherland at the door of Saxon mal-administration; and yet this very man said that trades' unions had done more evil to Ireland than absenteeism and Saxon mal-administration put together. For masters or committees to attempt to fix the rate of wages is unjust and impolitic. Every man has a right to make the most and the best of himself. Skilled artisans are, in sober fact, wealthier men than the majority of ministers; yet, if the latter were to strike to-morrow, we should vehemently oppose going for a uniform rate of wages. Some men are worth their weight of gold; other men are not worth their weight of lead. Trades' unions throw obstacles in the way of unprofes-

sional but ingenious mechanics, like George Stephenson. They are not allowed to compete with others in the skilled labour market. We hold that every man ought to have a chance to rise. Would it be right for employers to combine to prevent journeymen from becoming masters? If not, why refuse to work with men whose services are equal, perhaps superior, to your own, because they have been self-helped? Shame upon the hundreds of thousands of our countrymen who are afraid of competing with others less favoured in their youth than they, and who tremble to give a fair stage to every man! All hail the day when monopoly, intimidation, and coercion shall cease; when every act of oppression, whether on the part of a government, a master, or a trades' union, shall be received with indignation; when every man with a head upon his shoulders, and a heart to work, shall be welcomed as a brother! Foolish and futile have the mass of combinations been. The remedy has been worse than the disease. Men have come out for an advance of wages, and after a few months' idleness, and a loss of some £50,000 or £150,000, as a rule go back to work at the old wages, but under conditions considerably more stringent than before. If men had sufficient self-reliance to set themselves to labour apart on their own internal resources, it would be all the better for them. We are aware that a good deal might be said in favour of these unions. Centuries ago oppression was rampant; the strong ruled the weak with a heavy hand; the employers disregarded the rights of the employed; and the working classes thought it necessary to combine for self-defence and the recovery of their freedom. Justice and liberality, equity and generosity, fair and open dealing on the part of the masters, would render these strikes, so disastrous to the country, so paralyzing to labour, and crippling to capital, impossible.

There are at least some establishments where the workers are treated in such a way that there is no danger of a strike. In the year 1842, when there was a general strike among the colliers, those employed by one master remained true to him. They unanimously agreed to address him, and in their address said,—“With the voice of one man, we declare our design to defend your honour, and all in connection with you.” Lord Ellesmere’s reply explained how the affections of these rude, ignorant men, had been won. “It cannot be too widely known how liberally the working classes of this country are disposed to reward with their goodwill and affection those to whom, rightly or wrongly, they attribute similar feelings towards themselves.” So, masters, we do not impose upon you an impossibility, for the colliers are the worst class of workmen to manage.

But we have been forgetting ourselves. After two years’ labour, Hugh Miller felt that he was losing flesh and strength, and resolved to return, for a time at least, to his native north; and after a tedious voyage of seven days, was warmly welcomed on the beach of Cromarty by his two uncles, and other friends and relations. About this time he underwent the most important of all changes in the history of the human soul; that change which affects all a man’s relations to God and to the whole moral universe beside. “A grand epoch for a man; properly, the one epoch; the turning point which guides, upwards or downwards, him and his activity for evermore.” From the Sabbath day catechisings of his uncles, the readings of the old divines, and the teachings of the pulpit, he had, in common with his countrymen, acquired a considerable amount of religious knowledge. He had, moreover, when in Edinburgh, seen the pious seceder retiring every night, before going to bed, to his closet, the blue vault with all its

stars; but his faith had not embraced Christianity in its spirit and its life. On his return to Cromarty he found an old companion, under the power of religious impressions, throwing up a remunerative business, and preparing for the work of the ministry, although he had no influence and no patron. The perfect disinterestedness of his friend's abnegation of every worldly prospect deeply impressed him, and his religion became a religion of the heart. Hugh Miller shall tell the story of his conversion in his own words:—"I was led to see at this time, through the instrumentality of my friend, that my theologic system had previously wanted a central object, to which the heart, as certainly as the intellect, could attach itself; and that the true centre of an efficient *Christianity* is, as the name ought of itself to indicate, 'the Word made flesh.' Around this central sun of the Christian system,—appreciated, however, not as a *doctrine*, which is a mere abstraction, but as a Divine Person, so truly man, that the affections of the human heart can lay hold upon Him, and so truly God, that the mind, through faith, can at all times, and in all places, be brought into direct contact with Him,—all that is really religious takes its place in a subsidiary and subordinate relation. I say, subsidiary and subordinate. The Divine Man is the great attractive centre, the sole gravitating point of a system, which owes Him all its coherency, and which would be but a chaos were He away. It seems to be the existence of the human nature, in this central and paramount object, that imparts to Christianity, in its subjective character, its peculiar power of influencing and controlling the human mind. There may be men who, through a peculiar idiosyncracy of constitution, are capable of loving, after a sort, an abstract God, unseen and unconceivable, though, as shown by the air of sickly sentimentality borne by

almost all that has been said and written on the subject, the feeling, in its true form, must be a very rare and exceptional one. In all my experience of men, I never knew a genuine instance of it. The love of an abstract God seems to be as little natural to the ordinary human constitution, as the love of an abstract sun or planet.

. The true Humanity and true Divinity of the adorable Saviour is a truth equally receivable by at once the humblest and the loftiest intellects. Poor dying children, possessed of but a few simple ideas, and men of the most robust intellects, such as the Chalmerses, Fosters, and Halls of the Christian church, find themselves equally able to rest upon the *man* “Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever.” Of this fundamental truth of the two natures, that condensed enunciation of the Gospel which forms the watchword of our faith, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’ is a direct and palpable embodiment; and Christianity is but a mere name without it. The theologians have, perhaps, too frequently dwelt on the Saviour’s vicarious satisfaction for human sin in its relation to the offended justice of the Father. How, or on what principle, the Father was satisfied, I know not, and may never know. The enunciation regarding vicarious satisfaction may be properly received in faith as a *fact*; but I suspect not properly reasoned upon until we shall be able to bring the moral sense of Deity, with its requirements, within the limits of a small and trivial logic. But the thorough adaptation of the scheme to man’s nature is greatly more appreciable, and lies fully within the reach of observation and experience. And how thorough that adaptation is, all who have really looked at the matter ought to be competent to say.” This brief outline of Hugh Miller’s faith is in perfect harmony with the oracles of divine

truth. The object of faith is not a history, not a name, not an office, not a work, but a *personal, living, divine* Saviour. In the well-known accents of our kinsman-Redeemer, we hear the very voice of the Eternal ; and in drawing near to one who has a heart touched with the feeling of our infirmities, we feel that now we can cast ourselves, as penitent children, upon the Fatherhood of God.

After breathing his native air for a few months, his constitution threw off the malady, and he began to experience the enjoyment of the convalescent. During this pleasant period he amused himself in hewing for his uncles, from an original design, an ornate dial-stone, which still exists, a memorial of his superior skill, even in the more elaborate and ornamental department of the craft. When his health had become fully established, he commenced executing sculptured tablets in his native town and neighbourhood, of a higher style than had been attempted in the north, and also to some extent, we doubt not, improving the literature of God's acre ; certainly not one of the least necessary things. What lamentable proofs of bad taste are furnished by our monumental inscriptions. Addison has well said,—“ Some epitaphs are so extravagant, that the dead person would blush ; and others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek and Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth.” Fuller hit the characteristics of a fitting epitaph, when he said that “ the shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are the best.” We fear Byron's couplet is not more satiric than truthful,—

“ When all is done, upon their tombs are seen,
Not what they are, but what they should have been.”

The complimentary terms, in which epitaphs are usually expressed, quite explain the question of the child who

inquired, in astonishment, where they buried the bad people? As for odd and ridiculous epitaphs, their number is legion. How shocking the following, which may be read in a churchyard in Ayrshire:—

“ Wha is it that’s lying here ?
Robin Wood, ye needna speer.
Eh, Robin, is this you ?
Ou, aye ; but I’m deed noo !”

Who, even in the colony of death, can banish comic feelings on reading the following stanza, composed by four magistrates ; the first of whom wrote—

“ Here lies Anderson, Provost of Dundee.”

The second, at the expense of tautology and grammar, wrote—

“ Here lies Him, here lies He !”

The third, availing himself of a poet’s liberty, wrote—

“ Hallelujah ! Hallelujee !”

And the fourth, recurring to the source of all knowledge, wrote—

“ A, B, C, D, E, F, G !”

The Town Council passed a vote of thanks upon the authors, and caused the lines to be engraved on the worthy provost’s monument ! And what irreverent blunders does the mason sometimes commit, as he sits upon the gravestone, whistling cheerfully at his task ? An English mason, hired by a bereaved widower to erect a tombstone to his wife, instead of engraving that fine aphorism of the royal sage, “ A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,” corrupted the text, by substituting “ 5s.” for the “ crown ” ! Hugh Miller’s biblical knowledge and literary tastes prevented him from falling

into such mistakes. Work becoming scarce about Cromarty, under advice of a friend, who had a high opinion of his merits as a sculptor, he paid a visit to Inverness in the year 1828, and inserted an advertisement in one of the newspapers, asking leave to toil ; and, as even Scotch masons make curious enough mistakes now and then, Hugh Miller thought it would be a point of some importance gained could he certify the Inverness people that he at least had literature sufficient to enable him to cut inscriptions. So, having a letter of introduction to an influential minister, he repaired at once to the manse. After waiting a considerable length of time in the ante-room, amidst pauper women who had come for their weekly allowances, and young men, some of whom wanted to be married, others to get their children baptized, he obtained an interview, and presented his reverence with the letter, together with an ode to the Ness, which he had just completed. The minister graciously condescended to read both. At the close of the latter, which was read aloud and with great deliberation, he paused, looked puzzled, and then unfortunately commenced to criticise. “ You use a word that is not English,—‘ Thy winding *marge* along.’ *Marge*! What is *marge*? ” “ You will find it in Johnson,” said the stonemason. “ Ah, but we must not use all the words that we find in Johnson.” “ But the poets make frequent use of it.” “ What poets? ” “ Spenser.” “ Too old, too old; no authority now.” “ But the Wartons also use it.” “ I don’t know the Wartons.” “ It occurs also in one of the most finished sonnets of Henry Kirke White.” “ What sonnet? ” “ That to the river Trent,—

“ ‘ Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly *marge*,
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly set at large,
Woos to his woe-worn cheek the pleasant gale.’ ”

The parish priest belonged to that rather numerous class who claim authority on the ground of their office, and keep the “gloss of the clerical enamel” peculiarly bright. He had, moreover, been so accustomed to be deferred to, that he occasionally forgot that he was not a standard himself. No wonder, then, that this unexpected appeal to the highest authorities, on behalf of a word he had declared obsolete, so ruffled his temper that he hurried the poor mason to the door, and called in one of the old withered women. “This,” said Hugh Miller to himself, as he stepped into the street, “is the sort of patronage which letters of introduction procure for one. I don’t think I’ll seek any more of it.” He next addressed the members of the Northern Institution in a somewhat lengthy poem, which they do not seem to have deemed worthy of notice. It was then, accompanied by a letter of explanation, despatched to the newspaper. Alas! a single line in *italics*, in the next number, intimated that it was not to appear. But a great mind is not cowed by mortification and disappointment. Hugh Miller resolved to look less to others, and to put more confidence in his own powers, and trod along the street half an inch higher on the strength of the resolution ; and, as if to reward his magnanimity, he immediately got an order for cutting an inscription, and two little jobs in Cromarty besides, which he was to execute on his return home. Before quitting Inverness, he was informed of a sad bereavement. Uncle James, who had been so tolerant of his boyish follies, and had unwittingly flattered his vanity by taking him pretty much at his own estimate, was no more ; and, on reaching Cromarty, he found his mother making the grave-clothes. He devoted the few weeks which still remained of the working season to the hewing of a tombstone for his uncle, on which he inscribed an epitaph, which had the rare merit of being true. It

characterized “James Wright” as “an honest, warm-hearted man, who had the happiness of living without reproach, and of dying without fear.” Hugh Miller was honoured with many remarkable visitors when working in the churchyard. The minister, the late Mr. Stewart, of Cromarty, a most original thinker and profound theologian, and withal a most genial man, marvellously devoid of official pomposity, would stand beside him for hours, discussing every sort of subject, from the deeds of moderate divines to the ideas of Isaac Taylor on the corruptions of Christianity, or the possibilities of the future state. As a set-off against his interview with the Inverness parson, we shall state his first, or rather first and second, conversations with the minister of Cromarty. “Well, lad, it is your dinner hour; I hear I have a poet among my people.” “I doubt it much.” “Well, one may fall short of being a poet, and yet gain by exercising one’s tastes and talents in the poetic walk. The accomplishment of verse is at least not a vulgar one.” The conversation went on as they passed along the street, and the minister stood awhile opposite the manse door, quite at home with the man in moleskin. “I am forming,” said he, “a small library for our Sabbath school scholars and teachers; most of the books are simple enough little things; but it contains a few works of the intellectual class. Call upon me this evening, that we may look over them, and you may perhaps find among them some volumes you would wish to read.” The mason waited upon him in the evening, and perceived that the minister was curiously sounding him, and taking his measure in all directions. He inquired regarding his reading, and found that in the belles-lettres, especially in English literature, it was about as extensive as his own. He next inquired respecting his acquaintance with the metaphysicians. “Had he read

Reid?" "Yes." "Brown?" "Yes." "Hume?" "Yes." "Ah, ah! Hume!! By the way, has he not something very ingenious about miracles? Do you remember his argument?" The mechanic stated the argument. "Ah, very ingenious, most ingenious. And how would you answer that?" He said—"He thought he could give an abstract of the reply of Campbell," and sketched in outline the reverend doctor's argument. "And do you deem that satisfactory?" said the minister. "No, not at all," he replied. "No, no! *that's* not satisfactory." "But perfectly satisfactory, that such is the general partiality for the better side, that the worse argument has been received as perfectly adequate for the last sixty years." Mr. Stewart's face gleamed with the rich humour that entered so largely into his constitution, and the conversation turned into other channels. In that graveyard the stonemason made the acquaintance of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; and, mallet in hand, questioned Professor Pillans, of the Edinburgh University, concerning the cohesive agent in the non-calcareous sandstone, which he was engaged in hewing. Not unfrequently he had a still more interesting class of visitors, accomplished, intellectual ladies, with whom he discussed interesting topics in science and literature. One day, when the Cromarty poet was engaged in conversation with two elderly females, a young lady, too beautiful to be harmless, came running down the walk, and addressing the other two, apparently quite in a flurry—"O, come, come away, I have been seeking you ever so long." She stayed scarce a minute, ere she tripped off again, nor did Hugh Miller perceive that she favoured him with a single glance. In Edinburgh, she had received all the advantages which a first-rate education could confer, and in England had enjoyed the advantages of superior position: of course she had many admirers;

fine young fellows, who dressed well, looked well, and had good prospects! But Lydia Mackenzie Fraser's mental powers were equal to her personal charms, and in that dust-besprinkled mechanic, in his shirt sleeves, and with leather apron before him, she discerned a truly noble man! In about a twelvemonth they came to a mutual understanding; and as the young lady's mother, on the first blush of the thing, deemed an operative mason no very fitting match for her daughter, they prudently agreed to delay the marriage for three years; and if, during that period, no suitable field of exertion should turn up at home, they should then leave Scotland for America, and share together, in the land of their adoption, whatever might be in store for them.

Two of the three years had well nigh rolled away, and Hugh Miller began seriously to think about the backwoods of America. But Providence had ordained differently. Cromarty, though a town of considerable trade, was unfurnished with a branch bank; but at length the Commercial Bank of Scotland agreed to make it the scene of one of its agencies, and arranged with a sagacious and successful merchant of the place to act as its agent. One morning, Miller received an invitation to breakfast with Mr. Ross, and after partaking of the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate, to his astonishment, was offered the accountantship of the branch bank. "After a pause of a full half-minute, I said that the walk was one in which I had no experience whatever; that even the little knowledge of figures which I had acquired at school had been suffered to fade and get dim in my mind from want of practice; and that I feared I would make but a very indifferent accountant. 'I shall undertake for you,' said Mr. Ross, 'and do my best to assist you. All you have to do at present is just to signify your acceptance of the offer made.' I referred

to the young man who, I understood, had been already nominated accountant. Mr. Ross stated that, being wholly a stranger to him, and as the office was one of great trust, he had, as the responsible party, sought the security of a guarantee, which the gentleman who had recommended the young man declined to give; and so his recommendation had fallen to the ground. "But I can give you no guarantee," I said. "From you," rejoined Mr. Ross, "none shall ever be asked." He sailed from Cromarty at the end of November, in the year 1834, in an old, and hardly seaworthy coasting vessel, for Edinburgh, with the view of gaining the necessary experience of the workings of a branch bank; and, after a very rough passage, landed at Leith on a bleak December morning, just in time to escape a tremendous storm. Being now upwards of thirty-two years of age, he was somewhat afraid that he might fail to pass muster as an accountant. He determined, however, that, if unsuccessful, it should not be for want of patient labour, and entered Edinburgh in something like spirits on the ground of that resolution. Linlithgow was the place fixed on as the scene of his initiation into the mysteries of his new calling. He must have been exceedingly awkward as a pupil-accountant: for the agent having gone to Edinburgh a few days after his arrival, intimated in the head office that it would be in vain to attempt making "yon man" a bank clerk. At length he grasped the system; and just as he had reached this stage, the accountant was called away to an appointment in England, and the manager again going into Edinburgh, left him in charge of the bank. He was asked how, in the absence of the accountant, he could get away. He said he had left Miller in the office. "What! the *incompetent*?" "O, that," replied he, "is all a mistake; the incompetent

has already mastered our system." After a residence of about two months in Linlithgow, Hugh Miller returned to Cromarty, and was regularly installed accountant of the Commercial Bank, now opened in his native town. The two years of probation came to a close; and after a courtship of five years, he was united to Lydia Mackenzie Fraser, by his minister, Mr. Stewart. A house built by his father for himself, forty years before, formed their home for the three following years.

It was in the middle of the year 1839 that Hugh Miller first struggled into name and notice. A fierce controversy was then raging between the Scottish Church and the Imperial Parliament; the disruption loomed over the future, and men's hearts failed them for fear. The kirk possesses imperishable memories, and is the Scotchman's boast. For that theology which Calvin and Knox systematized; for those psalms and that catechism, which still continue to form the opinions of her earnest and sturdy youth, the Northern is ready to stain the heather with his blood. In the hour of the church's peril, the bank clerk learned to know how much he really valued her; how strong and numerous the associations that bound her to his affections: and with all the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, plunged into the thick of the fight. His zeal warmed swiftly to white heat. When respectable men in almost every inn and stage-coach were inveighing against the utter folly of the non-intrusionists, and the worse than madness of the church courts, he was passing sleepless nights and undertaking long journeys, to glean from actual observation the materials of a truthful description, which he trusted would help those better ministers who were trying to rescue from the hands of an aristocracy who, as a body at least, had no spiritual interest in the church, a patrimony won for them by the blood of their fathers,

during the struggles and sufferings of more than a hundred years. Such zeal and such writing thrilled electrically over Scotland. All the Edinburgh press, with the exception of one newspaper, had declared against the evangelical party. To start an organ of their own was a comparatively easy matter: but all the ready-made editors of the kingdom had declared against them, too; and the peculiar difficulty was to find one able to make such a journal respected. Speedily it became known, that in the obscure town of Cromarty,

“Mid humble dwellings born,”

there lived a man, whose peculiar training, peculiar reading, and peculiar genius, every way fitted him for the editorship of the projected newspaper. A letter was despatched to the north, inviting the quondam stonemason to meet, in the Scottish capital, the men so soon to figure as the heroes of the Disruption. After calmly balancing the arguments, he concluded that the hand of God was in the arrangement, accepted the editorial chair of the newspaper, and returned to Cromarty to fulfil his engagements with the bank till the close of its financial year, which, in the Commercial Bank offices, takes place at the end of autumn. It was arranged that the first number of the *Witness* should appear on the 15th January, 1840. During the intervening weeks, the editor-elect was fortunate enough to find specimens on which Agassiz has founded two of his fossil species; got at parting, an elegant breakfast-service of plate, from a kind and numerous circle of friends, of all shades of politics, and both sides of the church-controversy; was honoured with a public dinner, at which Uncle Sandy was present, and had his health most cordially drunk by the company in the character of Mr. Miller’s best and earliest friend. At the close of the speech

made by the guest of the evening, the fiddlers struck up, as well they might,—

“A man’s a man for a’ that.”

Then, taking leave of his mother and uncle, of his respected minister, and his esteemed superior in the bank, Mr. Ross, he set out for the metropolis, and in a few days was seated at the editorial desk. We do not at present follow him as he descends into the arena of ecclesiastical conflict: how admirably he was fitted for the mighty task for which he girt himself; how well he filled the difficult position of defender of sacred and spiritual privileges; how signal the service he rendered the Free Church during the seventeen years he conducted the *Witness*, will appear when we come to view Mr. Miller from another stand-point. Soon after his connection with the *Witness*, he was offered a situation on the *Times*. The salary was such as showed the high estimate of his powers entertained by the proprietors; but circumstances prevented its acceptance. In the course of the first three years, his employers doubled his editorial income. The money originally invested in the *Witness*, was offered him through Dr. Chalmers, as a sort of honorarium; but as firmly refused as it was handsomely tendered. At a subsequent period, Professor Miller, as the representative of a select circle of wealthy Free Churchmen, waited upon him to intimate a resolution to bestow a testimonial, in the shape of a mansion; but this proposal was also declined. “I know,” said the editor in reply, “that as the defender of Free Church principles, my intentions have been pure and loyal; but I am not quite sure I have always been successful in doing the right thing, nor have I done anything that is worthy of such consideration from my friends. I believe my way is to make yet.”

Towards the close of his life—we believe in the year 1852, Hugh Miller betook himself to the platform. His maiden speech was delivered to an audience of working men ; his chairman was the Duke of Argyle. George Stephenson once said to Sir Robert Peel, “ Why, of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab.” Certainly the career of not a few amongst our contemporaries has proven that eloquence has a power greater far than parchment pedigrees. Mr. Miller, however, was too late in taking the field to acquire the readiness and fluency necessary to render his public discourses very comfortable to himself. His composition was beautiful, his reasoning logical, his illustrations brilliant, but his oratory was defective. No enthusiasm shone on his face, or quivered on his lips. He could *feed*, not thrill or tickle his auditory. Nevertheless, though totally unacquainted with the tricks of the lecture-room, he was highly popular. “ It is intolerable,” said one, “ to think of the literary coteries of London being overcrowded in the accent of an Ecclefechan carter.” It may seem equally strange that the Cromarty mason, whose oral instructions were scarcely intelligible to southern ears, should have been among the most acceptable lecturers that appeared in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the Young Men’s Christian Association. In Glasgow, multitudes flocked to listen to him discoursing on the mysteries of geology, while at Edinburgh numerous and brilliant companies met, in Queen Street Hall, to hear him discuss recondite subjects. We may add, that such services were always cheerfully and readily given, when time and strength would allow, without fee or reward, solely for the luxury of doing good. This sentiment was highly honourable to him ; still, it is well to remember, and also to illustrate the principle—sound according to the ac-

cepted doctrines of political economy,—that all labourers should share in the profits of labour; and that this share should be more or less, as the profits of labour rise or fall.

We come now to the closing scene. Let the accomplished biographer of Chalmers tell that awful story:—“In the belief,” says Dr. Hanna, “that nothing touching the character and memory of such a man can be regarded with other than the deepest interest, the friends of Mr. Hugh Miller have thought it due at once to his great name, and to the cause of truth, to lay fully before the public a statement of the most mournful circumstances under which he has departed from this life. For some months past, his over-tasked intellect had given evidence of disorder. He became the prey of false, exaggerated alarms. He fancied—if, indeed, it was a fancy—that occasionally, and for brief intervals, his faculties quite failed him—that his mind broke down. He was engaged at this time with a treatise on the ‘Testimony of the Rocks,’ upon which he was putting out all his strength—working at his topmost pitch of intensity. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the windows of that room, which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume, and the close of the writer’s life. This over-working of the brain began to tell upon his mental health. He had always been somewhat moodily apprehensive of being attacked by footpads, and he carried loaded firearms about his person. Latterly, having occasion sometimes to return to Portobello from Edinburgh at unseasonable hours, he had furnished himself with a revolver. But now, to all his old fears as to attacks upon his person, there was added an exciting and overmastering impression that his house, and especially his museum, the fruit of so much care, which was contained in a separate outer building, were exposed to

the assaults of burglars. He read all the recent stories of house robberies. He believed that one night lately an actual attempt to break in upon his museum had been made. Visions of ticket-of-leave men prowling about his premises haunted him by day and by night. The revolver, which lay nightly near him, was not enough; a broad-bladed dagger was kept beside it; whilst behind him, at his bed-head, a claymore stood ready at hand. A week or so ago, a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself, in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent. The terrible idea that his brain was deeply and hopelessly diseased—that his mind was on the verge of ruin—took hold of him, and stood out before his eye in all that appalling magnitude in which such an imagination as his alone could picture it. It was mostly at night that these wild paroxysms of the brain visited him; but, until last Monday, he had spoken of them to no one. A friend, who had a long conversation with him on the Thursday of last week, never enjoyed an interview more, or remembers him in a more genial mood. On Saturday forenoon another friend from Edinburgh found him in the same happy frame. On the forenoon of Sunday last he worshipped in the Free Church at Portobello, and in the evening read a little work (the 'Polestar of Faith') which had been put into his hands—penning a brief notice of it, his last contribution to the *Witness*. About ten o'clock on Monday morning he took what, with him, was an altogether unusual step. He called on Dr. Balfour, in Portobello, to consult him as to his state of health. 'On my asking,' says Dr. Balfour, in a communication with which we have been favoured, 'what was the matter with him, he replied, "My brain is giving way. I cannot put two thoughts together to-day; I have had a dreadful

night of it; I cannot face another such; I was impressed with the idea that my museum was attacked by robbers, and that I had got up, put on my clothes, and gone out with a loaded pistol to shoot them. Immediately after that I became unconscious. How long that continued I cannot say; but when I awoke in the morning I was trembling all over, and quite confused in my brain. On rising, I felt as if a stiletto was suddenly, and as quietly as an electric shock, passed through my brain from front to back, and left a burning sensation on the top of my brain, just below the bone. So thoroughly convinced was I that I must have been out through the night, that I examined my trousers to see if they were wet or covered with mud, but I could find none." He further said,—"I may state that I was somewhat similarly affected through the night twice last week, and I examined my trousers in the morning to see if I had been out. Still, the terrible sensations were not nearly so bad as they were last night; and I may further inform you, that towards the end of last week, while passing through the Exchange in Edinburgh, I was seized with such a giddiness, that I staggered, and would, I think, have fallen, had I not got into an entry, where I leaned against the wall, and became quite unconscious for some seconds." Dr. Balfour stated his opinion of the case, told him that he was over-working his brain, and agreed to call on him on the following day, to make a fuller examination. Meanwhile, the quick eye of affection had noticed that there was something wrong, and on Monday forenoon Mrs. Miller came up to Edinburgh, to express her anxiety to Professor Miller, and request that he would see her husband. 'I arranged,' says Professor Miller, 'to meet Dr. Balfour at Shrubmount (Mr. Hugh Miller's house) on the afternoon of next day. We met accordingly, at half-past three, on Tuesday. He was a little annoyed at Mrs. Miller's having given me the

trouble, as he called it, but received me quite in his ordinary kind, friendly manner. We examined his chest, and found that unusually well; but soon we discovered that it was head symptoms that made him uneasy. He acknowledged having been, night after night, up till very late in the morning, working hard and continuously at his new book, "which," with much satisfaction, he said, "I have finished this day." He was sensible that his head had suffered in consequence, as evidenced in two ways:—first, occasionally, he felt as if a very fine poniard had been suddenly passed through and through his brain. The pain was intense, and momentarily followed by confusion and giddiness, and the sense of being "very drunk"—unable to stand or walk. He thought that a period of unconsciousness must have followed this—a kind of swoon, but he had never fallen. Second,—what annoyed him most, however, was a kind of nightmare, which for some nights past had rendered sleep most miserable. It was no dream, he said; he saw no distinct vision, and could remember nothing of what had passed accurately. It was a sense of vague and yet intense horror, with a conviction of being abroad in the night wind, and dragged through places, as if by some invisible power. "Last night," he said, "I felt as if I had been ridden by a witch for fifty miles, and rose far more wearied in mind and body than when I lay down." So strong was his conviction of having been out, that he had difficulty of persuading himself to the contrary, by carefully examining his clothes in the morning, to see if they were not wet or dirty; and he looked inquiringly and anxiously to his wife, asking if she was sure he had not been out, and walking in this disturbed trance or dream. His pulse was quiet, but tongue foul. The head was not hot, but he could not say it was free from pain. We came to the conclusion that he was suffering from an over-worked

mind, disordering his digestive organs, enervating his whole frame, and threatening serious head affection. We told him this, and enjoined absolute discontinuance of work, bed at eleven, light supper, (he had all his life-time made that a principal meal,) thinning the hair of the head, a warm sponging-bath at bedtime, &c. To all our commands he readily promised obedience, not forgetting the discontinuance of neck-rubbing, to which he had unfortunately been prevailed on to submit some days before. For fully an hour we talked together on these and other subjects, and I left him with no apprehension of impending evil, and little doubting but that a short time of rest and regimen would restore him to his wonted vigour.' It was a cheerful hour that was thus passed, and his wife and family partook of the hopeful feeling with which his kind friend, Professor Miller, had parted with him. It was now near dinner-hour, and the servant entered the room to spread the table. She found Mr. Miller in the room alone. Another of the paroxysms was on him. His face was such a picture of horror, that she shrank in terror from the sight. He flung himself on a sofa, and buried his head, as if in agony, upon the cushion. Again, however, the vision flitted by, and left him in perfect health. The evening was spent quietly with his family. During tea he employed himself in reading aloud Cowper's 'Castaway,' the 'Sonnet on Mary Unwin,' and one of the most playful pieces, for the special pleasure of his children. Having corrected some proofs of the forthcoming volume, he went upstairs to his study. At the appointed hour he had taken the bath, but, unfortunately, his natural and peculiar repugnance to physic had induced him to leave untaken the medicine that had been prescribed. He had retired into his sleeping-room—a small apartment opening out of his study, and which, for some time past, in consideration of

the delicate state of his wife's health, and the irregularities of his own hours of study, he occupied at night alone—and lain some time upon the bed. The horrible trance, more horrible than ever, must have returned. All that can now be known of what followed is to be gathered from the facts ; and next morning his body, half dressed, was found lying lifeless on the floor, the feet upon the study rug, and the chest pierced with the ball of the revolver pistol, which was found lying in the bath that stood close by. The deadly bullet had perforated the left lung, grazed the heart, cut through the pulmonary artery at its root, and lodged in the rib in the right side. Death must have been instantaneous. The servant, by whom the body was first discovered, acting with singular discretion, gave no alarm, but went instantly in search of the doctor and minister; and on the latter the melancholy duty was devolved of breaking the fearful intelligence to that now broken-hearted widow, over whose bitter sorrow it becomes us to draw the veil. The body was lifted, and laid upon the bed. We saw it there a few hours afterwards. The head lay back, sideways on the pillow. There was the massive brow, the firm-set, manly features we had so often looked upon admiringly, just as we had lately seen them—no touch or trace upon them of disease—nothing but that overspread pallor of death to distinguish them from what they had been ; but the expression of that countenance in death will live in our memory for ever. Death by gun-shot wounds is said to leave no trace of suffering behind ; and never was there a face of the dead freer from all shadow of pain, or grief, or conflict, than that of our dear departed friend. And as we bent over it, and remembered the troubled look it sometimes had in life, and thought what must have been the sublimely terrific expression that it wore at the moment when the fatal deed was done, we could not help thinking

that it lay there to tell us, in that expression of unruffled majestic repose that sat upon every feature, what we so assuredly believe, that the spirit had passed through a terrible tornado, in which reason had been broken down; but that it had made the great passage in safety, and stood looking back to us, in humble, grateful triumph, from the other side.

“ On looking round the room in which the body had been discovered, a folio sheet of paper was seen lying on the table. On the centre of the page the following lines were written; the last which that pen was ever to trace :—

“ ‘ Dearest Lydia,—My brain burns. I *must* have walked; and a fearful dream rises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns, as the recollection grows. My dear, dear wife, farewell !

“ ‘ HUGH MILLER.’

“ What a legacy of love to a broken-hearted family ! And to us and all who loved him, how pleasing to observe, in that bewildering hour, when the horror of that great darkness came down upon that noble spirit, and some hideous, shapeless phantom overpowered it, and took from it even the capacity to discern the right from the wrong, humility and faith and affection still kept their hold—amid the ruins of the intellect, that tender heart remaining still unbroken ! These last lines remain as the surest evidence of the mysterious power that laid his spirit prostrate, and of the noble elements of which that spirit was composed—humble, and reverent, and loving to the last.

“ On Friday, at the request of friends, and under the

authority of the procurator-fiscal, a *post mortem* examination of the body took place. We subjoin the result:—

“ Edinburgh, December 26, 1856.

“ We hereby certify, on soul and conscience, that we have this day examined the body of Mr. Hugh Miller, at Shrubmount, Portobello.

“ The cause of death we found to be a pistol-shot through the left side of the chest; and this, we are satisfied, was inflicted by his own hand.

“ From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity.

“ JAMES MILLER,
“ A. H. BALFOUR,
“ W. T. GARDNER,
“ A. M. EDWARDS.”

Humbling yet true is the saying, that much learning is often allied to madness; and it is but a thin partition which frequently separates betwixt the workings of genius, and the eccentricities of an imbecile mind. Sir Isaac Newton, before his death, was unable to comprehend the meaning of one of his own axioms. That strangely gifted son of genius, Dean Swift, died a lunatic. Even Hugh Miller, the geological king of Scotland, whose name was inscribed on the noblest page of modern history—the man of deep religious principle—died by his own hand! Well may we exclaim, “Lord, what is man?” But when the intellect had gone, and the power of genius had passed away, the heart was as strong as ever. On the eve of his marriage, he presented Miss Fraser with a pocket Bible, upon the blank pages of which he wrote,—

“ Lydia, since ill by sordid gift
 Were love like mine express’d,
 Take heaven’s best boon, this sacred Book,
 From him who loves thee best.
 Love strong as that I bear to thee
 Were sure unaptly told
 By dying flowers, or lifeless gems,
 Or soul-ensnaring gold.

“ I know ’twas He who formed this heart,
 Who seeks this heart to guide ;
 For why ?—He bids me love thee more
 Than all on earth beside—
 Yes, Lydia, bids me cleave to thee,
 As long this heart has cleaved :—
 Would, dearest, that His other laws
 Were half so well received !

“ Full many a change, my only love,
 On human life attends ;
 And at the cold sepulchral stone
 Th’ uncertain vista ends.
 How best to bear each various change,
 Should weal or woe befall,
 To love, live, die, this Sacred Book,
 Lydia, it tells us all.

“ Oh, much-beloved, our coming day
 To us is all unknown ;
 But sure we stand a broader mark
 Than they who stand alone.
 One knows it all : not His an eye
 Like ours, obscured and dim ;
 And, knowing us, He gives this Book,
 That we may know of Him.

“ His words, my love, are gracious words,
 And gracious thoughts express ;
 He cares e’en for each little bird
 That wings the blue abyss.

Of coming wants and woes He thought,
Ere want or woe began ;
And took to Him a human heart,
That He might feel for man.

“ Then, oh, my first, my only love,
The kindest, dearest, best !
On Him may all our hopes repose—
On Him our wishes rest.
His be the future’s doubtful day,
Let joy or grief befall ;
In life or death, in weal or woe,
Our God, our guide, our all”—

and that last epistle, which might be said to be written in his life’s blood, showed that his affections turned to her as strongly on the verge of eternity. One thing about his death is cheering ; he died a suicide, truly,—but it was incessant labour in the service of God and humanity that dug his grave. For him to live was Christ ; and, consequently, for him to die was gain.

“ A star hath left the kindling sky,
A lovely northern light ;
Many a planet is on high,
But that hath left the night.”

The people wept at his death, and sighed again over his obsequies. The din of business was hushed. Silence reigned in the metropolis, save where the funeral bell sounded its deep-toned knell. In that general assembly, controversy was hid, partisanship was laid aside, and men of all ranks, all classes, and of all creeds, vied with each other in presenting to the mighty dead the most solemn and sacred homage. It was no common loss the land mourned, on the 29th of December ; and amidst the ripples of individual grief, and the tidal surges of a nation’s lamentation, was the dust of Hugh Miller

laid in the Grange Cemetery, beside the dust of Thomas Chalmers.

We shall now, in the second place, speak of Hugh Miller as an *ecclesiastical polemic*. Freedom of religious opinion and worship is one of the great foundation stones of liberty. For Christ's sole right to rule His own house, and to regulate, without Cæsar's interference, the affairs of His church, His people have mounted the scaffold, embraced the stake, died in exile, and gone to heaven to wear the crown of martyrdom. The apostles publicly proclaimed this doctrine, “Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard.” Few countries have been more honoured than Scotland, to testify and to suffer for Christ's kingly crown. The vigorous, self-asserting Scotch were the very last to bow the neck to the yoke of popery: and when at last the lights of Iona were quenched, the darkness was but of short duration. John Knox, by the energy of his will, character, and preaching, freed his countrymen from that system of falsehood and of fraud. Soon after, an attempt was made to subject the Scotch to a sort of semi-papal rule, and the famous Hampton court was held, to convince Andrew Melville and his coadjutors how old-fashioned and anti-scriptural were their views; but neither crown nor crosier could induce them to accept the jurisdiction of a civil court in matters purely ecclesiastical. When the Dean of Edinburgh began to read the liturgy in the High Church of St. Giles, Jenny Geddes—honour to her memory!—lifted up her cutty-stool, and crying out, “Villain, wilt thou read the mass at my lug?” hurled it at his head! The Royal Commissioner dismissed the Glasgow General Assembly,

but the brave Alexander Henderson commanded the members to keep their places, and told them that, since the representative of an earthly power was so jealous about the honour of his master, it became the ministers of the Church of Christ to be zealous for the honour of theirs. During the long and bloody, but glorious years of persecution, not less than eighteen thousand were faithful unto death, and sleep in the wild glens, the dark mosses, and the misty mountains, waiting the resurrection of the just.

“ In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist, where the martyrs lay ;
Where Cameron’s sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.”

One fonder of exposing blemishes than extolling beauties may remind us of the theological austerities and warlike tendencies of the Covenanters. To such we reply, Our ancestors were truly noble and godlike men ; their purpose was as high as heaven ; and if the men of the present generation may not adopt their methods, and accept as orthodox every article of their creed, let them seek to

“ Roll their raptures, and to catch their fire.”

In the year 1712, the Act of Patronage was passed, by which the right of the people to choose their pastors was wrested from them ; and some years afterwards an attempt was made to deprive the people of the last vestige of popular privilege they yet enjoyed. This could not be borne, and the deep undertone of discontent found a voice in the celebrated sermon of Ebenezer Erskine, preached before the synod of Perth and Stirling, October 10, 1732. “The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.” Devout men hailed Erskine as a noble witness for the truth ; but,

alas ! the mass of the ministers were becoming deeply leavened with the spirit of Erastianism ; and the Church of Scotland, which had shone so resplendent among the churches of the Reformation, began to feel herself a wan ing light ; under the patronage of the State her lamp had well nigh gone out. Notwithstanding the narrowness of our self-imposed limits, we must be allowed to single out one specimen of by no means the worst class of men which, under the Robertsonian policy, filled her pulpits. A young dissenting licentiate had received appointments to preach in a parish in Buteshire. Some days after his advent, the parish minister called, and intimated, that as there was plenty of room in the manse, it was useless being at the expense of lodgings ; he might live with him. The clergyman then began to inquire about his habits of study, and his intentions as to sermon-making. “ Do you,” he said, “ mean to prepare fresh sermons for your people every week ? ” The seceder assenting, the moderate burst into a fit of laughter, and said, “ I have only preached four sermons during all the time I have been here. I deliver them every month. I always take care to change the texts, and I believe, that, with the exception of blind David, not one of my parishioners has found me out.” The Buteshire parson had also a new way of conducting his diets of visitation. “ I make intimation,” said he to the young minister, “ that the people of a given district are to meet me at a particular public-house, where I have dinner prepared for them. I go gradually round my parish in this way. And I believe,” he added, in a tone of quiet satire, “ the people relish my visitations much better than they are likely to do yours.” Robertson, whilst supporting to the utmost the rights of the patrons, always preserved the form of a call from the people ; but Dr. Hill, of St. Andrew’s, his successor in the leadership of the church, proposed that

the call be abolished. This shows how far the church had deflected from the doctrines and spirit of the Reformers. But amidst the faithless some were faithful. Dr. Thomas Hardy lifted up his bold and energetic voice, and declared that the experience of seventy years, and the revolt of one hundred thousand people, were proofs that absolute patronage was irreconcilable with the genius of presbytery. By-and-by evangelical men began to be born in an Erastian establishment. In the year 1814, Dr. Andrew Thomson became minister of St. George's, Edinburgh. From the pulpit, the platform, and through the press, he asserted, with all the manly splendour of his eloquence, the spiritual independence of the church. A storm began to gather, which was destined to burst over Scotland with the fury of a tornado. Evangelical leaders began to multiply. When many an Eli old and many a Samuel young were trembling for the ark of God, the Herculean Chalmers, with an energy of character and powers of oratory that astonished the church and the world, summoned his countrymen to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty ; Candlish, clear, cogent, and logical, laid hold of the webs of sophistry woven by the moderates, and tore them to shreds ; Guthrie, with the Covenanting sentiment burning and flashing in his heart, fought over again the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell, and warned the Imperial Parliament to tread lightly on the consciences of Scottish people. It was then that Hugh Miller commenced his singularly successful career as an ecclesiastical polemic by addressing the following letter to Lord Brougham:—

“ With many thousands of my countrymen, I have waited in deep anxiety for your lordship’s opinion on the Auchterarder case. Aware that what may seem clear, as a matter of right, may yet be exceedingly doubtful as a

question of law ; aware, too, that your lordship had to decide in this matter, not as legislator, but as a judge, I was afraid, that though you yourself might be our friend, yet you might have to pronounce the law our enemy. And yet, the bare majority by which the case had been carried against us in the Court of Session—the consideration, too, that the judges, who had declared in our favour, rank among the ablest lawyers and most accomplished men that our country has ever produced, had inclined me to hope that the statute-book, as interpreted by your lordship, might not be found very decidedly against us. But of you yourself, my lord, I could entertain no doubt. You had exerted all your energies in sweeping away the Old Sarums and East Retfords of the constitution. Could I once harbour the suspicion, that you had become tolerant of the Old Sarums and East Retfords of the church ! You had declared, whether wisely or otherwise, that men possessed of no property qualification, and as humble and as little taught as the individual who now addresses you, should be admitted, on the strength of their moral and intellectual qualities alone, to exercise a voice in the legislature of the country. Could I suppose for a moment, that you deemed that portion of these very men, which falls to the share of Scotland, unfitted to exercise a voice in the election of a parish minister !—or rather, for I understate the case, that you held them unworthy of being emancipated from the thraldom of a degrading law—the remnant of a barbarous code, which conveys them over by thousands, and miles square, to the charge of patronage-courting clergymen, practically unacquainted with the religion they profess to teach ! Surely the people of Scotland are not so changed, but that they know at least as much of the doctrines of the New Testament, as of the principles of civil government,—and of the requisites of a

Gospel minister, as of the qualifications of a member of parliament!

“ You have decided against us, my lord ; you have even said, that we had better rest contented with the existing statutes, as interpreted by your lordship, than involve ourselves in the dangers and difficulties of a new enactment. Nay, more wonderful still ! all your sympathies on the occasion seemed to have been reserved for the times and the memory of men who first imparted its practical efficiency to a law, under which we and our fathers have groaned, and which we have ever regarded as not only subversive of our natural rights as men, but of our well-being as Christians. Highly as your lordship estimates our political wisdom, you have no opinion whatever of our religious taste and knowledge. Is it at all possible that you, my lord, a native of Scotland, and possessed of more general information than perhaps any other man living, can have yet to learn that we have thought long and deeply of our religion, whereas our political speculations began but yesterday ; that our popular struggles have been struggles for the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of our conscience, and under the guidance of ministers of our own choice ; and that when anxiously employed in finding arguments by which rights, so dear to us, might be rationally defended, our discovery of the principles of civil liberty was merely a sort of chance-consequence of the search ? Examine yourself, my lord. Is your mind free from all bias in this matter ? Are you quite sure that your admiration of an illustrious relative, at a period when your judgment was comparatively unformed, has not had the effect of rendering *his* opinions *your* prejudices ? Principal Robertson was unquestionably a great man,—but consider in what way. Great as a leader,—not as a ‘ Father in the Church ;’ it is not to ministers such as

the Principal, that the excellent among my countrymen look up for spiritual guidance amid the temptations and difficulties of life, or for comfort at its close. Great in literature,—not like Timothy of old, great in his knowledge of the Scriptures,—aged men who sat under his ministry have assured me, that in hurrying over the New Testament, he had missed the doctrine of the atonement. Great as an author and a man of genius—great in his enduring labours as a historian—great in the sense in which Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire were great. But who can regard the greatness of such men as a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the opinions which they have held, or the justice or wisdom of the measures which they have recommended? The law of patronage is in no degree the less cruel or absurd, from its having owed its re-enactment to so great a statesman, and so ingenious a writer, as Bolingbroke;—nor yet from its having received its full and practical efficiency from so masterly a historian, and so thorough a judge of human affairs, as Robertson;—nor yet, my lord, from the new vigour which it has received from the decision of so profound a philosopher, and so accomplished an orator, as Brougham.”

Lord Melbourne supposed it to be the composition of some of the leading non-intrusionists of Edinburgh, and Daniel O’Connell enjoyed its racy English. It was favourably noticed, too, by Mr. Gladstone in his elaborate work on “Church Principles;” and, in short, it raised its author to the editorial chair of the *Witness*.

While unaware of the success of his first pamphlet, Mr. Miller visited a neighbouring parish, where a remarkable case of intrusion had occurred, and was busy with a second. We shall transcribe his truthful and graphic description:—

“There were associations of a high and peculiar character connected with this northern parish. For many a thousand years it had formed part of the patrimony of a truly noble family, celebrated by Philip Doddridge for its great moral worth, and by Sir Walter Scott for its military genius, and through whose influence the light of Reformation had been introduced into this remote corner at a period when the neighbouring districts were enveloped in the original darkness. In a later age it had been honoured by the fines and prescriptions of Charles II. ; and its minister—one of those men of God whose names still live in the memory of the country, and whose biography occupies no small space in the recorded history of her ‘worthies,’ had rendered himself so obnoxious to the tyranny and irreligion of the time, that he was ejected from his charge more than a year before any of the other non-conforming clergymen of the church. I approached the parish from the east. The day was warm and pleasant; the scenery through which I passed, some of the finest in Scotland. The mountains rose on the right in huge Titanic masses, that seemed to soften their purple and blue, in the clear sunshine, to the delicate tone of the deep sky beyond; and I could see the yet unwasted snows of winter, glittering in little detached masses along their summits. The hills of the middle region were feathered with wood; a forest of mingled oaks and larches, which still blended the tender softness of spring with the full foliage of summer, swept down to the path; the wide, undulating plain below was laid out into fields, mottled with cottages, and waving with the yet unshot corn; and a noble arm of the sea winded along the lower edge for nearly twenty miles, losing itself to the west among blue hills and jutting headlands, and opening in the east to the main ocean, through a magnificent gateway of rock. But the little

groups which I encountered at every turning of the path, as they journeyed, with all the sober, well-marked decency of a Scottish Sabbath morning, towards the church of a neighbouring parish, interested me more than even the scenery. The clan which inhabited this part of the country had borne a well-marked character in Scottish story. Buchanan has described it as one of the most fearless and warlike in the north. It served under the Bruce at Bannockburn. It was the first to rise in arms to protect Queen Mary, on her visit to Inverness, from the intended violence of Huntly. It fought the battles of Protestantism in Germany, under Gustavus Adolphus. It covered the retreat of the English at Fontenoy ; and presented an unbroken front to the enemy, after all the other troops had quitted the field. And it was the descendants of these very men who were now passing me on the road. The rugged, robust form, half bone, half muscle,—the springy firmness of the tread,—the grave, manly countenance,—all gave indication that the original characteristics survived in their full strength ; and it was a strength that inspired confidence, not fear. There were grey-haired, patriarchal-looking men among the groups, whose very air seemed impressed by a sense of the duties of the day ; nor was there aught that did not agree with the object of the journey, in the appearance of even the youngest and least thoughtful.

“ As I proceeded, I came up with a few people who were travelling in a contrary direction. A secession meeting-house has lately sprung up in the parish, and these formed part of the congregation. A path, nearly obscured by grass and weeds, leads from the main road to the parish church. It was with difficulty I could trace it, and there were none to direct me, for I was now walking alone. The parish burying-ground, thickly sprinkled with graves and tombstones, surrounds the

church. It is a quiet, solitary spot, of great beauty, lying beside the sea-shore ; and, as service had not yet commenced, I whiled away half an hour in sauntering among the stones, and deciphering the inscriptions. I could trace, in the rude monuments of this retired little spot, a brief but interesting history of the district. The older tablets, grey and shaggy with the mosses and lichens of three centuries, bear, in their uncouth semblances of the unwieldy battle-axe and double-handed sword of ancient warfare, the meet and appropriate symbols of the earlier time. But the more modern testify to the introduction of a humanizing influence. They speak of a life after death, in the 'holy texts' described by the poet ; or certify, in a quiet humility of style which almost vouches for their truth, that the sleepers below were 'honest men, of blameless character, and who feared God.' There is one tombstone, however, more remarkable than all the others. It lies beside the church door, and testifies, in an antique inscription, that it covers the remains of the 'GREAT. MAN. OF. GOD. AND. FAITHFUL. MINISTER. OF. JESVS. CHRIST,' who had endured persecution for the truth in the dark days of Charles and his brother. He had outlived the tyranny of the Stuarts, and, though worn by years and sufferings, had returned to his parish on the Revolution, to end his course as it had begun. He saw, ere his death, the law of patronage abolished, and the popular right virtually secured ; and, fearing lest his people might be led to abuse the important privilege conferred on them, and calculating aright on the abiding influence of his own character among them, he gave charge on his death-bed to dig his grave in the threshold of the church, that they might regard him as a sentinel placed at the door, and that his tombstone might speak to them as they passed out and in. The inscription, which, after the lapse of

nearly a century and a half, is still perfectly legible, concludes with the following remarkable words:—
'THIS . STONE . SHALL . BEAR . WITNESS . AGAINST .
THE . PARISHIONERS . OF . KILTEARN . IF . THEY .
BRING . ANE . UNGODLY . MINISTER . IN . HERE.'

Could the imagination of a poet have originated a more striking conception in connection with a church deserted by all its better people, and whose minister fattens on his hire, useless and contented?

"I entered the church, for the clergyman had just gone in. There were from eight to ten persons scattered over the pews below, and seven in the galleries above; and these, as there were no more 'Peter Clarks' and 'Michael Tod's' in the parish, composed the entire congregation. I wrapped myself up in my plaid, and sat down; and the service went on in the usual course; but it sounded in my ears like a miserable mockery. The precentor sung almost alone; and ere the clergyman had reached the middle of his discourse, which he read in an unimpassioned, monotonous tone, nearly one-half his skeleton congregation had fallen asleep; and the drowsy, listless expression of the others showed that, for every good purpose, they might have been asleep too. And Sabbath after Sabbath has this unfortunate man gone the same tiresome round, and with exactly the same effects, for the last twenty-three years;—at no time regarded by the better clergymen of the district as really their brother;—on no occasion recognized by the parish as virtually its minister;—and with a dreary vacancy and a few indifferent hearts inside his church, and the stone of the Covenanter at the door. Against whom does the inscription testify? for the people have escaped. Against the patron, the intruder, and the law of Bolingbroke—the Dr. Robertsons of the last age, and the Dr. Cooks of the present. It is well to learn from

this hapless parish the exact sense in which, in a different state of matters, the Rev. Mr. Young would have been constituted minister of Auchterarder. It is well, too, to learn, that there may be vacancies in the church when no blank appears in the almanack."

In early life he felt no call to enter the ministry ; but in the maturity of his powers he voluntarily assumed the onerous work of defender of the church's most sacred spiritual privileges : and, although certain historians of the ten years' conflict are strangely forgetful of the services rendered by the stalwart editor of the *Witness*, he was amply qualified for the work he was called to perform, and promoted as much as any man, lay or clerical, the best interests of the Free Church. Previous to the establishment of the *Witness*, the people were wofully indifferent towards the non-intrusion controversy. The zeal of the evangelical ministers, it was feared, only veiled the intrigues of priestly ambition ; and the nation seemed quite prepared to accept as accurate Milton's aphorism, " New presbyter is old priest writ large." Even in Edinburgh, the chosen home of the non-intrusion leaders, where Chalmers, Candlish, Guthrie, Begg, Welsh, Gordon, and Cunningham dwelt, not more than from four to five thousand signatures were obtained, on an average, for petitions in favour of the independence of the church. The eloquence of these men fell dead ; till very recently they had been obstacles to the advancement of civil freedom, and the people could not believe that they were the sincere friends of sacred liberty. The antecedents of Hugh Miller placed him above all suspicion ; and the result was, that in the year 1840, the year the *Witness* was established, the petition sent from the metropolis contained some thirteen thousand signatures, double the number obtained the year before. He loved

his church with the double affection of patriotism and pride, for he knew she was throbbing with spiritual life. Never did he conceive the idea that it was State support which gave existence or power to a church. It was, therefore, with amazement and dismay that he beheld the Government endeavouring to make the church a mere machine, which the State might regulate and work at pleasure. An able and an honest man, at the call of duty he did not hesitate to revive his fathers' testimony, and shake the dust of two centuries from their time-worn banner. Doubtless, during that fierce controversy, which resulted in nearly five hundred ministers severing the connection which bound them to the State,—relinquishing every claim on its immunities, and reconstituting the church in a state of freedom,—he sometimes allowed human passions to mingle “strange fire” with his service; nevertheless, we think that, upon the whole, he bore himself nobly, and as a man of honour, throughout the great church struggle; and by his words, his writings, and, most of all, his example, acted a part therein which entitles him to the lasting gratitude of every lover of religious liberty. The Scottish disruption needs no trumpeting, and none shall be attempted here. Suffice it to say, that the march from St. Andrew's to Tanfield did prove that Christianity had a powerful hold both of the pastors and the people of Scotland. Truthful are the words of Mr. P. Bayne:—“In an age of respectability and common-place,—in an age when the decorous, the established, the aristocratic, is still so revered and clung to by at least our middle classes,—a large body of men, well advanced in life, and many of them tottering under grey hairs, deliberately stepped from under the smile of power, deliberately risked their continuance, as a church, on the Christianity of the people and the blessing of God. Such events do not occur in the history of dead

religions ; such phenomena cannot appear where religion is a doubt." The disruption ministers were martyrs neither by desire nor by mistake. We are proud of the men who, rather than sacrifice principle, gave up their livings, and, Luther-like, sang,—

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

*

Let us now, thirdly, notice his literary and scientific attainments. From the stormy arena of ecclesiastical controversy, Mr. Miller turned at will into the quiet fields of general literature, and the mines of geological science. Many have strongly regretted that he neglected his only opportunity of becoming a thorough classical scholar, as a knowledge of learned tongues would have added to the stateliness, range, and rhythmic cadence of his style. To these we reply, that the best English, in our estimation, has been written by a player, a tinker, a ploughman, and a mason ; neither of whom were acquainted with the writings of Cicero and Cæsar, of Plato and Thucydides. It is well known that Dr. Buckland envied Mr. Miller's style, and said that he would give his left hand to possess such powers of description. His boyhood, to a great degree, was wasted ; but in after years, through genius and talent, united to incredible industry, he gave himself an excellent education, made for himself a position in the scientific world, which any man might well envy, devoted himself to the study of good books, and thus acquired a perfect command of the finest language. Notwithstanding the antecedents of sadly misspent school days, he had dared to believe that literature, and perhaps natural science, were, after all, his proper vocation, and accordingly selected the trade of a mason, because of its winter leisure : and by the

glimmering light of bothy fires did he strain his eyes over the pages of the great classic writers of English literature. Passing from the illustrious men

“—— that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth,
With sounds that echo still,”

he became acquainted with the poets and novelists of a later age,—with Pope and Dryden, with Swift and Richardson, with Gray and Cowper, with Addison and Goldsmith. Gifted with an intensely acute, yet comprehensive and concentrating faculty of observation, he no sooner entered the quarry, than his quiet though piercing eye was at once illuminated with inquisitive wonder; and, in the course of his labours, made certain discoveries, which led to his becoming a geologist. He thus describes the second day of his life as a mason:—

“All the workmen rested at mid-day, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been stretched on canvas. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue-retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple.

. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it. The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it

from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge of the corresponding phenomenon; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself, and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of a man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another, and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long, could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn! And, if not the bank, why, then, the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found that I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour."

Here was precisely the same curiosity which afterwards impelled him to search for the pterichthys and cocosteus in their stony tombs. Had we seen this big-headed, warm-hearted, quiet-looking lad, in the intervals of hard labour, while others went to lounge, or smoke, or doze, or drink, gazing with intense interest and trembling admiration upon the sublime scenery around the glassy frith ; and had we followed him to the quarry, and noted that, as he turned up stone after stone, he found sermons in them, and could not—no, could not—resist the impulse to question, and examine, and infer,—we might have felt sure that there was something in him, and that he would not die a mason. Nor did he. His name is one of the brightest on the roll of fame. We can only glance at those exceeding valuable works which he gave to the world, fired with the radiancy of his own genius, and stamped with his own rich, clear, and pictorial style. “Poems, by a Journeyman Stonemason,” we pass by ; they did little for his fame. “Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland” appeared during the first year of his accountantship, and was characterized by Leigh Hunt’s *Journal* as a highly amusing and interesting book, written by a remarkable man, who would infallibly be well known. “The Old Red Sandstone” was written during the course of the first year of the *Witness*. Organs of critical uprightness, and reviewers who could not be affected by partialities, expressed their opinions regarding it in terms of the highest eulogy ; and Sir R. Murchison, in an address to the Geological Society, in the year 1842, said, —“In Mr. Miller we have to hail the accession to geological writers of a man highly qualified to advance the science. His work to a beginner is worth a thousand didactic treatises.” Jones, of Mayland, says:—“Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable,

if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification, while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another man have neither field nor garden; let him look only at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in His works, can consider them as demonstrations of His power, His wisdom, His goodness, and His truth;—this man is greater, as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is but a little higher than a beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.” Hugh Miller always kept his eyes wide open, and his brains reflecting behind them; hence, after his wanderings in the south, he published—“First Impressions of England and its People.” It had, according to the *British Quarterly Review*, equal reference to the land and the people, to the geology of the region, and the humanity of it; and added another laurel to the wreath he had already won for himself. Probably you are aware that there are men—or, rather, animals—who trace their genealogy from mud, and reptiles, and brutes; our infidel friends boast that their grandfathers were monkeys! This ought to moderate our astonishment at their follies. To expound this doctrine—viz., that the lowest animal was made first; that gradually it developed itself into a higher, till, at last, it developed itself into a man—“Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation” was written. Possibly, Professor Nichol, George Combe, and others, contributed to the work; but it is now pretty well known that Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, was the real author. To expose the sophistries of that popular but unsound book, Mr. Miller issued “Footprints of the Creator,” in which he proved from the facts of science, and the soundest principles of the inductive philosophy, that each creature was made

in its highest perfection first, and then there was a deterioration. The “Footprints” completely demolished the development theory, and taught the author of the “Vestiges” the truth of Campbell’s well-known lines,—

“ When science from creation’s face
Enchantment’s veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.”

Nevertheless, the development hypothesis has still its disciples. The following recently appeared in a newspaper :—

“ SIR,—With great deference to Dr. Longmuir, whom I only know from his letter in your paper, I think it imprudent to speak as he does of the development hypothesis; that is to say, to set forth, in the words of Hugh Miller, that, if that hypothesis be true, ‘Christianity is an idle and unsightly excrescence on a code of morals that would be perfect were it away.’ The hypothesis is not proved—perhaps, cannot be proved—but neither is it disproved. The opposition it has met with, during the last dozen years or so, has consisted chiefly in efforts to show an inconsistency between the facts of palaeontology and a genetic succession of organisms, and these efforts have all been sad failures. The principal facts assumed as adverse in Hugh Miller’s book are found to have been fallacious, insomuch that the book cannot be reprinted, and is withdrawn from the list of the author’s publications. Professor Agassiz, while still disclaiming the hypothesis, has been constantly bringing his view of the animal creation more and more into harmony with it. Mr. Charles Darwin is about to issue a book, presenting views as to the origin of species, which must give it much support. For some years there has been a significant silence on the subject among geologists of reputation;

and I am assured that they now speak of it in private as the views of creation ‘looming in the future.’ One learned and reverend Oxford professor gives it an unhesitating approbation in more than one work. Nor is all this to be wondered at, when we reflect that the only other view of the origin of the organic world is one assuming a series of miracles, most of them ridiculous from their smallness, and that, after all, the development hypothesis does no more towards the Creator than has been done by science in every other department of the great system of things—namely, represent Him as acting according to an *order* or *law*, presumably flowing from himself.

“ Such being the case, to make our religion wholly depend on the event of this question, is surely injudicious. Suppose that the further progress of opinion is in favour of the hypothesis, and that it thus gains a decided ascendancy, what will be said by the enemies of Christianity to the Millers and the Longmuirs? What but this—‘ You staked your religion on the issue of this question; it has been decided against you; *ergo*, your religion is at an end! ’ Imagine the effect of this with a certain class of minds! Imagine what will then be the estimate formed of the Millers and the Longmuirs among the more judicious friends of Christianity !

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ RESPICE FINEM.”

Soon after, the Rev. J. Longmuir, LL.D., thus replied :—

“ ‘ There are some who would shut out, by easily comprehended but quite gratuitous systems of progressive transmutation and self-creative forces,’ &c.—RICHARD OWEN.

“ SIR,—I should not probably have considered it ne-

cessary to notice the letter of 'Respice Finem,' in as far as this hypothesis or mere dream is concerned, as he admits that it 'is not proved—perhaps, cannot be proved,' had it not been for his extraordinary statement, that Mr. Miller's work, which furnished so complete a demolition of the 'Vestiges,' had been withdrawn from the list of his publications, because its principal facts were found to be fallacious! Now, Sir, I could have at once replied to this gratuitous assertion; but although my caution has delayed my answer, I can now, on Mrs. Miller's authority, assure your correspondent, and your readers, who were in danger of being misled by him, that as soon as the new edition of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' which is now in preparation, has been published, another edition of 'Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness,' will speedily appear.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours respectfully,

"J. LONGMUIR."

That very fascinating work, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," which all who need to learn, and yet have no one to teach them, ought to read, we owe to the suggestion of the Rev. Principal Baird. "The distinction," said the Principal, "between the educated and uneducated literary man is absurd; all are educated in some way, and the more unusual the way, the more interesting its record. Write the history of yours." Of "The Testimony of the Rocks," we deem it impossible to speak in too strong terms of commendation. Every page glows with sanctified genius. Alas! as has been beautifully said, he "just strained the finely-strung fibres of his mind a little too far, and they burst in insanity." The "Cruise of the Betsey," with "Rambles of a Geologist," and "Sketch-book of Popular Geology,"—these valuable

treatises are all that remains of what he intended to be his *maximum opus*. To Hugh Miller belonged the high honour of uniting the theologian and the man of science. He took his hammer in his hand, and went down into the bowels of the earth, and made the storied mines of the early world illustrate and confirm the declarations of the Bible. And not only did he, by means of his beautiful and poetical pages, awaken an almost universal interest in geology; he also added many independent contributions to its ascertained facts. As a premium to his high literary and scientific attainments, he was offered, through the Marquis of Breadalbane, a Government situation, which yielded a salary of some £800 per annum, the duties of which were merely nominal. Drs. Guthrie and Hanna accompanied him to the office of the legal agent who would have ratified the appointment. Before entering, Mr. Miller suddenly stopped, and addressing Dr. Hanna, said, "Doctor, I have made up my mind to refuse. I find my memory not now so good as it was formerly. I forget things I was wont to remember with ease. I am not clear in such circumstances about taking upon me any money responsibility." His purpose was fixed. No persuasion could induce him to alter his resolution.

We have left ourselves but little room to dilate on the great qualities that combined to form the character of this wondrous man. His acuteness and depth of intellect were such, that he earned for himself no second place amongst the great names of a country renowned for subtlety of genius. His capacious memory faithfully retained the stores of science which he had acquired in caves and ravines, along sea-shores, among rocks, and in quarries; he had also an imagination of rare force and freshness, which enabled him to illustrate abstract truths

in a familiar and beautiful manner ; and his power of bringing them home to the business and bosom of man, all know who have read his writings. His moral character was of equal excellence. Like Paul and Luther, he was a combination of energy and strength of mind, with simplicity and affection of heart. In undertaking the editorship of the *Witness*, he knew he would have to stand in Ishmael's position, against almost all the newspaper press of the kingdom ; but the path of duty was clear, so he took the step, and never faltered in a career fraught with peril and discomfort. He had a moral energy equal to anything with which man can be called upon to grapple. In supporting his views, he employed not only calm historical narrative, and powerful ratiocination, but the liveliest wit, the broadest humour, the gayest satire, and the most exquisite banter ; but when in after years he met with those on whom, during the great church struggle, he had poured the vials of his sevenfold wrath, and found that they had forgotten the past, and had nothing but love and friendship for him, he felt the bitterest regret. His manly self-consciousness deserves special prominence. He has been broadly charged with egotism. We do not think he was guilty. But, certainly, he knew that his name was Hugh Miller, and perhaps his self-assertion was, sometimes, rather too fierce and defiant. Take, for example, these sentences :— “ It has been insinuated to us, that the *Witness* newspaper is pursuing on the educational question a course perilous to itself. We are not careful, we at once say, to answer for ourselves in this matter. The editor of the *Witness* is a humble man, but he stands on other ground than mere salaried functionaries, of whom with all deference it may be affirmed, that ‘ a breath can make them, as a breath has made.’ It is to God, and not to patronage clerical or lay, that he owes that voice with

which he addresses himself to a large circle of certainly not the least intelligent of his countrymen, nor does he fear that circle will be ultimately much contracted, should he be compelled to read on behalf of his country, and of a meritorious though neglected class of men, an occasional sermon to a committee, or even to call a church leader to account." The stonemason of Cromarty never bent himself before the worthless wealthy, or the little great, but stood firmly on the pedestal of his own individuality. He neither cowered nor cringed in the presence of a lord. Often was he pressed to accept the hospitality of the most accomplished Scottish noblemen, yet their solicitations were invariably and peremptorily declined.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,—
The silence that is in the starry sky,—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

He knew that, however lowly a man's origin, he could glorify it by his own excellence. That—

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phœbus."

Napoleon, in the company of kings, used to commence an anecdote with, "When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of 'La Fere !' Robert Burns, when carrying duchesses off their feet, was not ashamed to say, "I was bred to the plough, and am independent !" So Hugh, even when he had reached the top of the tree, did not forget that he once worked in the quarry. Miller possessed another quality on which we propose to offer a few remarks. He was very little of the man-milliner.

Many would have done better for portraits on brooches. His hair was not elaborately arranged, nor did he patronize Rowland's Macassar. To him lawn pocket-kerchiefs never were a desideratum. He had not been trained in the arts of foppery, nor drilled into the proprieties of *couleur-de-rose*. True, he had a noble forehead, but his countenance was austere, and evidently enough furrowed with some sorrow and care. "A stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure." He has been compared to a rough-hewn statue of "old red sandstone;" yet he was a gentleman, truly and strictly polite. A writer in "Hogg's Instructor" thus defines this noble attribute, and claims the subject of our sketch as an example. "Politeness is natural, genial, manly *deference*, without hypocrisy, sycophancy, or obtrusion. This, we think, is at once sufficiently inclusive and exclusive. It excludes a great many. We cannot agree that Johnson was polite; that is, if politeness is to be distinguished from nobleness, and courage, and even kindness of heart; in a word, from everything but itself. Burns was polite, when jewelled duchesses were charmed with his ways. Arnold was polite, when the poor woman felt that he treated her as if she were a lady. Chalmers was polite, when every old woman in Morningside was elated and delighted with his courteous salute. But Johnson, who shut a civil man's mouth with, 'Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig;' who eat like an Esquimaux; who deferred so far to his friends, that they could differ from him only in a round-robin, was not polite. Politeness is the last touch, the finishing perfection of a noble character; it is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the corn-field, the smile on the lip of the noble knight lowering his sword-point to his ladye-love; it results only from the truest balance and harmony of soul. We assert Hugh Miller to possess it."

His head now rests upon the cold clay, but, in the profoundest sense of the words, he still lives,—in literature and science, in the impression of splendid abilities and true patriotism,—he lives, and shall for ever live, in the memory, gratitude, and respect of his country, and, we may add, of other nations. Bred as well as born among the lower orders of the people, the sons of poverty may well sing,—

“Miller! thou hast given us a name,
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that crept amid the soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

“Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow:
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!”

CHAPTER III.

[CONTINUED.]

EXAMPLES OF SELF-MADE MEN.

SECTION IV.—JOHN KITTO.

“We do not mean to place him among those men, of whom the Italian poet sings,—

‘Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa ;’

‘Nature made him, and then broke the die ;’ but, take him all in all, he was a rare phenomenon—an honour also to his age and country. He struggled manfully, and gained the victory ; nay, out of his misfortune he constructed the steps of his advancement. Neither poverty, nor deafness, nor hard usage, nor ominous warnings, nor sudden checks, nor unpropitious commencements, nor abandoned schemes, chilled the ardour of his sacred ambition.”

JOHN EADIE, DD., LL.D.

PRECIOUS jewels have sometimes been found in dust-heaps. Hid in the bowels of the earth, you discover what seems a hard, rough, uncouth, and offensive substance ; but let the mineralogist get hold of it,—let the lapidary set to work upon it, and peel off the incrustations,—and forthwith it becomes a brilliant diamond, fit to blaze amidst the gems which adorn the crown of the Queen of England. From the darkest and deepest caves of ocean, down amid the cold sea-weed, the diver brings up the

purest and costliest pearls. In like manner, many of the greatest and best men have sprung from the lower ranks of society, been cradled in abject poverty, and nursed upon the rough lap of want. It were easy to adduce a long catalogue of names illustrative of this fact. The sweat-drops of labour stand on weather-beaten brows, worthy of wearing a mitre, a coronet, or a crown. He holds the plough, whose hands

“The rod of empire might have sway’d,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.”

Men sit by cottage fires, who have talents, genius, and piety to adorn the bar, the senate, or the pulpit. We do not always find, as the world expresses it, “the right man in the right place.” Sometimes we see “the cruel sunshine thrown by fortune on a fool.”

Again, there is often a great discrepancy between the mind and the body. An ample intellect and a large heart have been united to a puny frame. Little men have done wondrous things. Not a few of the great rulers of the world, instead of being big and bulky, have illustrated the words of the poet,—

“The mighty soul how small a body holds.”

Saul of Tarsus, the Apostle of the Gentiles, surpassed all his contemporaries in point of intellectual stature and moral greatness, yet he had a poor, mean-looking figure. His presence was weak, and his speech contemptible. Dr. Isaac Watts, whose strains still glide so sweetly in our Israel, was of insignificant corporeal development. Pope, the bard of Twickenham, was a mannikin. Thomas De Quincey, great in literature, was small in person. Lord John Russell, who sways the House of Commons with his magical influence, is but a diminutive model of a man. Mr. John B. Gough, at whose bidding stern,

strong men, as well as sensitive women, weep or laugh—burn with indignation or desire—is slight, pale-faced, and wo-begone. Your first feeling, as he stands upon the platform, is, Can this be he? Is this the impassioned orator? Our great pulpit celebrities—Rev. W. M. Punshon, and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—do not command attention by their stature. They owe as little to personal appearance for success as to “ancestral fame.”

“ ‘Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?”

It were difficult to find a better example of the truth of the above remarks, than John Kitto. At fifteen years of age he was a parish pauper, and throughout life his body was feeble and deformed. On the completion of his sixteenth year, he thus describes his person:—“ I am four feet eight inches high ; and, to begin with my head, my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown colour, almost black ; my head is very large, and, I believe, has a tolerable good lining of brain within. My eyes are brown and large, and are the least exceptionable part of my person ; my forehead is high, my eyebrows bushy ; my nose is large, mouth very big, teeth well enough, skin of my face coarse ; my limbs are not ill-shaped ; my legs are well-shaped, except at their ends they have rather too long a foot ; when clean, my hands are very good ; my upper lip is *graced*, or rather disgraced, with a beard.” Nevertheless, in spite of his mean origin and physical infirmity, by virtue and talent, he rose to greatness and renown, and is an immortal example of a self-made man.

We shall first chronicle the leading events of his life; secondly, detail his labours; and, thirdly, enumerate his triumphs.

John Kitto, the eldest son of John Kitto, and Elizabeth Pecken, was born at Plymouth, in Devonshire, on the 4th December, 1804. So delicate was the infant, that it was only expected to live a few hours. This original feebleness was never surmounted. It was long before the child could walk, and he never had any taste for those boyish frolics, in which the tinker of Elstow, the Leeds Franklin, and the stonemason of Cromarty, so delighted. Evil influences were brought to bear on Kitto from his childhood. Drunkenness was the bane of the family. It turned his father into a miserable, bloated wretch. From being a master, he sank into a servant. It lodged him in durance vile, and at an after period of his downward career, branded him with the name of felon. This foul and odious vice made Mrs. Kitto a posthumous child, an unhappy wife, and a broken-hearted mother—glad to perform the most menial offices, that she might have something to put into the mouths of her hungry babes. It is not for us to judge either our abstinent or non-abstinent brother, as we believe the Bible has left the question an open one; but if, like that resolute man, Dr. Johnson, we find it easier to abstain than to be temperate, then we say abstinence is our bounden duty. When four years old, Kitto was entrusted to his grandmother, who lived in a poor garret. She, “dear old woman,” strolled with him through the summer fields and flowery dales, deftly using her staff to break down the fruits and flowers that were beyond his reach. At other times they took a walk by the sea-side, and admired that grandest of God’s works. As they returned from these happy and healthy excurs-

sions, the aged pilgrim generally supplied her youthful charge with apples, plums, gingerbread, or sugar-stick ; and her indifference to the sweetness of the last-named article filled Master Kitto with great astonishment. From her lips he also learned the current lore about ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, and witches ; moreover, she taught him to sew, and he is said to have finished "quilts and kettle-holders enough for two generations ;" besides doing the greater portion of a "gay patchwork" for her bed. At the age of eight he was sent to school, but his grandmother was too poor to pay the necessary fees, and his father too drunken to spare the pence from the ale-house. This may account for the fact that he was placed, for short and interrupted periods, at four different schools. As might be expected, he did not gain much by this desultory schooling, his early attainments not extending further "than reading, writing, and an imperfect use of figures." It was not professional schoolmasters, but a shoemaker, that taught Kitto to love literature. The cordwainer, while he worked with his awl, recited to the child the marvellous tales of "Bluebeard, and Cinderella, Jack the Giant-killer, and Beauty and the Beast." "Assuredly," says Kitto, in 1832, "never have I since felt so much respect and admiration of any man's talents and extent of information as those of poor Roberts." Delighted with these stories, he spent the pence that came in his way on their purchase, and thus laid the foundation of a library, to which he in time added a family Bible with numerous engravings, a Prayer-book, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," and the poems of Young and Spenser. Books became a passion with the boy, and those he was unable to buy he endeavoured to borrow. To increase the attractions of his particular favourites, he turned artist, and decorated their engravings with the blue used by his grandmother

in washing, making a feather do the work of a brush. But the sky was gradually darkening around him. In the year 1814, his grandmother's necessities compelled her to go and live with her daughter, and under his father's roof, Kitto soon felt the saddening change. The boy must do something for his bread, and, in the spring of 1815, he was apprenticed to a barber. "Old Wigmore" had shaved many an acre of beards on board a ship-of-war; and, according to his facetious underling, had a face so sour, that it sickened one to look at it, and was, besides, all over red with drinking spirituous liquors. We do not wonder that he learned to shave, for he brought the razor to bear so frequently upon his upper lip, that before he was sixteen, he sported a growth of no ordinary thickness. He also exercised the scissors so assiduously on his eye-brows, that they, too, acquired a peculiar bushiness. But his shaving and hair-dressing career was brief. One morning, when on his way to the shop loaded with the best razors, a woman met him, who pretended to be anxious to see his master, and, in order that he might run the faster for Wigmore, she persuaded him to leave his stock-in-trade with her; when he came back, she was not to be found, and the old barber branded him with knavery, and discharged him on suspicion. The boy then put on a smock-frock, and occasionally assisted his father. During his leisure hours he indulged himself in wandering through the fields with a book in his hands, or sitting on the clefts of the rocks, till forced, by the incoming tide, to make his escape.

" To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;—
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;—
Alone o'er steeps and pouring falls to lean :
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

When just turned twelve years of age, he was engaged with his father in repairing a house in Batter Street, Plymouth. He had just reached the highest round of the ladder, with a load of slates, and was in the act of stepping on the roof, when his foot slipped, and he fell thirty-five feet, on a stone pavement, in the court below. He was taken up for dead. Five minutes after, consciousness returned ; but eight months elapsed before he entirely recovered his strength. The accident had deprived him of the faculty of hearing. The sense was not simply deadened—it was extinguished. Never more was he to hear a sound! The warbling throng might make the wood vocal, and loud hosannas might make the welkin ring ; he could not listen! He was deaf as the granite rock, that never hears the music of the sea-wave that breaks upon its breast! It is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of the poor boy, as he read upon the slate the three awful words—" You are deaf!" Hear his own pathetic lament,—" O, ye millions, who enjoy the blessing of which I am deprived, how little do ye know how to appreciate its enjoyment! Ye men of genius and of wit! ye patriots and statesmen! ye men of worth and wisdom! ye chaste maids and engaging matrons! and ye men of social minds! should you like to be

‘ From cheerful speech
Of men cut off, and intercourse of thought
And wisdom?’ ”

In order to procure a few pence to lay out in books, he resorted to what he has graphically called a “ Poor

Student's Ways and Means." He picked bits of rope, yarn, and old iron out of the mud of a fetid pool. Some of his companions could gather as much in a week as amounted, when sold, to eighteenpence ; but Kitto possessed not the necessary physical qualifications; consequently, his weekly profits never exceeded fourpence. With the view of making more money, he turned to drawing human heads, houses, flowers, birds, and trees. These he arranged in his mother's window, but few came in to buy, for his average weekly income only amounted to about two-pence-halfpenny. He afterwards hawked his pictures at Plymouth fair, and realized more money than he ever possessed before. About this time, certain ill-spelled and ill-written labels in the shop-windows attracted his attention, and he set himself to prepare neat and accurate substitutes, and took many long and weary journeys to dispose of his improved productions ; but, despite his praiseworthy exertions, he was unable to provide for his own sustenance ; and, to screen him from cold, hunger, and nakedness, he was taken into Plymouth Workhouse, on the 15th November, 1819.

There he was put to the employment of shoe-making. Luke Watson, who was apprenticed to a saddler, could never make a saddle that any decent horse would wear ; and some have said that John Kitto could never make a shoe any respectable person would put on. This, however, is a great mistake ; he soon became a proficient in the business. The savage John Bowden, to whom he was indentured as a parish apprentice, selected him, in spite of his deafness, because he was the best workman in the hospital. And Anderson, the beadle, who taught him shoe-making, objected to his leaving the workhouse, because they could not afford to dispense with his services, as he was the only boy perfect in the making of list shoes. For the same reason, Anderson afterwards wished to get

him back; but his cruel master was too shrewd and selfish to part with him. Let no young man imagine that, because he is a blundering blockhead at his trade, therefore he is destined to be great in science, literature, or the arts. The opposite conclusion is more likely to be true. On the 12th of August, 1820, he began to keep a journal; and as this document is the most trustworthy record of this part of his life, we intend to make free use of it. The motto on the title-page inclines us to the opinion that John Kitto, like most other people, was sufficiently complacent towards himself.

“Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

His manners were awkward and clownish, his stature exceedingly short, and, when going anywhere, he hobbled away, as if on the point of falling, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers. He was mocked by some, and gazed at by all. Kitto soon learned that impudence would answer his purpose better than bashfulness, so he stared in return; and, although evidently never intended for the prize-ring, the foolery of the youths so provoked him, that on two or three occasions he was obliged to study the science of self-defence. We find the following entry in his journal:—“At eight o’clock, as we were going to prayers, Rowe gave me an unprovoked blow on the back, and ran away. I pursued him, and hemmed him into a corner, when, finding he could not escape, he placed himself in a pugilistic attitude, but a few blows made him stoop to defend his ears, and, at the same time, to pick up a bone and a large cinder to throw at me. While I was disarming him of those missile weapons, I was attacked in the rear by ten or twelve boys, who

delight in mischief. Having disarmed Rowe, I turned against my new opponents, and, discharging a bone at one, and a cinder at another, and some blows among the rest, put them all to flight." The next excerpt is in a different strain ; it records his impressions upon receiving the tidings that his grandam was no more. The death of his good grandmother constituted his first great sorrow, and taught him how soon "shades of the prison-house begin to close around the growing boy." The following dirge-like plaint will bear comparison with De Quincey's wail by his sister's bier :—"On Wednesday evening, when I came out from the workhouse, I trod softly upstairs, lest I should disturb her repose ! Useless precaution ! Aunt met me at the head of the stairs, in tears. I entered ; a white sheet over the bed met my view. She was dead ! Think you I wept ? I did not weep ! Tears are for lesser sorrows ; my sensations were too powerful for tears to relieve me. The sluices of my eyes were dried ! My brain was on fire ! Yet I did not weep. Call me not a monster because I did not weep. I have not wept these four years ; but I remember I have, when a boy, wept for childish sorrows. Then why do I not weep for this great affliction ? Is not this a contradiction ? Am I hard of heart ? God forbid that tears should be the test ; for I felt—I felt insupportable agony. Even to an indifferent person the sight of a dead person awakens melancholy reflections ; but when that person is connected by the nearest ties—oh ! then—when I saw the corpse—when I saw that those eyes, that had often watched my slumbers, and cast on me looks of affection and love, were closed in sleep eternal !—those lips, which often had prest mine, which often had opened to soothe me, tell me tales, and form my infant mind, were pale and motionless [for] ever !—when I saw that those hands, which had led, caressed, and fed me, were for

ever stiff and motionless,—when I saw all this, and felt that it was for *ever*, guess my feelings, for I cannot describe them. Born to be the sport of fortune, to find sorrow where I hoped for bliss, and to be a mark for the giddy and the gay to shoot at: what I felt, at the deprivation of my almost only friend, the reader can better conceive than I can describe. Yet that moment will ever be present to my recollection, to the latest period of my existence. Gone for ever! that is the word of agonizing poignancy. Yet, not for ever; a few short years at most, and I may hope to meet her again,—there is my consolation. Joyful meeting! yet a little while to bear this

‘Fond, restless dream, which idiots hug;
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life,’

and we may meet again. Already I anticipate the moment when, putting off this frail garb of mortality, and putting on the robe of immortality, of celestial brightness and splendour, in the presence of our God, we may meet again,—meet again, never to part, never again to be subject to the frail laws of mortality; to be above the reach of sorrow, temptation, or sickness; to know nought but happiness—celestial happiness and heaven! Accursed be the atheist, who seeks to deprive man of his noblest privilege—of his hopes of immortality—of a motive to do good, and degrades him to a level with the beast which browses on the grass of the fields. What were man without this hope?’ Infidelity would cover God’s throne and man’s grave with the funeral pall of eternal death; but Christianity can stand by the cold clay, and hear the music of the blest; and when the coffin is deposited in the earth, she can see the glories of another world. John Kitto honoured his parents; he loved his mother almost as much as he

loved his grandmother; and in his mother's old and infirm days he verified his gratitude. He never disobeyed his father but when his commandments disagreed with those of God. In his journal we find this entry:—"The week before last, father wrote on the table with chalk, 'You never gave me anything to drink yet.' I went gravely, and emptied out a cup of water, and gave it to him, and said—'There—drink.' He blushed deep at this pun, and said no more about it." It is melancholy to think that a son should have occasion to write thus:—"Father wrote a paper, as follows, and wanted me to give it to Mr. Burnard:—'Sir, I should be much obliged to you if you would be so good as to give me a ticket for a shirt, as I am out of work.—JOHN KITTO.' 'Father, thou sayest the thing that is not—you are not out of work.' 'You must give this paper to Mr. Burnard.' 'Are you out of work, father?' 'No!' 'Then, do you think that I will deceive my benefactor, and permit you to say, through me, that you are? I will not give it to him.' So I said, and so I did. I am inclined to think that I was right. My duty to my parents shall never interfere with that to God." Well said, and well done, thou poor one; the governor of the workhouse may well be kind to thee, for thou art honoured by the Governor of the universe. "Them that honour me, I will honour." When, on the 8th November, 1821, he laid aside the badge of serfdom, and went to Mr. Bowden's house to be perfected in his trade, he felt that he had risen a step in the world, and with a flourish of his pen he writes,—

“E P O C H A.

“I am no longer a workhouse boy, I am an apprentice.” Alas! his hopes were soon blasted; his six months with Bowden were the most miserable period of his life—“O,

misery, art thou to be my only portion. Father of Mercy, forgive me, if I wish I had never been born. O that I were dead, if death were an annihilation of being; but as it is not, teach me to endure life; enjoy it I never can. In short, mine is a severe master, rather cruel." Again—"I did all in my power to suppress my inclination to weep, till I was almost suffocated; tears of bitter anguish and futile indignation fell upon my work, and blinded my eyes. I sobbed convulsively. I was half mad with myself for suffering him to see how much I was affected. Fool that I was! O that I were again in the workhouse!" Again—"My head ached, and yet they kept me to work till six o'clock, when they let me come away. I could eat nothing." Again—"He threw the pipe in my face, which I had accidentally broken; it hit me on the temple, and narrowly missed my eye." Finally—"I held the thread too short; instead of telling me to hold it longer, he struck me on the hand with the hammer (the iron part). Mother can bear witness that it is much swelled; not to mention many more indignities, I have received many, many more; again, this morning, I have wept. What's the matter with my eyes!" This—perhaps only—certainly most remarkable journal, ever kept by a deaf, disabled, and almost uneducated pauper boy, closes thus:—"I here leave off this journal, till some other change or extraordinary misfortune takes place!" In former days he had felt the pangs of cutting hunger, and the piercing cold of nakedness, and now he was worked sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and buffeted without mercy by a brutal master. This tyranny preyed upon the sensitive and affectionate youth, and in the frenzy of despair he would have been glad to have been hurled "anywhere, anywhere out of the world." "There's a silver lining to every cloud." The crisis came; and, as in the case of a mighty poet, who, like Kitto, had formed

the purpose of self-destruction, and resolved to carry it out, a watchful Providence interposed, and turned his sorrow into joy.

“Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands ;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

“Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.”

By some compositions, given under an assumed name, Kitto managed to attract public notice, and his complaints became at length the subject of judicial investigation. In his appeal to the magistrates, he acquitted himself to admiration. He wrote so fluently, correctly, and conclusively, as to elicit the eulogy of the bench. He obtained redress. The instrument of his slavery, “with its formidable appendage of seals and signatures,” was cancelled, after the case had been fully heard. He returned to the workhouse, and was set down once more to his former occupation. Bright visions, however, now began to loom in the future. He possessed the consciousness of power in his own mind, and determined to work it out. The guardians thought of him as a shoemaker ; he pictured himself as an author. But though conscious of talent, there was no overweening pride ; he was resolved to accept the smallest services, for he knew that the summit could only be reached step by step ; nor was he in too great haste for elevation. He could bide his time ; not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant study, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the

opportunity came, he might be equal to the occasion. At length Mr. Harvey, the celebrated mathematician and man of science, stepped forward, and held out a helping hand to the deaf and friendless aspirant. By-and-by, a few gentlemen issued a joint circular on his behalf, the language of which shows the favourable impression which his character and talents had created :—

“The attention of the public has lately been drawn, by some essays published in the *Plymouth Weekly Journal*, to the very extraordinary talents of John Kitto, who is now a pauper in the Plymouth Workhouse. He is about eighteen years of age, and has been nearly four years in the workhouse, to which he was reduced by the inability of his parents to maintain him, after his having lost his hearing by a fall from a house in Batter Street, where he was employed as an attendant on the masons. This loss of his hearing has been accompanied with other bodily infirmities; but he has been so entirely thrown on the resources of his mind, that he has cultivated his intellectual faculties with singular success, and gives promise of making very considerable attainments. An inquiry into his conduct and general character has proved most satisfactory to the undersigned, who are thus led to believe that he must greatly interest those who feel for the difficulties under which virtue and talents labour, when they have to struggle with poverty and misfortune. He has of late been employed as a shoemaker in the workhouse, and in that capacity he has given proofs of great skill and industry; but it seems desirable that he should be placed in a situation more consistent with his feelings and abilities, and to which his deafness might not render him incompetent. It has been suggested that, as a temporary measure, application should be made to the committee of the Plymouth Public Library, to

employ him as sub-librarian ; and that a sum might be raised, by small subscriptions, to enable him to obtain board and lodging in some decent family, until something permanently advantageous should be suggested. In the meantime, although he could not be in receipt of a salary, he would have opportunities of improving himself, and would be enabled to direct the powers of his mind to those pursuits in which he is so well qualified to excel, and in which, perhaps, the world may find his usefulness, and he himself a merciful and abundant compensation for all his deprivations. Great reliance may be placed on his industrious habits, and it is confidently believed that small contributions from several individuals would enable him to get over the chief impediments to success in a way for which he seems so peculiarly well qualified. The undersigned, who have carefully examined into his character and acquirements, are anxious to give the strongest testimony in his behalf ; and will receive, with great pleasure, any contributions, pledging themselves to use the utmost discretion in their power in the application of any money that may be thus intrusted to their management.

“ JOHN HAWKER.

“ HENRY WOOLCOMBE.

“ WILLIAM EASTLAKE.

“ THOMAS STEWART.

“ JOHN TINGCOMBE.

“ GEORGE HARVEY.

“ ROBERT LAMPEN.

“ *Plymouth, 26th June, 1823.*”

The appeal was successful, and the governor and guardians of the hospital subscribed five pounds to the fund. On the 17th July the following entry was made in the workhouse minutes :—“ John Kitto discharged,

1823, July 17. Taken out under the patronage of the *literati* of the town." A great point was now gained. Kitto had his time at his own disposal, with the privilege of using the public library of Plymouth: and most diligently and successfully did he prosecute the work of self-culture, aided by the suggestions of wise and well-instructed friends. The following dream refers to this happy time:—

"Methought I was in exactly the same situation in which I really was before I slept, and indulging the same reflections, when there suddenly appeared before me a being of more than mortal beauty. He was taller than the sons of men, and his eye beamed with celestial fire. A robe of azure hue, and far richer than the finest silk, enfolded his form; a starry zone of glittering gems encircled his waist; and in his hand he bore a rod of silver. He touched me with his rod, and gently bending over me, he said,—‘Child of mortality, I am the Angel Zared, and am sent to teach thee wisdom. Every man, on his outset in life, proposes to himself something as the end and reward of his labours, his wishes, and his hopes; some are ambitious of honour, some of glory, and some of riches. Of what art thou ambitious, and what are the highest objects of thy earthly hopes?’ I was astonished at the visit and the words of the angel, and replied not to his demand. ‘Thou canst not readily find, O child of the earth, words to express the scenes which thy fancy has drawn. It matters not; I know thy wishes, and will give thee possession of the state that is the highest of which thou art ambitious.’ He touched me with his rod, and my form expanded into manhood; again he touched, and then left me. On looking around me, I found myself seated in a room, two of the walls of which were entirely concealed by books, of which I felt myself conscious of being the owner. On the table lay letters addressed

to me from distant parts of the island, from the Continent, and from the New World; and conspicuously on the chimney-piece were placed several volumes, of which I was conscious that I was the author, and was also sensible that the house, wherein I was, was mine, and all that was in it. I went forth into the street. Ridicule no longer pointed her finger at me; many whom I met appeared to know and esteem me; and I felt conscious that I possessed many sincere and disinterested friends. I met a blind fiddler, and placing my hand instinctively in my pocket, I found that it lacked not money. I returned, and exclaimed, as I took "Cæsar's Commentaries," in their original language, from the shelf, 'Now, at last, I am happy!—but, before I had concluded the word, the Angel Zared again appeared before me, and, touching me with his silver rod, restored me to the state in which he found me. I felt a momentary sensation of disappointment and regret at the transition, till the angel spake to me, and said,—'Listen to my words, O child of mortality, while I withdraw, as far as I am permitted, the veil of thy future destiny. Thou hast been afflicted with misfortune, and taught in the school of adversity. Think not that HE who made thee, and me also, regards with displeasure those whom HE purifies by sorrows, or that those are HIS peculiar favourites who are permitted by him to enjoy the good things of this world. Whenever thou findest thyself inclined to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, recollect that others, greater, better, and wiser than thou art, have suffered also—have suffered more than thou hast, or ever wilt suffer. The time approaches when thou shalt attract the notice of thy superiors, who shall place within thy reach the means of acquiring that knowledge for which thou thirstest. They will transplant thee into a soil fit for thee; and, if thou attendest well

to the cultivation of thy intellectual and moral faculties, thou mayest perhaps become a permanent occupant of a station like that which I have permitted thee to enjoy for a moment. I say *perhaps*, for only HE knows in whose breast is hid the fate of worlds, whether thou art to live beyond the day on which I visit thee; but of this I am permitted to assure thee, that the period of thy sojourn on earth will not be, at the furthest, very many years. Be not, O son of earth, dejected if thou meetest with disappointments and misfortunes; neither suffer prosperity too highly to elate thee; and in every situation and in every moment of thy life, remember that thou art mortal, and that there is a God and a hereafter. So live, that thou mayest not fear death, at whatever moment he may approach thee; and if thus thou livest, thou wilt have lived indeed.'—Zared perhaps would have spoken longer; but a book falling from the shelf upon my head, I awoke, and, as honest John Bunyan says, behold, it was a dream!"

The boy is not always the father of the man. Hence the most experienced observer cannot certainly, or even probably, predict beforehand what direction the youth will take, but it is easy afterwards to mark what has pointed to a future. Dr. Kitto's future has in principle been described. Henceforth his path was upward and onward. He never seemed to waste an hour.

In the year 1824, he formed an engagement with Mr. Groves, a dentist, residing at Exeter, who offered to instruct him in his profession, to board him, and give him, for his services, fifteen pounds the first, and twenty pounds the second year, with a prospect of higher remuneration. Kitto accepted the offer, and it was well he did so, for it proved the turning-point in his career. In the service of Mr. Groves, Kitto

learned something more than the extracting of teeth. His mind had always been susceptible of religious impressions, and the godly example of Mr. Groves quickened it into life. After he had been a short time in his employment, he writes to Mr. Burnard,—“Mr. Groves is not a Methodist, a Calvinist, a Lutheran, or a Papist. What, then, is he? A Deist, a Unitarian, an Antinomian? No. He is one of those rather singular characters—a Bible Christian, and a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus; not nominally, but practically and really such. A man so devotedly, so fervently attached to the Scriptures, I never knew before.” Again—“You must be sensible, from the tone of my letters to yourself, and those which you have seen of mine to other persons, that the John Kitto you will see is rather a different person from the John Kitto you have seen; and I am sure you will rejoice with me, when you understand that this is not a mere alteration of the external manners or appearance, but an alteration most deeply felt in the heart, and entering into every feeling, every passion of the mind, insomuch that I should now be disgusted with much in which I once delighted, and many things are now pleasant and delightful, which once were indifferent to me.” His diary shows that he got on well in this pious family. As Mr. Groves had determined to go abroad as a missionary, he proposed several plans, to enable his assistant to practise as a dentist, either in Plymouth or the metropolis. But the God of the universe intended him for something else. Mr. Groves, having discovered that the Church Missionary Society was in want of printers in Calcutta, Malta, and several other places, and knowing Kitto’s strong desire to engage in the vast field of missionary exertion, wrote to Mr. Bickersteth, the secretary, offering his services to the Society. He was accepted by the Committee in London, and Mr. Groves

illustrated his own character, and paid a tribute of respect to his pupil, by making a liberal offer of fifty pounds a year, for two years, towards the defraying of his expenses. He had already been a barber, a shoemaker, a dentist, and now he takes up his abode at the Missionary College, in Islington, to learn that art which, M'Creery says,—

“ Was hailed from kingdoms far abroad,
And cherished in the hallowed house of God ;
From which we learn the homage it received,
And how our sires its heavenly birth believed.”

Kitto entered Mr. Watts's printing office, determined, not only to learn to print, but to write something that might be printed. Hence, when, owing to a scarcity of Persic types, there was insufficient work in the office, he remained at home, or left before the appointed time, and carefully spent these leisure hours in reading. The gentlemen connected with the Institution, on the other hand, had no idea that he could rise higher than to be a mere setter-up of types, and considered his irregular attendance a breach of contract. Kitto, who would rather have remained at Exeter, manufacturing human teeth, than have given up literary pursuits, hastened to explain. It was of no use. He was distinctly told what was expected from him, and that he could not be sent abroad “ till his altered conduct should show his cordial compliance with such regulations.” Kitto considered himself aggrieved, and relinquished his situation. His friends were very much offended, and some of his Plymouth patrons were prepared to abandon him. But Mr. Groves, the Rev. Mr. Hatchard, of Plymouth, and a few others, continued his unflinching friends, and, through their intercession, the Society restored him to his place. He praises Mr. Groves very highly, and contrasts his conduct with that

of other friends, who told him to lie in the bed of his own making.

It was deemed advisable that Kitto should be sent forthwith to a foreign station, and Malta was the place selected. Accordingly, he took his passage on board the *Wilberforce* which sailed on the 20th June, 1827, with a gilt effigy of the great senator at her prow. The ship dropped her anchors at Torbay, and he had the pleasure of feeling that the last land he set his foot on was that of his native county, Devon. Kitto felt that the Master had said to him, “Son, go work to-day in my vineyard,” and he could sing, as the vessel glided away,—

“ Home ! thy joys are passing lovely,—

 Joys no stranger heart can tell ;—

Happy home ! 'tis sure I love thee !

 Can I—can I say—Farewell ?

 Can I leave thee,

 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

“ Yes, I hasten from you gladly,

 From the scenes I love so well ;

Far away, ye billows, bear me,—

 Lovely native land, farewell !

 Pleased, I leave thee,

 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

“ Bear me on, thou restless ocean,

 Let the winds my canvas swell ;

Heaves my heart with warm emotion,

 While I go far hence to dwell.

 Glad, I bid thee,

 Native land ! farewell—farewell !”

The voyage to the Mediterranean was a great benefit to him. Through his indisposition to use his vocal organs, he had almost lost the power of speech. In that interesting work, “Lost Senses,” he informs us that his

companions soon perceived how the matter stood, and entered into a conspiracy, in which the captain of the ship joined, not to understand a single word unless spoken ; and, as Kitto had much to ask, he made great progress with his tongue during the voyage, and before reaching his destination, had almost overcome the pernicious habit of seizing a pen or pencil to answer any question put to him. The instability of the furniture and crockery alarmed him now and then, but he experienced no sea-sickness, and was, upon the whole, very happy. But disappointment, like the air of an iceberg, met him at Malta, and chilled, once more, his expectations. He could not or would not refrain from his studies when out of the office, and the Committee were of opinion, that reading and meditation unfitted him for the efficient discharge of its duties. So he was warned, rebuked, and virtually discharged. There seemed to be a curse either on him or his employers. He had tried to give them satisfaction, and had failed. He had hoped to rise to a position of honour in the highest work of redeemed humanity, but he had been left in despair. Was he always to be a forlorn adventurer ? Was the sun of prosperity always to be thus suddenly eclipsed ? Was Providence always to frown upon him ? Was man, in addition, always to thwart him ? In this forlorn and unhappy condition, with no prognostication of future success, and scarce a gleam of hope, he embarked for England, on the 12th of January, 1829, in the *Maria*. When the cast-off printer, after an absence of eighteen months, arrived in London, the excellent Mr. Groves manifested his unabated confidence in him by proposing that he should accompany him to the East. Before coming to a decision, Kitto went down to Plymouth, and there declined the offer of his benefactor, and pledged himself to enter into the employment

of John Synge, Esq., who was busy printing some little Greek and Hebrew works at his own private press. “A man’s heart deviseth his way ; but the Lord directeth his steps.” Providence changed the whole tenour of his thoughts, and put things into a new track.

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

Kitto was a very impressible young man, and before he left Plymouth we find him entangled in the toils of love, which afterwards cost him much pain and many a terrible struggle. But the pang Kitto felt in relinquishing this little flame did not prevent him from falling in love with another. Three months after coming to Islington, a smiling young lady, at church, had invited him to the joint use of her hymn-book, and he had been constrained to love her. During one of his periodical illnesses, he went out to take a walk in Barnsbury Park, and on his return to the college, happened to step into a shop kept by a lady. After some conversation, he was invited into the parlour, which was decorated with portraits of eminent ministers. Here, to his surprise, he was confronted by the very object of his previous admiration. In due course a marriage was agreed on. Mr. Groves approved of the project, and Mr. Bickersteth gave his consent. John Kitto was transported into a poet, and sent new-born verses to Mr. Burnard and the object of his devoted attachment, evidencing an imagination of which he had been unconscious before. The banns were proclaimed prior to his departure for Malta, and he expected to be followed by his betrothed in a few weeks. Alas! he was doomed to disappointment. “I have now,” he says, “been absent from England for something more than

eight months, and I have not, in all that time, had one letter from Miss A.; and therefore I feel assured that several successive letters have been left with the Society, on the understanding that they would be sent out. If the separation for a short time between us, to which I was unwillingly induced to assent, was at all necessary, this surely is not also necessary. This surely might have been spared.” Tidings came at last, but came to tell him that she was married to another. He went at once into his room, and locked himself up for more than two days. A ladder was got, and on his friends looking in above the door, he was seen sitting with his head on his knee, the very picture of grief. “I often find myself,” he says to a friend, “engaged in the repetition of two lines,—

‘No more, no more—oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart shall fall, like dew.’

Kitto’s letters had been vilely intercepted, and the lady was taught to believe that he had forgotten her. Possibly the mother thought that, by marrying John Kitto on a small and uncertain salary, her daughter would lose caste. If we dare venture to speak on such a difficult subject, we would say, despite the theories of the prodigiously wise, that objections to marriage are generally the offspring of cowardice; and that the best thing most men could do would be to marry at once the girl they love, and that she, if a sensible young lady, would be “nothing loth.” We cannot blame Kitto’s affianced. True, she made him desolate indeed; but she was the victim of intrigue, and deserves sympathy, not indignation. When she came to a knowledge of the truth, she repented bitterly, and died, as he affirms, “under mysterious circumstances, which seemed in a striking manner to connect her demise with her conduct towards

me, and my return to England." As he gazed upon the corpse of her who had been, in his eyes,

" Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky,"

he experienced exquisite pain. Love is only an idea—so it has been said: but Kitto's love was as real as life or death. Mr. Groves asked him again to accompany him to the East, as a tutor for his children, and Kitto this time returned an affirmative answer. Here was another advance. Lately a printer, now an educator.

Kitto's journey to the Orientals claims a brief notice. On Friday, June 12, 1829, he left Gravesend, and, after a rough voyage, the yacht cast anchor in the vicinity of Copenhagen, on the 20th of the same month. He then sailed for St. Petersburg, light winds making the voyage tedious. We see him next at Cronstadt, musing on Peter the Great, forming a friendship with Miss Kilburn, and pitying the poor fellows who are paying homage to pictures, statues, and to figures in alto and basso-relievo. We follow him to Sarepta, no longer a missionary station, but a peaceful colony of industrious German Moravians. Next he visits Astrakhan, and is welcomed with much kindness by Dr. Glen, of the United Presbyterian Church. Then we see the kind-hearted, affable, and humourous little man, amusing himself and the Tartars by an exhibition of the articles he had about him, seating one man on the axle of a cart, and displaying his skill in the first trade he had learned. We mark him gazing with solemn awe on the rugged heights of Elburz, and the dashing, foaming waters of the Terek. We watch him on the road to Shusha, gathering the blackberries and the brambles, and remembering in a moment his excursions with his grandmother, when a little child, in search of this humble but pleasant fruit. We pursue him to

Tabreez, and see him falling from his horse, on the last stage of the journey ; but having lost his cap the day before, the thick folds of the turban saved his head. And we cannot but behold with deep interest his meeting with Mr. (now Sir John) M'Neill, whose conversations awoke in his mind a latent power, which, after years of development, qualified him to write those volumes which have influenced the theological thought of Europe, and raised their author to a first-class niche in the Temple of Fame.

About twelve months after Kitto's arrival in Bagdad, the destroying pestilence, named by distinction "the plague," was officially declared to be in the city. Every ten years this grim and ghastly traveller visits this once famous capital, and the cry of lamentation is heard on the banks of the Tigris, and men are seen burying, with little ceremony, the scarce cold dead. In 1831, the ravages of this avenger were dreadful. In two short months, fifty thousand were supposed to be cut down. Like an arrow, it entered the English Residency, and good Mrs. Groves was pierced and slain. No one followed her to the grave ; no prayers were said, no monument was erected,—indeed, the place of her sepulchre is not known to this day,—but yonder her spirit shines among the jewels of the heavenly King, a gem of no common brilliancy. After this sore bereavement, Mr. Groves writes in his journal :—" Poor dear Kitto and the little boys are now become the sole nurses of the dear baby, by day and by night." Mr. Groves had an attack of the plague on the Monday following Mrs. Groves's death, but next day he was much better, and soon quite well. Kitto, feeling the Infinite Invisible to be everywhere about him, and very near, addressed a farewell letter to his mother, full of tenderness and singular affectionateness. His reference to his little

nephew puts one in mind of Luther's ponies with the golden saddles and silver bridles. "Tell him that his uncle John prays the great King in heaven to bless him, and that Uncle John wants him to learn the way to come and gather flowers with him in the gardens of Paradise." But misfortunes do not come singly. While the angel of death spread his wings over the city, the Tigris collected its furious torrent among the mountains, and overflowed its banks to an extent beyond example, causing the destruction, in one night, of seven thousand houses, which, falling almost simultaneously, destroyed fifteen thousand persons. The house in which Kitto dwelt was shaken, and a great portion of the floor and roof gave way. Nor was this all; the Arabs were at war with the Pasha. Night after night the report of the musket, and the boom of the cannon, were heard, while the watchfires were seen gleaming in the distance. During these eventful months, the weak, deaf pauper boy, who had struggled his life long with sickness, was again and again brought face to face with death. But although many strong ones fell, he was spared, for he had much work to do, and a good deal to suffer. Towards the beginning of 1832, Kitto had the pleasure of an unexpected trip down the Tigris, in company with his excellent friend, Sir John M'Neill, and availed himself of this opportunity of increasing his knowledge of Oriental manners and legislation. The party sailed down the river in a barge, and Kitto, never very surefooted, fell into the water, and, having his pockets loaded with books, he sank like lead to the bottom. But, in his own jocund way, he adds:—"I fortunately pulled a Persian groom of Mr. M'Neill's in with me; in return for which he had the good nature to pull me *out*. This was a transaction which the light-hearted Iranee always thought of afterwards when he saw me, and never thought of without *roars of laughter*."

By Midsummer, Kitto's thoughts were turned towards England. The great end of his journey to the East had been accomplished, though he knew it not. Mr. Carey said of his son, when he left the missionary work to become an ambassador—"Felix has drivelled into an ambassador." Kitto was bent on literature and journalism, and pious Mr. Groves feared that he was becoming low in his aims. The subjoined quotation, from a letter to Mr. Lampen, shows that Kitto was not much troubled as to his own fitness for such work:—"If I were asked whether, in my secret mind, I think myself equal to such employment, I, who never pretend to more humility than sixpence would cover, would answer, instantly, *I do*. And now, at this period, I think I may venture to mention a bit of a secret. My simple love of knowledge, and habits of attachment to pursuits, which I venture to call *literary*, would, I think, have failed under such discouragements as I have met with, but the admixture of another feeling urged me on. Then, I know perfectly well, that many thought you and my other earliest friends not justified in their original kindness to me by any actual possession or future promise I held out. What is more, I soon began to think so, too, myself. But I thought then, and think to this day, that all the fine stories we hear about *natural ability*, &c., &c., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his *opportunities and industry*, render himself almost anything he wishes to become." On the 19th September, this same year, Kitto, in company with Mr. Newman, left Bagdad for England.

The journey was on horseback, in eastern style. Kitto did not ride at all comfortably, and passed the night as disagreeably as the day. One man would be poking him in the ribs with his feet, and another claiming more than half his pillows. Occasionally the route was diversified

by a miniature battle. At Teheran, the modern capital of Persia, Kitto had another interview with Sir John M'Neill. "I have given him," says the little deaf querist, "a paper of queries, which he has promised to answer me, and which will much extend my little stock of information." And he afterwards gratefully acknowledges:—"Mr. M'Neill has given me satisfactory answers to my twenty queries, and has promised to do the same to seven more I have proposed to him." At Tabreez, Mr. Newman left Kitto, and proceeded overland to Constantinople; but his place was supplied by Mr. Shepherd, with whom his own after history was strangely connected. On the 1st of March, 1833, Kitto sailed from Trebizond. After a quick voyage, the vessel entered the Bosphorus on the evening of the seventh, and next morning he was entranced with the scene. Europe seemed to have arrayed herself in her most beautiful robes, and Asia to have put on her most dazzling garments. Here two serio-comic incidents befell him. Not knowing that it was incumbent on every one to take down his umbrella in the vicinity of the mansion of the Sultan, Kitto approached one of his favourite palaces, with his umbrella over his head, and narrowly escaped the bayonet of the sentinel. Passing along the principal street of Pera, on the night devoted by the Armenians to the expurgation of their houses from evil spirits, he was assailed by a shower of earthen vessels, and escaped, as by miracle, from having his brains dashed out. On April 14th, Kitto embarked for England. Mr. Shepherd was so poorly, that he had to be carried to the ship. The Captain jauntily complimented Kitto on his improved appearance, and told Mr. Shepherd if he did not get better, he would take his sweetheart. Kitto replied that his heart was too sour to be sweetened, even by a sweetheart, and that the lady would prefer Shepherd sick, to Kitto well.

We shall not dilate on the voyage, the sayings and criticisms of Mr. Newman, the capturing of three turtles, Kitto's feelings as the vessel skirted Malta, and the literary taste of the crew, evinced by their anxiety to read Shakespeare and Spenser. On the 2nd of June, the cliffs of England were hailed, but only afar off: by and by, the coasts of Sussex and Kent lay smiling before him. And although his heart had gathered sterner stuff around it than it once had, he inserts in his journal—“Oh, when I look thus intently on the verdant fields, velvet greens, fine trees, and pleasant villages of my own land, the beauties and excellencies of all others fade before me, and I say to myself, what I have often said, ‘Who, that can live *in* England, would live *out* of it?’” As the sight of Jerusalem gladdened the hearts of the tribes of God; as the sight of Rome cheered the weary pilgrim; as the sight of Mecca exhilarates the Mahomedan:—so is the Briton thrilled, when from the deck of the vessel he descries his fatherland.

“The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.”

The ship was obliged to quarantine in Stangate Creek. Mr. Shepherd, who had been gradually sinking during the voyage, died here, and was buried on the 11th June, 1833, close to the water's edge. The piece of ground selected for interment had its uses indicated by what the Captain called “Wooden Tombstones.”

When Kitto set off for the East, he had resolved to live and die a bachelor; but as he lay at anchor in Stangate Creek, he wrote in his journal:—“Give me a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more, and wander no more.” Mr. Shepherd had charged Kitto with several messages and memorials for Miss Fenwick, the lady whom he was

coming home to marry. Mr. Newman and Kitto made their first visit together, to express their condolence; the former narrated to the lady all the painful circumstances, while the latter sat all the time mute, the very picture of sympathy. One interview did not suffice for Kitto, for he had private matters, both of Mr. Shepherd's and his own, to talk about. Of course, the lady resolved to "wither on the virgin thorn for ever." But Kitto knew from experience that she would soon change her mind; so, although her heart seemed in the grave of her former lover, he began to pay his addresses to her; was accepted, and the marriage of John Kitto and Annabella Fenwick was solemnized at Christ's Church, Newgate Street, on the 21st September, 1833. "The church," says Dr. Eadie, "was under repairs at the time; the workmen, being obliged to suspend their noisy operations during the ceremony, became its amused spectators. The bridegroom offered them some merriment, which they were scarcely able to conceal; for more than once, from his deafness, he got before the officiating clergyman, and had to be recalled to the actual duty which the course of the service devolved upon him. The day of his marriage was the famous St. Matthew's day; and as the civic dignitaries of London were on their annual visit of ceremony to Christ's Hospital, next door, there was no small stir in the neighbourhood. The bridegroom wondered much at the bustle, especially at the Lord Mayor's fine coach waiting without, but could not at the time divine the reason. Yet the lively scene was not forgotten, and many years afterwards he referred to it, on occasion of the admission of one of his boys to the great educational institution, jocularly remarking, that the time, place, and circumstances of their father's marriage seemed to give them some claim upon it." He had now got what he had so intensely longed for—a hearth and home of his own,

and both his happiness and usefulness were materially increased. At the end of the honeymoon, he thus records :—“ She now thinks she has found happiness, and I hope to give her no cause to think otherwise. I have now a fireside of my own to sit down by, and on the other side is my wife, darning stockings.” Thus the captain’s prediction, made when his ship was weighing anchor at Constantinople, was literally fulfilled.

We do not deem it necessary to advert, at present, to the literary works of this illustrious man, as we shall have occasion to do so at some length in the sequel. In the year 1844, the University of Giessen sent him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. In Germany this title is sometimes conferred on scholars who are not in orders, and in such a case, if one desires to undertake the pastoral office, he is ordained without being subjected to examinations. But John Kitto was the first, and the only English layman, who ever received such an honour. In 1845, Dr. Kitto became a fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and that body received more lustre from him than it imparted. On the 17th of December, in the year 1850, Lord John Russell conveyed to him the gratifying intelligence, “ The Queen has directed that a grant of £100 a year should be made to you from her Majesty’s Civil List, on account of your useful and meritorious literary works.” Dr. Kitto was too feeble and too laborious to live to old age. At the beginning of 1851, there were unmistakable indications of approaching cerebral debility. These warnings were to a great extent slighted, for he did not adopt decided measures to maintain his health and prolong his life. In the autumn of 1852, he was dangerously ill, and was enjoined to shorten his hours of labour, and lengthen his hours of exercise. In the course of a few weeks he was almost well ; but soon the malady returned, with still

more awful violence. Meanwhile, his youngest child died, and he experienced the pang of a first bereavement. The Rev. Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, sent him his precious little book—"Comfortable Words for Christian Parents Bereaved of Little Children." Both parents more than once exclaimed, with Mr. Sherman, "God bless John Brown for writing this book." He became worse himself; still the warnings of his medical advisers were unheeded. "I must finish the work for which I have had the money, and if I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits." He carried out his resolution as to the eighth volume of the Daily Bible Illustrations, and next morning, said to his wife, in hurried and mournful tones, as he attempted to rise from his bed, "O Bell! I am numb all down my side." The seeds of death were planted in him, and he was about to sink into a premature grave. Still, Dr. Bird thought a year's rest might restore him. The sum of £1,800 was raised by admirers, both at home and abroad, and on the 9th of August, 1854, with his wife and seven children, he left England for Germany. At Cannstatt he buried his infant son and eldest daughter, and there he himself "must die." In the earlier years of his manhood he had passed through unnumbered tribulations; but the later portion of his career had been signally successful. And now his work was over, and in November, in the fiftieth year of his age, he entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

"Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on :
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

"Give to the winds thy fear :
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head."

He had stipulated in his boyhood to be buried at Plymouth, in the new churchyard, and beside granny, but he sleeps with his two children in the cemetery of Cannstatt; and a handsome monument, erected by Mr. Olyphant, the publisher of his last work, tells the passer-by that there is to be found,—

“**JOANNIS KITTO, D.D., Angli,**

Ingenio, Doctrina, Pietate clarissimi,
 Qui Etsi Multis Fortunæ Impedimentis Obstrictus,
 Atque Jam Puer Casu Captus Fuit Auribus,
 Tamen Legendo Et Peregrinando
 Magnam Variamque Sibi Cumulavit Eruditionem,
 Quam Per multis Libris,
 Imprimis Scripturas Sacras Illustrantibus,
 Exposit.

Studiis Confectus In Germaniam Se Contulit.

Ut Valetudinem Debilitatam Restauraret,
 Ibique Vitam Sempiternam In Christo Invenit.

Natus Plymouthæ Die **iv.** Mens. Decemb. An. **MDCCCIV.**

Mortuus Et Cannstadiæ Die **xxv.** Mens. Novemb. An. **MDCCCLIV.**

Annabella Shireen, Filia Ejus Primogenita, Mortem Obiit **xiii.** Octob.
MDCCCLIV., Anno $\text{\AE}tatis$ Vicesimo Primo;

Henricus Harlowe, Filius Natu Minimus, **xxi.** Septemb.
 Ejusdem Anni, Vix Decem Menses Natus.”

Let us now glance at Kitto's literary labours. It is not our intention to review each volume separately, nor to enter into an analysis as to the comparative merit of his various works: such a process would be too tedious, and would subject us to an unwarrantable amount of space. We must, therefore, stay our hand, and present our readers with a brief description, rather

than critical notice, of the fruits of his mental toil. His first literary effort was the writing of a book, and embellishing it with a painting, for the small sum of a penny. In the workhouse, the unlearned but intelligent beggar-boy kept his *Journal*—a most extraordinary production. Its felicitous descriptions, burning words, and eloquent declamation, would lead one to conclude that it had been written by a literary man, who had nothing to do but bend over his pen in a well-furnished library. Early in the spring of 1825, his volume of *Essays* was published. Then was realized, to some extent, a dream which he had graphically bodied forth in his journal. He thought he was in a bookseller's shop, surveying his own volume on the counter, when a sage father, an elderly lady, fluttering in brocade, with their son and daughter, both fantastical and trim, entered. The young exquisite laughed outright as he took up the book. When asked what excited him, he read the title-page—“*Journal and Memoranda of a Man with Four Senses, by John Kitto, shoemaker, pauper, &c.*” “Was there ever such a thing heard,” continued he, “as for a pauper! a shoemaker! to write anything proper for the perusal of a man of sense?” adjusting the riband of his quizzing-glass, with the air of a person well satisfied with his own sense. “No, certainly,” said his mother, “and I would wager a guinea that it may be classed among the Methodistical jargon, which the authors are pleased to call journals, and of which so much has been obtruded on the public.” “I, too, would wager a guinea,” said the young lady, “that in this bantling of *wax* there are no tender embarrassments—no ghosts—no tears of sensibility, nor duels; for nothing but the most gross vulgarity can be expected from this son of the awl!” “Yes, indeed! was ever such extravagance heard of, as for a shoemaker—an occupation found only among

the very dregs of the vulgar, to pretend to write a book? I should not wonder, 'pon my honour, if the barber should favour us with a treatise on beards, the sign-dauber with a history of painting, or even the catgut-scraping with a history of music," concluded the young gentleman, with a loud and long "He! he! he!" at his own wit; "for," added he, "they may as readily do it as a pauper write a journal." The grave-looking old gentleman, who had attentively listened to all that had been said, advanced towards the rest, and said, "Ladies, and young man, I must dissent from what all of you have said" (an angry and satirical "Indeed!" proceeded from all three at the same time); the old gentleman, not noticing this interruption, proceeded,—"Particularly with regard to what has been said about the incapability of mechanics; for, from my own experience, I can assure you that I have met with genius, probity, and honour, in many instances, among what you are pleased to call the dregs of the people. I have always looked upon an honest mechanic, though even a shoemaker, as a much more useful member of society than he who, blessed with affluence, holds time a burden; who lives merely to circulate that which would make hundreds happy, and who spends every hour, every day, in what is falsely called pleasure, and who lives for not one of the ends of his creation; who, so far from improving that time which every hour shortens, thinks himself happy when he has hit upon an idea to kill that time, of which he is not certain of a moment's continuance. But the best way to convince you of your error is to give you examples of genius amongst the lower classes. I will mention but a few names of the many that occur; as, for instance, R. Bloomfield, Burns, Chatterton, G. Morland, Savage, Lloyd, Otway, and Shakespeare. I scarce need have told any one but you that most of these are poets—very

celebrated poets; and, more particularly, that Bloomfield was a shoemaker; the fourth was one of our best English painters; and yet none of these were bred in affluence, nor were their talents cultivated by education. But with regard to the book, the merits of which you have decided without opening its pages, I have read it, and, though written by a pauper, it does not sink *much* below mediocrity; the misfortune of the author renders it in some measure interesting; the language is simple, the orthography not very correct; it has some humour—learning cannot be expected; yet the author is not ignorant, and he seems an honest youth, with sentiments much above his condition. Upon the whole, it is better than could be expected from one of his years and situation; and, if it does no good, it will have the negative merit of doing no harm, and it shall be placed in my library." There are women clothed in cotton, performing the menial offices of the household; and men clad in fustian, with hob-nails on their feet, who, for solid worth, would weigh down any day scores of such ladies and gentlemen.

About this time Kitto, like many other giants, was accused by pygmies of imitation, or even plagiarism. And there can be little doubt, that, owing to the deep impression his multifarious reading made upon his mind, he did fall unconsciously into such imitations. However, we are not careful to answer in this matter, except by saying that he marvellously improved upon what he borrowed. That he read and admired to excess certain authors is evident; but it is also evident that the knowledge he derived from these was transmuted into his nature, and came forth from his own brain mellowed by his own genius. His journeyings and residence in the East had enlarged his mind, and greatly increased his stock of information. In Bagdad he had written on a

great variety of subjects, so that by the time he returned to England he wielded a ready pen, and had little doubt of being able to secure a livelihood, if employment turned up. It mattered not to him although the situation should involve incessant toil, for he had resolved

“To scorn delight, and live laborious days.”

The man who has the will and the ability to work, is not likely to be long abandoned to total idleness. Through the influence of his friends, Kitto was brought under the notice of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, was president; Sir Henry Parnell, and, afterwards, Lord John Russell, vice-president; with a large committee, of high and honoured names, in London and throughout the provinces. On the 19th of July, 1833, he wrote to Mr. Knight, offering to prepare papers from his journals for the *Penny Magazine*, and on the 20th he had a personal interview. The result was, that he became a regular contributor; and thus the man, who seldom uttered five words in the course of a week for several years, addressed a million of people in England, besides many in America, France, Germany, and Holland, about himself, under the title of “The Deaf Traveller.” His contributions were received with great approbation, and Mr. Knight offered him a general engagement, at a salary which Kitto deemed not only sufficient for his present, but for his prospective wants. He had now plenty of work, and he did it well. The *Penny Magazine* was a debtor to his pen, and the *Penny Cyclopædia* to his care. But he had not yet found his appropriate sphere. He was simply a common *littérateur*; and, had he been content to spend his strength in the “continued dropping” of periodical work, he had lived unknown, beyond the immediate

circle in which he moved ; had died, been buried, and straightway forgotten.

“ The cygnet finds the water, but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element,
And feels out, blind at first.”

At length the hour came, and the man was ready. The famously enterprising Mr. Knight suggested the idea of an annotated Bible, and, at Kitto’s earnest request, committed to his untried hands a great and noble work, which a man less qualified to judge of individual fitness would have associated with some name great in literature. He now felt, for the first time, that he was in his true element. The “ Pictorial Bible” evoked a full display of all his powers, afforded him an opportunity of laying his Oriental observations and miscellaneous reading under contribution, and paved the way for his subsequent labours. The work was commenced in 1835, and finished in 1838 ; during which time Kitto was paid at the rate of £250 a year, and when the work was completed, a handsome sum was tendered him as something of a honorarium. Justice was done to a hitherto neglected field of illustration ; Eastern scenes and customs were placed under the public eye, in pictures of startling life-likeness, and the voice of praise was unanimous. What that great common sense theologian, Dr. Chalmers, called his “ Biblical Library,” consisted of the “ Pictorial Bible,” a “ Concordance,” “ Poole’s Synopsis,” “ Henry’s Commentary,” and “ Robinson’s Researches in Palestine.” In his “ Daily Scripture Readings,” he says :—“ Perhaps when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy may light upon this paper ; and it is possible that his recollection may accord with my fervent anticipations of the effect that his delight in the ‘ Pictorial Bible’ may have, in endearing still more to him the holy

Word of God." In 1849, a standard edition of the "Pictorial Bible" was published in four volumes imperial octavo. Upon this copy Kitto bestowed special pains, and received upwards of £600 for his labour. Among the lists of his projected compositions, books for children held a prominent place ; of this, "Uncle Oliver," an old gentleman who had travelled in Persia, and who, night after night, told stories to two nephews and a niece, is a fair specimen. The work is in two volumes 18mo., and is enriched with twenty-four woodcuts. The topics embraced are, Eastern manners, customs, arts, sciences, and history—all expressed in beautiful, clear, and simple language. After nine months spent in collecting books, examining authorities, and digesting materials, Kitto commenced the "Pictorial History of Palestine and the Holy Land." His pay was according to the highest scale of literary remuneration, but the sale was much below the publisher's expectations. Although inferior to the "Pictorial Bible," the author judged it superior, and intimated to Mr. Knight that it was quite possible to make books *too good* for the great world. The "Christian Traveller," a periodical devoted to the missionary enterprise, he expected to occupy a first place among its competitors. But only three parts were published, when it was stopped by the pecuniary difficulties of Mr. Knight's publishing house. The industrious author had now nothing to do, and many prospectuses were drawn out by him, and sent to various publishers. He proposed to write a Biblical Cyclopædia, or a Life of Christ, for the Religious Tract Society ; but the offer was not entertained. The plan of a new Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, sent to Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, engaged their attention, and led to a correspondence, the issue of which was the publication, in the first place, of a "History of Palestine, from the Patriarchal Age to

the Present Time" (12mo., pp. 378). This treatise did not create much interest, but it put a little money into the author's pocket. Between 1841 and 1843, he explained for Mr. Fisher the pictures of the "Gallery of Scripture Engravings," in three volumes quarto. In 1843, the Religious Tract Society published his "Thoughts among Flowers" (32mo., pp. 156). The little work shows that the writer could moralize and open his heart to the influences of the flowers expanding their petals and distilling their fragrance. In 1845, he prepared for Mr. Knight the "Pictorial Sunday Book," with 1,300 engravings, and an appendix on the Geography of the Holy Land. The only remarkable thing in this folio is the number and variety of the engravings, both from nature, the Egyptian monuments, and the masters of all schools and countries. The "Biblical Cyclopædia" was brought to a close this year ; it met a desideratum of the age, and was, therefore, admired and extolled. It is, indeed, a very multifarious performance —a book for all, for the private Christian, the Sunday school teacher, the deacon, the student, the preacher, the pastor, and the professor—all may repair to it at any time for sound information on Biblical criticism, Biblical interpretation, history, geography, archæology, and physical science. Dr. Kitto received £1,000 as editor, and more than double that sum was expended on illustrations and contributions from learned men of both hemispheres. This same year he found leisure to make two contributions to Mr. Knight's Weekly Volume. Both are named the "Lost Senses ;" the first is on deafness, and is, in fact, an autobiography, or analysis of his own life and experience. The second is on blindness, and shows what high excellence, in various departments of art, science, and literature, the blind have attained. The volume, however, notwithstanding that the roll of the blind is far

more illustrious than that of the deaf mutes, never obtained the popularity of its predecessor. Between the years 1846 and 1849, Dr. Kitto wrote for the Religious Tract Society's monthly volume, "Ancient Jerusalem," "Modern Jerusalem," "The Court of Persia," "The People of Persia," and "The Tartar Tribes." "Ancient and Modern Jerusalem," and "The Court and People of Persia," may be had in double volumes with frontispiece. Much may be learned about one of the most interesting cities in the world from these tiny volumes. "The Tabernacle and its Furniture" was published by Mr. B. L. Green, in a thin quarto, in 1849, and will amply reward perusal. To promote Biblical scholarship, he projected the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The prospectus embraced a wide range of subjects, and he expected a large number of subscribers. Messrs. Simpkin and Co. were the publishers of the first series, and Mr. Blackader of the second: neither came up to his own ideal, and the Journal was reluctantly handed over, in 1853, to Dr. Burgess, its present able and astute editor. Out of a long letter sent to the Messrs. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, sprang, in a brief period, his last work—the "Daily Bible Illustrations." The first volume of the Morning series is dated December, 1849. The fourth volume, which completes the year, was delayed a few months, on account of other engagements. A work for Mr. Bohn, named "Scripture Lands, Described in a Series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches," occupied a portion of his time. The other production was a book he had written two years before, for the Religious Tract Society, but which had not been printed for want of requisite illustrations, entitled, "The Land of Paradise." The first volume of the Evening series of "Daily Bible Illustrations," was published in December, 1851, and the last in January, 1854. This work, comprising eight

volumes, has obtained, as it deserved, a very wide circulation. And, besides these works of permanent merit and ability, he was the author of many articles printed anonymously, and of two lectures on Scripture Illustration, published by the Working Men's Educational Union. Truly, the graduate of Plymouth workhouse made a great and valuable addition to our theological literature—his services were extraordinary ! Most certainly, as his life and labours pass before us, we feel that he might well say :—“ I, perhaps, have as much right as any man that lives, to bear witness that there is no one so low but that he might rise ; no condition so cast down as to be really hopeless ; and no privation which need, of itself, shut out any man from the paths of honourable exertion, or from the hope of usefulness in life. I have sometimes thought that it was possibly my mission to affirm and establish these great truths.” Noble child of self-denying labour, thou didst farm well all thine hours, and didst make every moment and every thing to bear thee vintage and interest. We feel that the world becomes altogether poorer, when such as thee pass from it, unless thy example stirs others up to emulate thy talent, industry, and fidelity, to reality and truth.

But this brings us, finally, to consider Dr. Kitto's triumphs. He was a great conqueror, only his battles were peaceful and bloodless. He triumphed over the wretchedness and privation of his birth and early life. Cradled in meanness and penury, he passed his youth in the merest drudgery of labour. When the deaf and deformed boy was lodged in the old workhouse, what more likely than that society must either be burdened with an imbecile, or afflicted with a viper ? Not so ; the very walls of that hospital have been glorified by this mendicant ! The calculation of likelihoods goes but a short

way in the history of some men. While others are wishing, they are acting. A French writer has remarked, that while the Portuguese sailors, before engaging in battle, are prostrate upon the deck, imploring their saints to perform miracles in their favour, the British tars are manning their guns, and working miracles for themselves. So Kitto, instead of railing at fate, profited by opportunity—out of the smallest opportunity extracted the greatest good, and thus proclaimed the superiority of mind to circumstance.

He triumphed over the tyranny of Bowden. That savage seemed to imagine that his apprentice was a helpless victim, whom he might work beyond right, and punish without limit. Workhouse boys have few to look after them, and fewer still to interfere for them. And the rude and ignorant man never dreamed that the boy could rise above shoemaking; so he buffeted him without mercy. Ah! little did he know what powers were slumbering within that tiny form. Shame on thee, Bowden, for such a limitation of the beggar-boy's destiny! That smart youngster is even now recording the whole of thy brutal procedure; and when, thirty years hence, he shall display himself to the admiration of the world, your conduct will receive merited reprobation. Let us beware how we treat boys; the dullest and the silliest of them may soon exhibit powers which will rank them among nature's nobility. After the Pictorial Bible was completed, Kitto and his family paid a friendly visit to Plymouth. We wonder if the shoemaker was alive, when the editor of the Pictorial Bible visited his birth-place.

He triumphed over the Missionary Committee. They demanded the abandonment of literary pursuits—lolling on the sofa, smoking a pipe, and gossiping, might have been looked over; but self-culture, it was surmised, must

unfit for manual labour, and could not be put up with on the part of such a servant. The committee, not knowing what principles and energies were in him, resolved that he should be simply a printer; he, on the other hand, desired to rise by the just and honourable use of his talents. There was little in common between Kitto and the committee. They owed their position not to themselves, but to the favour of influential connections; he owed his position not to birth or fortune, but to himself, and at that time was still on the bleak side of the hill of life, and perhaps the committee thought that rigour might be exercised with impunity. But, behold the noble revenge of genius upon the little fantastic tricks which the insolence of office, or the accidents of position, may play upon it. The committee, who lectured the poor feeble boy on the sacrifice of self-will and self-gratification, have disappeared along with the multitudes who

“Grow up and perish, as the summer fly;
Herds without name—no more remembered :”

while the trumpet of perpetual fame is filled with one long, long echo, to the memory of that humble lad over whom they exercised so watchful a surveillance.

He triumphed over difficulties which would have overmastered mere ordinary men. Untrained even by the common elementary schooling, he battled manfully with his fate, and, step by step, emerged from the slough of ignorance to a place among the ripest scholars of the age. This desire for knowledge was almost an infant passion, and, no matter how often baffled, it was never quenched. He begged or borrowed books wherever he could find them. In his twentieth year, he writes:—“What earthly pleasure can equal that of reading a good book? O dearest tomes! prince and august folio!

sublime quarto ! elegant octavo ! charming duodecimo ! most ardently do I admire your beauties ! To obtain, and to call ye mine, I would work day and night ; and to possess ye, I would forbid myself all sensual joys ! ”

“ What a wistful eye,” says Dr. Eadie, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts and sentiments in the present sketch, “ he cast on some favourite lying on a book-stall, when he painfully knew the purchase to be beyond his means ? ” And truly he turned his vast stores of knowledge to good account. As an author, he had the most cultivated men and women on earth for his readers. Doubtless his heart exulted, as he wrote the following characteristic paragraph :—“ Newman writes me,—‘ I have taken in the Pictorial Bible. Parnell tells me that you were the editor. I said, Perhaps of the later portions. Is it true that you were the editor of the Pentateuch part ? ’ Bah ! I answered, rather sharply, ‘ Yes ; ’ and I did not altogether omit the opportunity of slightly girding at the discouragements I had received, and the calamities which were foretold me from my adherence to my literary predilections ; to which adherence I owe all the benefits I now enjoy. I said just enough to let him see that I did feel something of triumph, to have it thus established that I was right in my obstinacy. These old college folks, I fancy, cannot like the successes of *parvenus*—self-educated men, like myself.”

• What a now and a then do we observe in the life of this man ! Now, he treads the streets of Plymouth, a deaf, unlettered boy, familiar with bereavement and poverty ; lodged in the hospital of the poor man’s portion, to keep him from utter starvation ;—then, a learned theologian, rich in literary treasures, and surrounded with the best books in the world. Now, he

writes a book, and paints a picture, to his cousin, for a penny ;—then, receives literary remuneration at the rate of a guinea and a half per page. Now, he is a parish apprentice ;—then, editor of the Pictorial Bible. Now, John Kitto, shoemaker, pauper ;—then, John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Now, he goes to Sutton-pool, at low water, to pick up pieces of rope, or scraps of iron ;—then, receives £100 a year from the Civil List, in consideration of his eminent literary services. Now, he dedicates his workhouse journal to Cecilia Picken, his grandmother ;—then, he inscribes his “Daily Bible Illustrations” to Queen Victoria. The course of such a man is an incentive to all. “The good that men do, not only lives after them, but it grows and multiplies.” Noble deeds are an imperishable monument. “Madam,” said the late Rev. Dr. Beattie, of Glasgow, to Mrs. Kitto, “I am disappointed in your husband’s appearance exceedingly. I had thought, from the amount of information he possesses, that he must be double the age he is ; and, from the quantity of labour he has gone through, that he must possess twice the physical vigour.” From his distant grave we hear the admonition, “Work while it is day ; for the night cometh, when no man can work.” At the close of life, Kitto might have adopted the words uttered by Tycho Brahe, in his last moments :—“ *Ne quidem frustra vixisse videar.*”

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MEN ARE MADE.

“ You are endowed with the possibilities, the undeveloped germs of manhood. You are—if we may use a homely phrase—the raw material, out of which men are made ; and are yet, many of you, in that ductile state in which you are capable of being moulded into the noblest types of men : not hard and set, incased in crusty shell, so that you cannot be changed without being fractured, and will break ere you will bend ; but pliant and imPRESSible, if subjected to plastic influences ; full of buoyancy, and elasticity, and energy, and the lofty ambition of youth.”

Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS.

WE shall now, in so far as our limits will admit, trace the process by which men—somewhat conformed to the Creator’s ideal—are made. We do not believe that “ the noblest study of mankind is man ;” but certainly such a subject is fraught with interest, and conducive to profit. “ I ’specs I growed,” said poor Topsy to Miss Ophelia. While laughing at the simplicity of the ignorant black, let us remember that the combination of theoretical soundness with practical unsoundness is widely prevalent among ourselves in its application to this very point. Many act as if men were made in the same way that cattle are reared. Bipeds may grow in that way, but not men. Giants seven feet high, and stout in proportion, may be dismissed by us, as far beneath our standard ; and dwarfish mortals may be accepted as real men.

Youths, of whom better things might be expected,

hope to become men by employing a fashionable tailor. If so, then we have done *him* vast injustice. He is "not only a man," as Carlyle says, "but something of a creator or divinity. Franklin is said to have snatched the thunder from heaven, and the sceptre from kings; but he surpasses Franklin, as much as he that lends is greater than he that snatches." But the tailor cannot make men; he can only make gents, or dandies.

Others have more faith in the jeweller, and apply to him, under the impression that richly ornamented quizzing glasses, rings, studs, &c., are the things which combine to make men. A member of this class, desirous of becoming an engineer, called one day on George Stephenson, flourishing a gold-headed cane. "Put down that stick, my man," said the great mechanic, "and I will speak to you." To another exquisitely decorated animal he said, "You will, I hope, Mr. ——, excuse me; I am a plain-spoken person, and am sorry to see a nice-looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all these chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I would not have been where I am now."

Multitudes seem to think that the love of amusement is the sure precursor of manhood. Now, we do not side with the Stoic, who affects indifference towards all enjoyments; nor the Ascetic, who censures or sneers at them. We confess an admiration for the famous games of ancient Greece. Increased health, happiness, working power, and, consequently, usefulness, followed such exercises. When Cicero became the victim of the train of maladies known by the title of dyspepsia, he hastened, not to the physicians, but to the Gymnasium; submitted to its rules of temperance and exercise for two whole years; then returned to the intellectual struggles of the

Forum, strong and vigorous as the peasants who cultivated his farm. Without recreation no man will long enjoy the “mens sana in corpore sano.” Let us, therefore, have our public gymnasiums and our public parks, in which our young men may have rational pastimes—manly sports and splendid games. Still many—we fear the most popular of our amusements—are frivolous, brutal, sinful. Think of persons—we cannot call them men—devoting half a lifetime to acquire the art of balancing themselves on ropes, or standing on their heads on the top of a pole! Think of the nobles of the land eagerly taking their places upon the grand stand, to witness *really* noble animals abused on the race-course! Think of statesmen, literary men, &c., &c., leaving their beds at early dawn, to witness a prize-fight! But amusement, even when sought as a means to an end higher than itself, cannot produce men. One may be a skilful wrestler, a swift racer, a capital shot—able to drink champagne, and ride on horses—and yet be no man, but a barbarian!

Let us make another observation, before we come to those opinions which we consider worthy of more earnest and lengthened discussion, that the way to be men is to live in a certain style, and keep up a certain appearance. We heard of a family, who every day, about dinner-time, had a table set in their parlour, with clean damask cloth and napkins, pieces of bread, silver forks, spoons, castors, &c., handsome wine-glasses and goblets, and all the paraphernalia of a very genteel equipage. The table stood thus during an hour or more; so that, if visitors called, they might conclude that the family were about to sit down in style. But to *this* table they never did sit down; for when the time for exhibition had elapsed, the fine things were all removed, for a similar show the next day, and the next, and the next. And the genteel family

seated themselves on the kitchen floor, round an earthen pan, filled with some sort of stew, and each dipped in a pewter spoon, and fed out of the same pan! To palm oneself on the world, under false pretences, is decidedly unmanly. He rather is a man who despises such cheater-y, admits the extent of his means, and boldly faces the whole world.

The following theories deserve serious consideration:—First, that men are made by the constitution which they inherit: second, that men are made under the influence of circumstances: third, that the coalescence of natural constitution with surrounding circumstances makes men: fourth, that men are made by their own voluntary determination.

Our first theory is, that *men are made by the constitution which they inherit*. This opinion you may meet with not unfrequently among those who push their phrenology into materialism, and pervert that system of mental philosophy to ends which its more intelligent advocates carefully repudiate. That there are great differences among men, arising from original temperament and organization, is evident enough. The Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Red Indian of the New World, and the Negro;—these all differ from each other in the colour of their skin, in the contour of the body, and in the cast and character of their minds. The European variety is the highest. Wherever this race plants its foot, it makes itself master, and civilization springs up, as the fountain of living water burst at the stroke of the hoof of the Grecian horse. Next in order is the Mongolian. This specimen has formed great states, and made some progress in the arts and in science. Then come the aborigines of North America, who have many remarkable traits of character, and mani-

fest a kindness and courtesy approaching to our own ideas of the chivalric. The Negro stands at the bottom of the scale.

As with the races, so with the individual units that compose the species. One man is prompt to act, and to seize opportunities—power, energy, courage, and decision are his characteristics. Whatever he does, he does with all his might. Another man finds it difficult to come to a decision—ease, slothfulness, and indifference, lord it over his mind. Make haste slowly, is his motto. This man is of a quick, buoyant, nimble frame, alike of body and mind; he lives on the incense that lies strewn around him, as the butterfly gathers farina from the flowers. That man is of a staid and unimpulsive temperament, the alliance of rest and motion; he loathes the pleasures of the world, and seeks the cell of the hermit, or the cloister of the monk. This is a man in whose head the organs of the animal propensities decidedly preponderate over the moral sentiments and intellectual powers: and there a man with the moral and intellectual regions predominating greatly over the animal portion of his nature. Some are so acute, that they can thread their way through all the turns and ingenuities of argument; others are so obtuse, that they can hardly acquire the plainest elements of knowledge! Man is what nature makes him. Thus certain phrenologists, knowing it to be a fundamental principle of their science, that each part of the brain acts, *cæteris paribus*, with a degree of energy corresponding to its size, come forward and tell us that man is more the victim than the criminal; that his character is made for him, not by him. Now this we altogether deny. Granting the premises which the advocates of craniology demand, it does not follow that we are what we are by any necessity of nature; but that it is more difficult for some men to be

virtuous than it is for others, and that God does not give to all like gifts. We find our views on this point so well expressed by the recognized head of the phrenological school, Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, in his introduction to "The Constitution of Man," that we will do ourselves the pleasure of quoting the brief sentences. "But to the animal nature of man have been added, by a bountiful Creator, moral sentiments and reflecting faculties, which not only place him above all other creatures on earth, but constitute him a different being from any of them, a rational and accountable creature. These faculties are his best and highest gifts, and the sources of his purest and intensest pleasures. They lead him directly to the great objects of his existence—obedience to God, and love towards his fellow-men. But this peculiarity attends them, that while his animal faculties act powerfully of themselves, his rational faculties require to be cultivated, exercised, and instructed, before they will yield their full harvest of enjoyment."

If men are made by the peculiar conformation of the brain and the development of its organs, then responsibility is a mere fiction, and Bailey was a true philosopher and a good theologian, when he made the hero of his poem sing:—

" Yet merit or demerit none I see
In nature, human or material—
In passions or affections, good or bad :
We only know that God's best purposes
Are oftenest brought about by deadliest sins.
Is thunder evil, or is dew divine ?
Does virtue lie in sunshine, sin in storm ?
Is not each natural, each needful, best ?"

Strange that this drivelling, which exalts vice to an equality with virtue,—nay, which makes vice virtue, and

virtue vice,—should be called science ! Only imagine the liar coming forward, and pleading, as an excuse for his sin, his small conscientiousness ! the thief, his large acquisitiveness ! the murderer, his huge bump of destructiveness ! and the atheist vindicating his insane conduct on the ground that he has got no organ of veneration ! Responsibility is not only attested by the history of Providence, and the testimony of Inspiration, but it is written on every page of nature and experience.

On the subject of man's responsibility, we should as soon expect assistance from the telescope of the astronomer, or the microscope of the physiologist, as from the instrument of the phrenologist. The mind is conscious of all its internal operations ; and our ultimate appeal, in all controversies bearing on its phenomena, must ever be, not to the testimony of sense, but to the testimony of consciousness. Our belief in the deliverance of consciousness is so irresistible, that its being seriously questioned is almost inconceivable. Our consciousness is the first and most important of those principles, which have been variously designated "first truths," "ultimate facts" of our moral and mental constitution, "primary laws of human belief." Like our belief in our own existence, or in that of a material world, or in the uniformity of the course of nature, it is not to be arraigned at the bar of reason, but it is a simple matter of fact, to be received upon trust by every man of common sense. Now, we affirm that men are responsible, and that this is a matter of consciousness. Look at that man carousing in the gay circle of his acquaintance ; when his blood is warm, and his spirits high, he will go all lengths with his fellow-debauchees, and give way to every wanton and every wicked desire. But when the fumes of intoxication have forsaken his aching head ; when the calm forenoon of reflection comes, he

blames himself, and suffers keenly in his own bosom. He knows that he ought to have acted differently, and he feels that he might have acted differently. A lion is never sorry because he has devoured a lamb ; neither is a bear made miserable because of the men he has murdered ! No, indeed ! But God, by giving man a brain, a heart, and conscience, has armed him with complete power to regulate and control his conduct ; and when he does wrong, he is visited with remorse. Sin may seem a necessity in our logic, but not in our consciousness. “ Remorse,” says Isaac Taylor, in his work on the responsibility of man, “ is man’s dread prerogative, and is the natural accompaniment of his constitution as a knowing, voluntary agent, left in trust with his own welfare and that of others. Remorse, if we exclude the notion of responsibility, is an enigma in human nature, never to be explained.” But the sceptic steps forward, and informs us that, though man be responsible for his actions, he is not responsible for his belief. Why, then, does he fulminate against us for our belief ? and why were the ideas of right and wrong planted in our breasts ? Moreover, mark this ! The Bible takes no notice of speculative belief. Religious belief can no more exist without influencing the life, than the sun can shine without giving light. Disbelief is really belief, and belief and action are inseparable. Look, then, at the proposition, that man is not responsible for his belief, but is responsible for his actions : the latter member destroys the former. The accused is acquitted on one indictment, only to be condemned on another.

Psychological, or mental science, proclaims the doctrine of human responsibility. Philosophers may arise now and then, and endeavour to persuade themselves and others that the will is bound in the adamantine chain of a physical necessity, and that men are driven on to

their destiny by irresistible causes ; but the subtleties of philosophy never can annihilate the dictates of common sense. The perfect freedom of the will rests on the surest ground of certitude which the human mind can possess—the evidence of consciousness. On bended knee, and with his hand on the Holy Gospels, Galileo recanted those sublime and eternal truths he himself had evolved and established ; but his memorable whisper, “ It moves, for all that ! ” is proof that he still acknowledged the laws of nature. Man’s free agency is felt by universal consciousness, assumed in universal law, declared in universal language, and echoed by universal conscience. It is man’s glory that he has a free will. According to Dr. Tulloch, of St. Andrew’s, Mr. Thomson, of Lincolnshire, and the late Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, we cannot rise to the idea of the Great First Cause, without us and above us, except by the consciousness of free will wherewith He has endowed us. Whilst, therefore, we are devoutly thankful for the power to will, let us humbly acknowledge the burden of responsibility. Ye millionaires ! remember that gold has its duties as well as its rights ! Ye men of genius ! remember that to whom much is given, of them much shall be required ! Ye men of rank ! remember you are responsible for your influence to God ! Ye feeble ones !—men who dwell in the vales !—remember that your few talents must be brought to account !

It is plain enough that men are not made by their peculiar original organization ; and the sooner the theory is torn up, root and fibre, and cast to the winds, the better. From the one block the sculptor can carve “ an angel of light, or a goblin damned ; ” and so, from this natural constitution, it is possible for a man, “ by the good hand of his God upon him, ” to make himself a “ vessel of mercy, prepared unto glory ; ” and, on the

other hand, by the simple working of his own free will, in spite of checks, and warnings, and inducements to the contrary, he can make himself a “vessel of wrath, fitted to destruction.”

Our second theory is, that *men are made under the influence of circumstances*. There are a class of thinkers, who tell us that moral freedom is an absurdity—a fundamental error—the root of all evil to man. The formation of man’s character, say they, is most essentially determined by external circumstances. Good and superior circumstances will produce good and superior men, while evil and inferior circumstances will produce evil and inferior men. Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity, murders, adulteries, dishonesties, robberies, deceits, drunkenness, slaveries, horrid cruelties, these no man can help or hinder. Praise and blame, merit and demerit, right and wrong, duty, &c., are the mere inventions of priestcraft, the hallucinations of insanity. Man, as an individual, has no power within him, realized or latent, to control external nature ; but *society* may become a social machine, on scientific principles, and, with the certainty of a natural law, make all men variegatedly good, according to the diversities of innate physical and mental constitution.

It will not do to call this class of humanity fools, and to cast them into the Balaam box of the world. We must give them credit for nobleness of aim and purpose, and endeavour to refute their opinion by facts.

Rational, common-sense people, will admit that children of the same family, subjected to the same training, often turn out very differently. Parents know this, to their joy and to their sorrow. Two babes are suckled by the

same mother, and rocked in the same cradle. The same father presents them in the house of God ; and the minister, dipping his hand in water, sprinkles some drops on their faces, and pronounces the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Years roll on, and the infants become children, and the children shoot up into youths. Alas ! the early impressions of the one are lost, like the shifting sand ; he becomes a monster of iniquity ; not only a disgrace to the parents that begat him, but a scourge of the earth, and at last dies, a broken-down, haggard victim of dissipation, and his shrieking spirit is borne away through dark night, to deepen the blasphemy of the abodes of despair ! Look at the other. He listens to the counsels of pious friends, avoids the tavern, and takes his place at the table spread in the house of God. His life is a success. He does good—real, solid, substantial good—clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, instructs the ignorant, and raises the drooping head of merit. He dies, and his sanctified spirit ascends to Heaven, to excite to rapture the anthems of eternity ! It were easy to multiply illustrations. Dr. Newman and Mr. Newman are brothers, and were brought up in the same faith. The one lectures to the “ Brothers of the Oratory,” and the other writes the “ Phases of Faith.” The one goes over to superstition, and the other goes over to scepticism. The one believes all the legends of Rome, and the other believes nothing. Facts innumerable prove that the assertion, “ As are the circumstances, so must be the characters of those trained within them,” is a huge mistake, and a gigantic blunder.

Again, it is a felt and established fact, that temptations can be successfully resisted. To speak of irresistible temptation is to utter a solecism, for the moment temptation becomes irresistible, man’s responsibility terminates. Cowper, in the lines—

“ Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects,
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme,”—

recognizes the hand of God in human affairs ; whilst Pope, in the couplet—

“ Binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will,”—

expresses the accountability of man.

The drunkard has withstood the powerful influence of drink—not only scotched, but killed the tyrant that led him captive at his will. Things that drank and smoked have become men that willed and acted. One hot day a young man was seen lying in a ditch, a poor, stupified, despised drunkard. After a while, he came to himself, and staggered into a dram-shop near at hand. He said, “ Give me some brandy ! ” and the brandy was set before him. There and then, in the face of the temptation, he came to the determination that he would drink no more. The resolution was formed, and he immediately began to put it in execution, and succeeded. “ There’s your brandy, sir,” said the waiter. “ Brandy ! no more of it ! not a drop ! O my God ! not another drop ! never ! never ! never ! ” He afterwards rose to eminence, and made himself famous as a historian and statesman. From some cause or other a young man, apprenticed in Birmingham, determined to abscond. On the morning of his departure, he passed through a room, on the table of which was a heap of mixed, and evidently uncounted money. Here was a strong temptation : the youth paused ; he was in pressing need of money, and he gazed for a few moments upon the gold. If taken for his own use, it might never be known ; and if it was, he could, at

some future time, replace it. Many such thoughts would occur to his mind; but in spite of them all, he exclaimed, "No, I will not touch a farthing. I am determined not to go out a thief." Had he yielded to the temptation, he might have ended life a swindler, instead of becoming an eminent minister of the Gospel. By God's grace, and habitual efforts of their own will, men can conquer the tempting elements within, and control the enemies without, amazingly.

Finally, we can place unfaltering confidence in some men, though surrounded with the most unfavourable circumstances. There are tried men who have come unscathed from scenes where many have fallen. We can trust them with our keys, make them cashiers in our banks, take them as partners into our business, exalt them to positions of the highest responsibility. They are men of principle, whom neither wine, nor lust, nor profit, nor anger, nor malice, nor envy, can detach from the path of rectitude. All that other men have felt strong as fetters of brass, have been to them as the green withs where-with Samson was bound. Of the future only one thing Paul knew. "The Holy Ghost witnesseth that in every city bands and afflictions await me." Was he in danger of proving recreant to the faith? "None of these things move me." John Adams, second president of the United States, in full view of the possibility of perishing on the scaffold, expressed his sentiments in the following eloquent language:—"If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate us for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the

future, as the sun in heaven. My judgment approves of this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake on it; and, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration." Louis Kossuth, exiled from Hungary, sought the protection of the Sultan of Turkey; he was offered safety, wealth, and military command, on condition that he would renounce Christianity, and embrace Mahomedanism; although well aware that to refuse might be to ensure his death at the hands of the tyrant of Russia, he exclaimed, "Welcome, if need be, the axe and the gibbet; but curses on the tongue that dares to make to me so infamous a proposal." He who knows how to die cannot be compelled. Sham men only are the creatures of circumstances. Substantial men make circumstances their creatures; trample those that are unfavourable underneath their feet; render them powerless; and then create new circumstances, that shall, that must be favourable.

Our third theory is, that the *coalescence of natural constitution with surrounding circumstances makes men*. The two opinions already described had each an element of truth. A mixture of truth seems necessary, as the nucleus around which the falsehood may cluster. Absolute error is never seen making its way among the masses. The grossest form of materialism, that which identifies mind with matter, and accounts mechanically for our ideas—"our soul has occasion for ideas, the same as our stomach has occasion for aliments,"—may be received by many, because there is the fact on which to work, that men have bodies which powerfully affect their minds. The rankest idealism, that which converts an external world into a mere phantasmagoria—a series of phenomena—a succession of thoughts, may be embraced by

many, because it has this truth to work upon, that there is mind distinct from matter. But let any one gravely deny the existence of both, and the world will set him down at once as fairly bereft of reason. The theory we are now to consider contains more truth than either of the former, and has been more extensively entertained. Nevertheless it is false, and can be proven to be so.

It contradicts the repeated declarations of Scripture. Texts implying that man is lifted above all terrestrial creatures, endowed with capacity to distinguish right from wrong, and power to choose the good and refuse the evil, stud the Bible as stars the sky. Divine Revelation has come to us mainly through Moses and Christ, and from each of these we shall quote a sentence, as indicative of the general tenour of Scripture on this important subject. The great lawgiver is about to ascend to his reward and rest; but before doing so, the old man delivers his dying testimony to the children of Israel. “I take heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.” Surely this evidence is sufficiently explicit to convince all who tremble at God’s word, that men are not compelled, by the combination of internal organization and external circumstances, to adopt either side of the alternative. How impressively was the appeal of Moses confirmed by Jesus, when he wept over Jerusalem, and cried—“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not!*” Tender-hearted and feeble women often cry “O!” Men of strong nerve and masculine mind seldom cry “O!” But here we have the Almighty maker of all things—who “weightheth the

mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," crying out, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem." Go to the brow of that hill, from which a full view of the guilty city is obtained; behold the big, rolling tears pouring down the cheeks of the God-man, Mediator, and talk no more about men being constrained, by the twofold power of constitution and circumstance, to pursue a criminal career.

It subverts the principles of moral government. In all cases a want of ability discharges obligation. By no method of reasoning can you convince a man that he ought to do what he has not the natural faculties to perform. The subject of moral government must have full liberty of choice, and the power of pursuing either a right or a wrong course. Here we are sustained by that prince of logicians, Jonathan Edwards, who says that "natural impossibility wholly excuses and excludes all blame." ("Inquiry," part iii. sec. 3.) Again, "natural inability, arising from the want of natural capacity, or external hindrance, without doubt wholly excuses, or makes a thing improperly the matter of command." ("Inquiry," part iii. sec. 4.) The tenet we are considering excludes the possibility of man's being or doing other than he is or does; and is, therefore, utterly at variance with the principles of moral government. Overt acts, however, prove that man is not a puppet, but the originator and real author of his own deeds.

It makes man a mere machine, as it were, moving about and doing his part of the work in the great factory of the world on the same principle as the rest;—a curiously wrought, a complicated, a living machine, arranged on the nicest principles of mechanics, and propelled by internal powers and external forces. But we reject this theory with disdain. Man is the highest production in this world. By the accident of intelligence,

he has pierced into the world's depths, soared into its heights, and explored its surface. This strange bundle of machinery, called man, can control and regulate all the dead machinery in the world, and harness the very elements to his car. The accomplishments of the scholar, the works of the sculptor, the canvas of the painter, the imaginings of the poet, the researches of the geologist, the discoveries of the astronomer, the designs of the architect, all proclaim his greatness. Not more eloquent than truthful are the words of Emerson, in his *Essay on the Method of Nature*. "The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard skin, to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament his coat of stars, was but the representation of thee, O rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart, the bower of love, and the realms of right and wrong." Our great English dramatist had no sympathy with the philosophy which thus degrades man in the attempt to set him free from the Divine moral government. "What a piece of workmanship is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world!" He is not a machine, made to perform a certain amount of work, and then to fall to pieces, but a being of free spiritual powers; and whatever system leaves out of view his self-determining power, the personal will, is radically false.

Our fourth theory is, that *men are made by their own voluntary determination*. The error that men are made by the constitution which they inherit, by external circumstances, or by the combination of these two, having

been refuted, we shall now endeavour to establish the truth, that men are self-made. In thus strongly asserting that man is a free agent—the sovereign of his own activities, we are quite aware of the array of objections that can be brought against our position—objections which we cannot satisfactorily answer. Nevertheless, as far as arguments go, the verdict is decisively in our favour. All must admit that it is possible for God to create a self-acting agent; and, judging *a priori*, that is, from what might have been expected, rather than from what we have actually observed, we would certainly have concluded that He would create such a being. “How would it now look to you,” says the philosophic King Alfred, “if there were any powerful king, and he had no freemen in his kingdom, but that all were slaves.” “Then,” said I, “it would be thought by me neither right nor reasonable if men, that were in a servile condition only, should attend upon him.” “Then,” quoth he, “it would be more unnatural if God, in all His kingdom, had no free creatures under His power. Therefore, He made two rational creatures, free angels and men, and gave them the great gift of freedom. Hence they could do evil as well as good, whichever they would. He gave this very free gift, and a very fixed law to every man unto his end.” Experience teaches the declaration of Coleridge, “It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man.” The secret of man’s destiny resides in himself. Sir Robert Peel, when Lord Rector of Glasgow University, averred before the students what may be addressed to you, that “there is a presumption, amounting almost to certainty, that if any one of you will determine to be eminent, in whatever profession you may choose, and will act with unvarying steadiness in pursuance of that determination, you will, if health and strength be given to you, infallibly succeed.” Are you

really conscious that you possess superior abilities ? Well, then, do not make yourself miserable, and spend your life in the employment of “gnawing a file,” because men without half your mental capacity are successful. Calmly bide your time, and diligently ply your task ; by-and-by you will emerge from the conflict in the consciousness that your efforts have been crowned with victory, and that you yourself are better, stronger, happier, and nobler, for the fierce battle you have fought, the obstacles you have overcome, and the temptations you have resisted. Disappointment, says one, “is a bitter root, and sorrow is a bitter flower, and suffering is a bitter fruit ; but the religious soul makes medicine thereof, and is strengthened even by the poisons of life. So, out of a brewer’s dregs, and a distiller’s waste, in a city, have I seen the bee suck sweetest honey for present joy, and lay it up for winter’s use. Yea, the strong man while hungering found honey in the lion’s bones he once had slain ; got delight from the destroyer, and meat out of the eater’s mouth.” The men who enter into that class, of which each member while he lives is envied or admired,—

“ And when he dies bears a lofty name,
A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame,”—

have felt themselves lonely amidst the crowd, been conscious of the pinch of poverty, and disheartened by that difficulty which is the rude rocking-cradle of every kind of excellence. “ Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint,” says Mr. Carlyle, “ could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself ; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.”

In the principles of imitation, of association of ideas,

and of habit, overruled by the personal will, we find the sources of true manliness.

Be conversant with the best models, whether living or dead. Precept may lead, but example is the plastic power that draws. Imitation is one of the great characteristics of the human species. It is seen in children, even in the infant state, and is doubtless intended for great and important purposes. This principle enables us to learn from the more advanced. The imitative arts depend on it. Celebrated actors possess this faculty largely, and by it delineate the manner, and even feel the sentiments, of their characters. Painters, sculptors, and architects, who would rise to eminence, study the best masters, and think nothing of a journey to Rome, Florence, or Athens, where painting has reached the highest pitch of excellence, the marble been chiselled into the most exquisite forms, and architecture wrought out its brightest designs. The man athirst for literature is found, day and night, admiring the beauties of human composition, and paying a willing homage to such intellectual companions as Milton, Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay. The devotee of science takes as his model the greatest astronomer that ever lifted a telescope to the stars—the greatest geologist that ever took a hammer in his hand, or the greatest botanist that ever applied a microscope to the particles of matter—he is none the worse, but all the better, for his lofty ideal. So in every line of duty and in every walk of life. Heroism is imbibed at the statues of Nelson and Wellington. Philanthropy, at the monuments of Wilberforce and Howard. Pity and virtue, at the tombs of those lonely yet immortal ones, whose fame is written in heaven. “Oh! to be with Richie!” exclaimed Alexander Peden, as he sat on the grave of the noble covenanter. Fix, then, upon what you ought to be. Settle this well,

wisely, and firmly. The model must vary with the individual. Your aim must be to perfect your own variety, not ape another's. Select, then, not an unnatural amalgam, but a proper standard: one that will keep your powers upon the stretch, and stimulate you to do your best. Our own activity is essential to our progress, but we were not made to advance alone. Bacon and Newton would have been intellectual pygmies, if they had never been brought into contact with society. Intercourse with superior minds is an important means of self-culture; but it is sometimes difficult to find suitable acquaintances. Biographies of men, who have honoured their country by their virtues and their talents, are within the reach of all. In these books we see noble and encouraging specimens of men, self-raised, self-advanced, and self-distinguished; who have triumphed, not with the help of fortune's wings, or even any flight of what is commonly called genius, but by industry, perseverance, fidelity to duty, and the wise use of the times and opportunities that come to all, but which only the few grapple by the forelock. Coming in contact with such examples, you are subjected to a bracing influence, inspired by the same spirit, constrained to tread in their footsteps, and to attempt the performance of even nobler deeds.

Of all the different parts of the human constitution, there is none more interesting to the philosophic mind than the laws which regulate the association of ideas. As the handmaid of volition, directed to practical ends, this portion of the mind may be rendered highly subservient to intellectual progress and moral improvement. That spontaneity of which every man is conscious, by day in his musings, and by night in his dreams, may, through the influence of circumstances, which he can modify, control, and regulate, evolve those splendid

powers which commonly go under the name of genius. Chatterton,

“The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride,”

was, in early youth, reckoned dull of intellect, till he fell in love with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, from which his mother taught him his letters. But for that seemingly trivial accident, the prodigious powers which partially succeeded in deceiving the brightest of England's intellectual eyes might have remained dormant. Adamson, the French naturalist, was in early life distinguished for his high classical attainments, and presented with the works of Pliny and Aristotle, as the first prizes in Greek and Latin poetry. This circumstance led him to turn his attention to the subjects of which they treated, and he soon became eminent in studies of a different kind. A boy used to be frequently shut up in a room, with a clock for his only companion. As he had nothing better to amuse himself with, he began to examine it; at last he discovered the connection and uses of its parts, and ultimately became a celebrated mechanician. In regard to everything else, Vaucauson is said to have been as stupid as the machines which he made. These examples may suffice to show how circumstances, apparently of no moment, may, by the new suggestions to which they give birth, and the elements which they cannot fail to mingle in our complex conceptions and desires, change for ever after, the mental character.

The influence of the suggesting principle on the moral character of man is attested by the whole history of the race. Our minds are framed by our Maker to accord with each other, like the strings of a musical instrument in unison; when one is struck, the rest cor-

respond to the impression, vibrate in the same key, and sound the same note. Hence there is a national spirit, and a national character, down the current of which we are in danger of being carried. The intimate and almost indissoluble associations which we are led to form in childhood, and in early youth, have a strong tendency to pervert our moral judgment, and lead us to act according to the fashion. To oppose this inclination, Almighty God has endued us with power to form associations of a nobler kind. We may not always be able to avoid the company of the profane, but we never need to make such our confidants and companions. It is the grand secret of life, both with respect to virtue and happiness, to select as our companions those who hold fast their integrity, and are patterns of every excellence. Such associations are of immense value. Neighbouring fires brighten each other's flame ; trees in the same forest aid each other's growth ; and virtue gathers strength and courage from companionship. We can increase our patriotism ; and warm our piety, by frequently dwelling upon the lives of those who have been tried with our trials, assailed by our temptations, and yet were found faithful in the midst of the faithless, and are now sitting on thrones, and singing hosannah in the heavens. The power of this principle is truly wonderful. Thousands of Christian hearts have glowed with emotion, while they sang,—

“ When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God ! my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee !”

The accent caught upon the mountains of Caledonia, the green slopes of Erin, or level England, breaks upon the ear of the exile, and on the wings of fancy he is borne

over intervening seas and continents, to that sacred spot, where he lay cradled as an unconscious infant, and passed the dream-like period of childhood. The Highland soldiers are sick with hope deferred, and fainting with fatigue ; but, hark ! the blessed war-pipe sounds,—

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?”

The effect is electric ; they are called back to consciousness ; they are themselves again. Many a young man, amidst discouragements of every kind, has been nerved for the battle of life by the stirring lines of Longfellow :—

“In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife !”

Or the following Yankee rhyme :—

“Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead !
Scale them certainly you can ;
Let them proudly dare the skies ;
What are mountains to a man ?
Go ahead !”

There is yet another principle which may render effective service in the formation of real manhood. This principle is habit, one of the most powerful in the human constitution. Hence man has been, not inaptly, termed “a bundle of habits.” Separate acts, frequently repeated, form character ; character yields consequences ; consequences are often irreparable. Habit is a second

nature, and is stronger than the first. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* gives a story related by Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham. He accidentally enjoys the hospitality of a gentleman residing in a large house, and in good style, in one of the respectable streets of London, and his host gives the following story, pledging his hearer to secrecy:—"In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass, every day, an old man who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended with this strange peculiarity, that, whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed upon him, he will retain only a halfpenny, and will scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you fivepence-halfpenny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are continually passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passer-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion. I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago I first hit upon this expedient, for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on, until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that, though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this

plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and accordingly, every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room, where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."

Be careful to form good habits. A minister once said, "If every young man would write over his office door, or any place where he would be sure to see it, just this simple line, 'No man was ever yet lost on a straight road,' there would be less going astray." Good habits are a straight road; all other paths lead to destruction. The great encouragement to virtue which Pythagoras gave to his scholars was this: *Choose always the best course of life, and custom will soon make it the most pleasant.* By habits of self-denial, of firm principle, purity of thought, feeling, speech, and conduct, you may build up a character which shall not only be a model for imitation to the present, but to the generations to come.

Brothers, realize your individuality; listen not to the babblings and ravings of those who tell you that constitution is your guide, that circumstances are your excuse, and that death is an eternal sleep. Under God, you are the architects of your own character, as well as of your own fortune. "This great doctrine of responsibility," says Isaac Taylor, "can rest on no fulcrum short of the centre of the universe—the throne of God! Rest it at any intermediate point, and, though it may bear *some* stress, it will not bear every stress; and it fails where most it will be needed." Man is not a vegetable! man is not a worm! man is not a brute! The present life is not the end of Milton, and Newton, and Von Humboldt, who had the full possession of his faculties till

his death! No: there is upon every man the stamp of immortality.

“The stars shall fade, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.”

Every man is now upon the wheel of the great Moral Potter, and, according to his faith or his unbelief, will he form him into a vessel of glory, or a vessel of wrath.

CHAPTER V.

APPEALS FOUNDED ON THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

“ Nature is no aristocrat. To the ploughboy following his team a-field—to the shepherd tending his flocks in the wilderness—or to the rude cutter of stone, cramped over his rough occupation in the wooden shed,—she sometimes dispenses her richest and rarest gifts as liberally as to the proud patrician, or the titled representative of a long line of illustrious ancestry. She is no respecter of persons ; and all other distinctions yield to the title her favours confer. The names, be they ever so humble, which she illustrates, need no other decoration to recommend them.”

Dr. JAMES BROWNE.

PERMIT us, now, to found on the preceding chapters a few appeals to your judgment and conscience. A French wit once said, “ English society is like a barrel of its own beer ; the top is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.” We see much merit in every division of the people, and are proud of all the three classes, for they combine to make England great and glorious. Variety is heaven’s second law, therefore equality is a madman’s dream ; but neighbourhood and brotherhood are Christian virtues and duties. What we would like to see is, the duke in his robes, and the workman in blouse, disenthralled from narrow notions and prejudices in reference to each other, and made to feel that they

have points of identification lasting as the throne of God, but points of distinction evanescent as the summer shower.

“What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.”

We have been using the telescope of humanity too little, and the microscope of class too much. On this subject, hear the words so mournfully bequeathed to everlasting remembrance by the dying lips of Mr. Justice Talfourd:—

“I cannot help thinking that the peculiar aspect of crime in the cases before us is, in no small degree, attributable to that separation between class and class, which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible. We keep too much aloof from those beneath us; hence their somewhat natural prejudices are left unmitigated, and we become objects only of their suspicion and dislike. Even towards our domestic servants we are apt to think our whole duty fulfilled when the contract between us is performed—when we have paid them their wages, and especially if, further, we have curbed our temper and used no violent expressions towards them, but ever treated them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings. How painful is the thought, that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to comforts and necessities—continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere! This reserve, peculiar to the English character, greatly tends to prevent that reciprocation of kind words, gracious admonitions, friendly inquiries, and gentle affections, which, more than any book education, culture the heart,

while they refine and elevate the character of those to whom they are addressed. If I were to be asked, What is the great want of English society to mingle class with class?—I should reply in one word—sympathy!"

We are glad that all classes are beginning to feel that their interests are identical—that there is a closer and better connection than that which arises from the payment and receipt of wages. Many masters are really and honestly anxious that the people should be helped to rise in the world. Men of rank and good position are putting themselves in frequent and genial contact with the humbler classes of their countrymen; and are ascertaining that many noble sentiments, worthy aspirations, and real virtues, beat underneath fustian jackets. May the noble examples of such illustrious men as the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Brougham, and Lord Stanley, for the intellectual entertainment and moral improvement of the masses, induce many others of eminent station and high attainments, to lend their aid to the multitudes who are seeking the means of self-elevation; and thus may the different classes of society be bound together in mutual good will, and the whole community be leavened with comfort, knowledge, sound principles, and pure religion!

We do not believe in the transmitted inferiority and superiority of classes. "Genius spurns the social tariffs, the castes and distinctions, which the guilds and corporations of traditionary and mechanical scholarship seek to impose; lives in its own world, wings its way through its own heavens, sails over its own seas, nor ever asks permission to indulge in its dreams, or to enjoy its domain and territory." To check their arrogance who demand our deference in consideration of their

noble ancestry—to vindicate the dignity of humble industry, and to stir emulation in the breast of the lowly labourer, we shall unrol the pages of story. Un-fallen Adam cultivated the garden of Paradise. Abel was a keeper of sheep. Noah wrought during many years in building the ark. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, personally watched their flocks. Joseph, prime minister of Egypt, was a slave. Moses, the prophet of Horeb, was a foundling. Gideon was threshing, when summoned to deliver Israel from the Midianites. David left his pipe, and harp, and playful lambs on the hills of Bethlehem, for the honours of a throne. Elisha's plough was in mid-furrow, when Elijah called him to the prophetic office. Amos, the seer, was among the herdmen of Tekoa. John the Baptist had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leatherne girdle about his loins ; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Jesus himself was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, and passed the greater portion of his life in yon carpenter's shed at Nazareth. Peter and Andrew were fishing on the sea, James and John were mending their nets on the shore, when called to the body-guard of the King of Glory. And Paul, who hath redeemed our nature from the reproach of unalloyed selfishness, could hold up his hands and say, "These hands have ministered to my necessities," for by trade he was a tent-maker !

Leaving sacred, turn we to profane history. The men who have risen from the ranks of toil, and gained immortal renown, crowd upon us. Cincinnatus exchanged his plough for the dictatorship of Rome, and having delivered his country in sixteen days, returned again to his agricultural toils. Æsop, the fabulist, was a slave. Cleanthes, the Stoic philosopher, who "took to philosophy bravely," was engaged in the lowest drudgery. Terence, who wrote, "Homo sum, humani nil

a me alienum puto," was a slave. Epictetus, also, was a slave. Protagoras, the geometrician, was a common porter. Arnigio, the poet, was a blacksmith. Gay, the poet, was apprenticed to a draper. Hunter, the anatominist, was a cabinet-maker. Prior, the poet, was a tavern boy. Henry Kirke White, the poet, was a butcher's boy. Hogarth, the great painter, was an engraver. Inigo Jones, the great architect, was a joiner. Falconer, the poet, was a sailor boy. Giotto, one of the most eminent revivers of painting, was brought up in hardship. Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Master of Queen's College, Cambridge, was a weaver. Hogg, the poet, was a shepherd. John Foster, the author of the essay on "Decision of Character," was a weaver. Allan Ramsay, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," was a hairdresser. Sir F. Drake began life as a sailor boy. Hood, the author of the "Song of a Shirt," the "Lady's Dream," &c., was an engraver. Sir Francis Chantrey was a milk-boy, and first discovered his genius in moulding butter. De Foe, the celebrated writer, was a hosier. Buchanan, the great scholar, was a private soldier. William Cobbett, a writer of extraordinary political influence, worked on his father's farm. William Caxton, who introduced the art of printing into England, was a draper's apprentice. Sir Isaac Newton, who revealed and applied the law of gravitation, as a boy, attended the Grantham market to sell the produce of his mother's garden. Columbus, the man who descried another hemisphere, was of humble descent. Sir W. Herschell, the constructor of reflecting telescopes, and the discoverer of a new planet, belonged to a military band. Franklin, "the philosopher, for whom two worlds contended," was first a tallow-chandler, and then a printer. From the deck of a slave-ship, John Newton was summoned to the pulpit. Dr. John Pye Smith, a learned theologian, an

eminent college professor, a distinguished Christian and philanthropist, and a truly liberal and noble spirited man, at sixteen years of age was bound apprentice to his father, a bookseller, at Sheffield. Jeremy Taylor, who brought the richest and quaintest fancy to the illustration of Scripture truth, was of humble origin. Lomonosoff, the father of Russian literature, was the son of a fisherman, whom he assisted in his labours for the support of his family. Captain James Cook, the discoverer of the South Sea Islands, was thirteen years of age before he went to school. Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, was first a weaver, and then a pedlar, and, with a pack on his back, wandered among the beautiful valleys and over the mountains of Scotland. John Opie, who liked painting better than bread and meat, was a sawyer. Shakespeare, who rules over the intellectual universe, was at one time glad to earn an honest penny by holding gentlemen's horses at the theatre door. Joseph Brotherton, M.P. for Salford from 1832 till the period of his death, in 1857, was a factory boy. When the Ten Hours' Bill was before the House of Commons, he alluded to this period of his life, and detailed, with true natural pathos, the hardships and fatigues to which he had been subjected, and the resolution he had made that, if ever it was in his power, he would endeavour to improve the condition of factory hands. At the conclusion of that speech, Sir James Graham rose up and declared, amidst the plaudits of the assembly, that he did not know before, that Mr. Brotherton had sprung from so humble an origin, but that it made him more proud than ever of the House of Commons, to think that a person, rising from that condition, should be able to sit side by side, and on equal terms, with the hereditary gentry of the land. James Montgomery, poet and editor, was for nearly two years employed in a small retail concern.

Dr. Adam Clarke, the most learned man ever connected with the Methodist church, was placed under the care of a linen manufacturer. William Jay, a name of which the Independents are justly proud, was originally a bricklayer. Andrew Fuller, the acute and clear-headed divine, was engaged in husbandry until twenty years of age. John Williams, the martyred missionary of Erromanga, whose life the Archbiishop of Canterbury said he would call the 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, was an ironmonger. Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and proprietor of the *Illustrated News*, blacked the shoes of one of his constituents. Mr. Anderson, of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and formerly M.P. for the Orkneys, rose in a similar manner. Mr. Chaplin, the late M.P. for Salisbury, and who, before the opening of the London and North-Western line, was the proprietor of sixty-four stage coaches, worked by fifteen hundred horses, rose from the lowest rank. Admiral Hobson, one of the most gallant of British seamen, who broke the boom of Vigo in 1702, was a tailor by trade. Pope Sixtus V. was a wretched lad, keeping hogs. Michael Faraday, LL.D., England's most eminent chemist, worked at the craft of a bookbinder until he was twenty-two years of age. Sir Samuel Morton Peto, one of the most extensive engineering contractors in the world, worked for seven years as a carpenter, bricklayer, and mason, under his uncle, Mr. Henry Peto. Mr. Richard Cobden, M.P. for Rochdale, began his career in a London warehouse. Mr. Lindsay, M.P. for Sunderland, was a cabin boy. Mr. W. J. Fox, senior, M.P. for Oldham, was a weaver boy in Norwich. Alexander Bain was a weaver boy in Aberdeen. By his own merits he raised himself to a commanding position in the scientific world. His two elaborate works—viz., “The Senses and the Intellect,” published in 1855,

and "The Emotions and the Will," published in 1859—have been pronounced, on the highest authority, to be "among the most important contributions which have been furnished to mental science during the present generation." He is now appointed to the new chair of logic in the university of his native city. The late Right Honourable James Wilson, whose capabilities far exceeded his pretensions, was a self-made man. By sound ability and industry, well and perseveringly applied, he found his way into the House of Commons; and on his rising to speak, the "Messenger" was heard to exclaim, "Why! that is the man I turned out of the gallery." Dr. Campbell, of the *British Standard*, who, according to Mr. Spurgeon, wields the most thundering pen in the universe, may adopt the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, and say, "What I am I have made myself." Andrew Anderson, the son of Marjory Gillan, was brought up in the sacristy of Elgin Cathedral, and cradled in an ancient sculptured font. The mother died, and her ragged boy was forced by an unkind uncle to cast himself upon "the wide, wide world." He made his way to Leith, and thence to London, was taken into the shop of a tailor, and some time after was employed as a clerk. "He was one day commissioned to take home a suit of clothes to a military gentleman, and to grant a discharge for the account. The gentleman was himself a Scotchman, and bore a commission in a regiment about to proceed to the East Indies. He was, like all Scotchmen *at a distance from home*, interested in hearing his native tongue spoken, by however humble a person. When, in addition to this, he observed the pleasing countenance and manners of the youth, and found that the discharge appended by him to the account was in a good regular hand, he entered into conversation, asked whence he came, what were his prospects, and other such questions,

and finally inquired if he would like to go abroad as a soldier and officer's servant. Anderson required but little persuasion to induce him to enter into the stranger's views. He enlisted as a private, and immediately after set sail with the regiment, in the capacity of drummer, acting at the same time, according to previous agreement, as the valet or servant of his patron." Providence smiled upon the child of the maniac mother; and, after an absence of sixty years, he returned to his heather land, the renowned and wealthy Lieutenant-General Anderson, of the East India Company's service. Well might the outcast mother dream,—

"I saw the warl' gang rowin' by,
And *you* beneath its kindest sky ;
I marked the hue o' crimson weir
Bedeck the breast o' my barnie dear ;
Till the highest head in yon jewelled land
Bent to the beck o' my Andrew's hand."

These names, and many more might be adduced, are sufficient to prove that husbandry and trade, as well as noble and royal blood, can produce and nourish heroes!

Hear how Robert Nicoll chants the intellectual and moral feelings of the class to which he belonged:—

"Some grow fu' proud on bags o' gowd,
And some are proud o' learning ;
An honest poor man's worthy name
I take delight in earning.
Slaves needna try to rin us down,
To knaves we're unco dour folk ;
We're often wranged, but de'il may care,
We're honest folk, though puir folk.

"Wi' Wallace wight we focht fu' well,
When lairds and lords were jinking ;
They knelt before the tyrant loon—
We brak his croon, I'm thinking.

The muckle men he bought with gowd,
 Syne he began to jeer folk ;
 But neither swords, nor gowd, nor guile,
 Could turn the honest puir folk.

“ When auld King Charlie tried to bind,
 Wi’ airn, saul and conscience,
 In virtue o’ his right divine,
 And ither daft-like nonsense ;
 Wha raised at Marston such a stour,
 And made the tyrants fear folk ?
 Who prayed and fought, wi’ Pym and Noll ?
 The trusty, truthful puir folk.

“ Wha ance, upon auld Scotland’s hills,
 Were hunted, like a paitrick,
 And hacked wi’ swords, and shot wi’ guns,
 Frae Tummel’s banks to Ettrick ;
 Because they wouldna let the priests
 About their conscience steer folk ?
 The lads were bloodhounds to the clans,
 The martyrs were the puir folk ?

“ We sow the corn, we hold the plough,
 We a’ work for our living ;
 We gather nocht but what we’ve sown—
 All else we reckon thieving.
 And for the loon wha fears to say
 He comes o’ lowly small folk,
 A wizened soul the creature has—
 Disown him will the puir folk.

“ Great sirs, and mighty men of earth,
 Ye often sair misca’ us ;
 And hunger, cauld, and poverty,
 Come after ye to thraw us ;
 Yet up our hearts we strive to heave,
 In spite of you and your folk ;
 But mind, enough’s as guid’s a feast,
 Although we be but puir folk.

“ We thank the powers for good and ill,
 As grateful folk should do, man ;
 But maist o’ a’, because our sires
 Were tailors, smiths, and ploughmen.
 Good men they were, as stanch as steel,
 They didna wrack and screw folk ;
 Wi’ empty pouches, honest hearts,
 Thank God, we come o’ puir folk !”

It is no disgrace to be born in the deepest obscurity ; but to remain there, after so many brilliant examples, is, indeed, degradation. After so many rising from the lowest rounds of the ladder to the highest, every authoritative judgment in the world will condemn you, if you remain in your present position. Why should not you rise to bless the world as these have done ? Only do the best you can—make the most of the material God has given you—be willing to take any halfway preliminary steps—be ready to take any slice you can get ; and, depend upon it, you will have no occasion to ask any one to do for you, what it is related a stupid and idle brother asked Grosteste, an old Bishop of Lincoln, to do for him — viz., to make a great man of him. “ Brother,” replied the Bishop, “ if your plough is broken, I’ll pay for the mending of it ; or if your ox should die, I’ll buy you another ; but I cannot make a great man of you ; a ploughman I found you, and, I fear, a ploughman I must leave you.” The aspiring mind will rise in the scale of honour and usefulness, in proportion to the impediments that stand in its way. Prisons cannot chain it. Opposition increases its power,—

“ The hills have been made for man’s mounting,
 The woods have been dense for his axe,
 The stars have been thick for his counting,
 The sands have been wide for his tracks,

The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway ;
But bravely he's proved, by his thriving,
That where there's a will there's a way.

“Should you see, afar off, that worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust,
And never heed if your path, at beginning,
Should be among brambles and dust ;
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it,
For where there's a will there's a way.”

Perhaps you have wasted the early part of life, and are now compelled to commence a course of education in middle age. Let not this circumstance in the least discourage you. You are not too old to need wisdom, and it is never too late to learn. It is a great mistake to suppose that little can be accomplished if a man has reached the age of thirty or forty years. Ninetenths of clever men have actually exhibited more vigour of intellect at fifty years of age than at forty. Franklin was fifty before he began, in real earnest, the study of natural philosophy. The principal of one of the most flourishing colleges in America was a farm servant till he was past the age when most students have completed their collegiate education. Van den Vondel, a Dutch poet, and the author of works which fill nine quarto volumes, did not enter upon the study of Latin till his twenty-sixth year, and Greek not till a more advanced period. Sir Henry Spelman did not begin the study of science until he was between fifty and sixty years of age. Greek was the first foreign language which Cato, the celebrated Roman censor, acquired, and he did so in his old age. Vittorio Alfieri, whose writings have wrought a revolution in the dramatic literature of Italy, was left without a father in his infancy, and wasted early years.

John Ogilby, the author of poetical translations of Virgil and Homer, began to study Latin when considerably above forty years of age, and Greek when in his fifty-fourth. Giovanni Boccaccio, one of the most illustrious writers that ever appeared in Italy, suffered nearly the half of his life to pass without improvement. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, learned German at forty, in order that he might read Niebuhr in the original. Let these examples tell upon your character, invigorate and cheer you in your undertakings. Most forcibly do they prove the truth of the common saying, "It is never too late to learn."

Once more—are you called upon to struggle with the difficulties arising from a weak body? Such obstacles have again and again been overcome. Robert Hall, who adorned every subject he touched with the mild glory of his immortal eloquence, was ever and anon visited with one of the most terrible diseases which flesh and blood are heir to. Pascal, that sublime and gigantic genius, equally happy in the closest analysis and in the widest generalization, was the victim of an inexorable malady. Richard Baxter, of whom Barrow said that "his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom refuted," was as remarkable for weakness of body as for strength of mind.

Or, again, have you been deprived of one of your senses? Even this impediment has been conquered. Professor M'Vicar relates the story of a Mr. Nelson, who became totally blind about his twentieth year. Of a proud and resolute spirit, he determined to be indebted to no hand for support but his own. By what would seem a series of miracles, he became accurately acquainted with the classics, usually taught in the schools. During a dispute between him and a classical professor,

the latter appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence, as conclusive of the question. "True," said Mr. Nelson, colouring with emotion; "but permit me to observe," added he, turning his sightless eyeballs towards the book which he held in his hand, "that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma." He soon succeeded in establishing his reputation as a teacher; crowds of scholars flocked to him, and in a few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States. Fernandez Navarete, a distinguished Spanish painter, when an infant, was seized with an illness, which left him deaf and dumb for life; yet he became one of the greatest artists of his age. Euler, the famous mathematician, was struck with blindness in his fifty-ninth year; yet, after this misfortune, continued to calculate and to dictate books as actively as ever. Nicholas Saunderson, when a mere child, lost his eyes by abscess, yet distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. In 1728, George II. paid a visit to Cambridge University, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of great eloquence, and was created LL.D. Well might John Hunter say, "Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails."

The God of nature has fitted you for some particular calling in life; and your duty is to discover your peculiar forte, and never faint, halt, or despair, but pursue it with all diligence. Success in any calling depends, in a large measure, on stability of purpose and settled intention. But you may select a calling for which you have no qualification, and then life will be a sad and unsuccessful struggle. Men's minds are not constituted alike; their understandings are as various as their faces. The original structure and temperament of Luther's mind

put it beyond the compass of possibility for him to become a Melancthon. By no process could a Demosthenes be made into a Virgil. Education cannot transform a Howard into a Shakespeare. Nor could Homer have become an Aristotle. You cannot give a Pope the breadth and massiveness of a Milton: nor an Addison the stormy grandeur of a Chalmers. We are inclined to think that there are no universal geniuses. Sir Isaac Newton was far from being a model farmer. Mozart was little better than an idiot, except at the harpsichord. Lord John Russell would, doubtless, soon damage his reputation, if he had the command of the Channel fleet. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

But many men are equally fitted for any one of two or more different departments, and ought to select that in which they can most permanently and widely benefit their fellow-men; and every man we do honestly believe is capable of excelling in some occupation, if only true to his own self. You may have heard of the stupid boy who was put under the care of the Jesuits. These learned men tried him with many things, and could make nothing of him. At last, one of them tried him in geometry, which so suited his genius, that he became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. The Almighty has supplied us with subjects of thought, as diverse as the phases of the understanding. Select the path in which life can be best turned to account. "So shine as lights in the world." Plant your every step firm and deliberate as that of men treading upon adamant. Aspire to be men—genuine men—who feel, in the language of the poet,—

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal!
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

“ Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
Act—act in the living Present :
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

“ Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time :

“ Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

“ Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

THE END.

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